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Art. 1.—TWENTY YEARS OF BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY.

ON June 28, 1919, the Treaty of Versailles was signed, and on Sept. 3, 1939, war broke out once more in Western Europe. The connection between the two events is unhappily extremely close, and it may well be that future ages will regard the intervening period as a mere armistice. In any case the verdict of history will closely concern Great Britain, for during the whole of these twenty years she played a part in the politics of the Continent for which it is difficult if not impossible to find a parallel in time of, at any rate, nominal peace. In these circumstances a survey of her foreign policy between the two great wars of the early twentieth century should afford some guide to the judgment of posterity, as well, possibly, as providing a lesson for those who will have to control her destiny at the close of the present conflict.

In retrospect it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the basic weakness of the Treaty of Versailles, as of that of Saint Germain and the Trianon, lay in the fact that the Allies were not ready for peace when it came and were not agreed upon the principles by which it should be inspired. The war ended suddenly, and both at home and abroad the unpreparedness of the British Government was soon evident. The French were determined to reverse the verdict of 1870, forgetful that this in its turn had only been rendered possible by the victory of Prussia over Austria four years before; while the Italians were thinking almost wholly in terms of territorial gain. In addition, the British Government was hampered by various commitments made to its allies during the course of the struggle and by uncertainty as to the meaning which

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President Wilson might at any particular moment attach to his Fourteen Points.

The circumstances, indeed, could hardly have been more unfavourable, though it is quite another question to apportion the responsibility. The real weakness of the ultimate settlement was that the Allies carried the work of Bismarck to its logical conclusion, completed the unification of Germany, and then proceeded to humiliate her. The strongest centrifugal force lay in the dynasties which ruled the various kingdoms and duchies, and which could always be relied upon to oppose Berlin; yet the German people were deliberately encouraged to overthrow their ruling houses, to many of which they were deeply attached, as the price of peace, and so the last obstacle to a unified Reich was removed by those most concerned in its retention. Once the dynasties had gone there was no reason for the continued existence of their former dominions as separate units, and so the way was cleared for that complete Prussianisation of Germany which was to be the outstanding accomplishment of the Nazi regime. Few voices were raised at the time against this mistaken policy, but now that more than twenty years have passed there must be many who agree with the late Jacques Bainville that the war was lost in the first clause of the Peace Treaty, in that the settlement should not have been made with Germany as a whole but rather that there should have been separate treaties with Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, and the other states which had composed the Hohenzollern Empire.

For these reasons the treaties of 1919 were less satisfactory than those which Great Britain had concluded at the end of the War of the Spanish Succession and of the Napoleonic War. Dissimilar in all else, Bolingbroke and Castlereagh were alike in their realism and in their determination to safeguard essential British interests, as the Treaties of Utrecht and Vienna testify. Both were based upon a frank acceptance of existing facts and of the position of the defeated foe, who was treated with a justice which was tempered with equity and common sense; no attempt was made to reduce France to the level of a second-rate Power, but every care was taken to strengthen her neighbours so that she could not with impunity resume her career of aggression. In 1919 no

insult was spared to defeated Germany, while not only was she given every assistance to complete her unification, but she was left with weak states on her frontier who could not be expected to offer any effective opposition to her ambitions once her inevitable revival began. Britain seemed to have drifted into peace as five years earlier she had drifted into war.

With the signature of the Peace Treaties a fresh era began in the history of British foreign policy, and it lasted until the beginning of 1924; this period was marked by extremely strained relations not so much with the old enemy, Germany, as with the old ally, France, and also by Lord Curzon's tenure of the Foreign Secretaryship—nor were the two unconnected. The root of the trouble with the French was that they had abandoned their claim to the left bank of the Rhine in return for an Anglo-American guarantee of their security, and this was not forthcoming: the United States withdrew from Europe altogether, while British public opinion became progressively more Gallophobe. The consequence was that successive French administrations felt that safety lay in the adoption of the harshest measures towards Germany, which in their turn further alienated Great Britain both by their violence and by utterly ruining the German capacity to pay reparations. The vicious circle was complete.

Nor was Lord Curzon the man to deal with so intricate a situation. Even when every allowance has been made for the difficulties of one who had to negotiate with M. Poincaré, his mistakes are too glaring to allow of his being given any high place in the list of British Foreign Secretaries. He refused to see what he preferred to ignore, and he was too prone to consider that a crisis could be overcome by the penning of a 'superior' despatch. So, in spite of his opposition, Mustapha became ruler of Turkey, Zaghul forced concession after concession in Egypt, and the French marched into the Ruhr. In each case British prestige suffered a severe blow, and at last his handling of foreign policy brought down the Government itself. Although, too, his unfortunate manner was not as natural to him as some of his critics believed, yet it could on occasion become a national liability, as, for example, when he met Signor Mussolini at Lausanne in 1922. Above all, he had no definite policy, and his majestic

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manner and phrases concealed a complete lack of any purpose in public life: he had no backing among his fellow-countrymen, and, whatever may have been the case in India, Lord Curzon was not a success at the Foreign Office.

It is thus in no way surprising that the groundswell of the great storm continued to be felt year after year. In the west relations between England and France were strained almost to breaking-point by the occupation of the Ruhr; in the Mediterranean there was the Italian seizure of Corfu and the overthrow of the Greek armies in Asia Minor; while in Central Europe common misfortunes and hatred of Poland seemed to be forging an alliance between Germany and Russia. The high reputation which Great Britain had enjoyed on the morrow of the Armistice was greatly diminished, and her diplomacy had suffered several severe reverses, largely owing to the lack of any fixed policy.

With the arrival of Mr MacDonald at the Foreign Office in January 1924 there was a distinct change for the better, and, save where he was guided by party considerations, as in the case of Russia, his judgment, or perhaps one should say his instinct, was usually sound. He realised the truth of Bolingbroke's saying that 'we must remember that we are not part of the Continent, but we must never forget that we are neighbours to it,' and he did not share the illusion of Lord Curzon that an occasional admonition would suffice to bring about a general recovery in Europe. Mr MacDonald satisfied Italian claims under the Treaty of London by the cession of Jubaland, and when the French elections replaced M. Poincaré by M. Herriot he took full advantage of the opportunity which thus offered to place Anglo-French relations on a much more friendly footing. It is true that in sponsoring the Protocol he went further than public opinion was prepared to go, but during his short tenure of office Mr MacDonald did a great deal to repair the mistakes of his predecessor, and he left the international situation a great deal better than he found it.

To Mr MacDonald succeeded Mr, later Sir, Austen Chamberlain, the greatest of Foreign Secretaries since Sir Edward Grey. Not only was he thoroughly grounded in the business of public life, but he was extremely well-read in history and international affairs: he knew the back-

ground against which were set the problems that confronted him, and he possessed the requisite authority both in the Cabinet and in the House of Commons to get his own way, an asset in a Foreign Secretary which it is impossible to over-estimate. Sir Austen was a practical idealist, and his long Parliamentary career had taught him the limits within which he was free to act: he did not hanker after the unattainable, but did his best with the tools that he had. Two claims in particular he possessed to distinction: he never took a step without preparing the way very carefully indeed, and his historical sense rendered him profoundly aware of the mistakes of his predecessors. On the other hand, although he was in the line of succession to the great Foreign Secretaries of an earlier age, he was subject to two handicaps which they had not known, that is to say the unreasoning optimism of the large majority of his fellow-countrymen and the unilateral disarmament of Great Britain which had been its result. Sir Austen Chamberlain never had the easy assurance of overwhelming might behind him.

His outstanding achievement was the Locarno Treaty, which gave to Europe a few really peaceful years, to which one now looks back as to a golden age. From the time he took office he realised that if the Protocol was to be rejected, as had become inevitable, it must be replaced by some other instrument with a like object in view, and when the German Government, fearful that a bilateral agreement between Great Britain and France was about to be substituted for the Protocol, suggested a wider guarantee of security Sir Austen made the proposal his own. He was, it is true, fortunate in his collaborators, M. Briand and Dr Stresemann, but the success which he attained was primarily due to his own patient diplomacy during the spring and summer of 1925. Sir Austen took care, too, always to use the machinery of the League of Nations, and while he was at the Foreign Office the prestige of Geneva reached its height. Nevertheless, he was fully aware of the weaknesses of the League, not the least of which was the desire of some of its friends to make of it a super-State, and he was always fearful that it might be required to run before it had learned to walk. In spite of difficulties—some of them in the British Cabinet—which might have daunted any save his father's son, Sir Austen succeeded in

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at once giving security to France and bringing Germany back into the comity of nations on a basis of equality. His work was as extravagantly praised at the time as it was subsequently decried, but some day it will have to be done over again if there is to be real peace in Europe, and the Foreign Secretary of that day will be fortunate if he is able to accomplish as much as Sir Austen effected at Locarno.

During Mr Baldwin's second administration events in the Near and Far East, as well as in Western and Central Europe, were a matter of concern to Great Britain. Hardly had Sir Austen settled himself in at the Foreign Office than the murder of Sir Lee Stack necessitated very strong measures in Egypt, but though he did not hesitate to take these, he never faltered in his determination to establish the relations between Great Britain and Egypt upon a principle of co-partnership. In these circumstances he felt the failure to conclude the Sarwat Treaty very much indeed, but he still pursued his goal; and if it was not given to him to reach it, his efforts rendered possible the success of those who came after him. In China, on the other hand, the only possible policy was to play for time, and, while protecting vital British interests, to allow the storm of Bolshevism and xenophobia to spend itself. In this, too, Sir Austen was successful, though not before an expeditionary force had been sent to the Far East, a step which by no means commended itself to the Opposition of the day. It can hardly be denied that these achievements were due to two main causes—the adoption and pursuit of a considered and consistent policy and to unrelenting toil on the part of the Foreign Secretary himself.

That Sir Austen Chamberlain made mistakes it would be idle to deny, but in the two charges so often brought against him—that he was unduly subservient to France and that the Locarno settlement was by its very nature temporary—there is no real substance. It is true that on one occasion he used an unfortunate phrase about loving France 'like a woman,' but he put as much pressure on Paris as on Berlin to be reasonable: what he avoided was differing publicly from French policy, for he knew that would be to play straight into the hands of Germany. As for the alleged inherent weakness of the Locarno Treaty,

there is no reason why this agreement should not have continued in force had it not been for the economic crises which once more threw Europe back into the chaos from which she was beginning slowly to emerge.

Mr MacDonald's second administration, in which Mr Arthur Henderson was Foreign Secretary, was by no means as successful in the field of international affairs as his first had been. Hardly had it come into office than there occurred the enforced resignation of Lord Lloyd as High Commissioner in Egypt and Mr Snowden's quarrel with France at The Hague, and from this unhappy beginning it never really recovered. It is doubtful, moreover, whether Mr Henderson was the right man to send to the Foreign Office, for he was too inclined to rely on the permanent officials, since his own time was so largely occupied with the control of the Labour Party machine. The consequence was a diminution in the driving-force which had marked British diplomacy under Sir Austen Chamberlain. At the same time it would be unfair to judge Mr Henderson too harshly, for forces were being unleashed which passed the wit of man anywhere to control.

The first National Government had little time to devote to foreign affairs, and what there was to do in this field was adequately done by Lord Reading. He was succeeded at the Foreign Office by Sir John Simon, who remained there from the end of 1931 to the summer of 1935, that is to say during some of the most critical years of the present century. The key to the international situation throughout this period was to be found in Central Europe, for Hitler came into power in January 1933, though both in the Far East and in the Mediterranean there were serious complications. Criticism of Sir John Simon's policy is inevitable on several scores, but in common fairness allowance must be made for his difficulties. He had to deal with a public opinion which had become so imbued with the idea that there would never be another war that the mere suggestion it might be necessary to re-arm was sufficient in the summer of 1933, that is to say nine months after the Nazis had obtained control of Germany, to convert a Conservative majority of 14,521 in East Fulham into a minority of 4840. It is true that the blame for this attitude rests primarily with the

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Liberal and Labour Parties, but a large number of influential Conservatives were for various reasons by no means guiltless, and for many a year the House of Commons showed itself curiously indifferent in the matter of national defence. Sir John Simon did not carry the weight in the Cabinet, in Parliament, or in the country necessary to counteract this apathy, which may well explain his reluctance to take any action of such a nature.

The first serious mistake made by the National Government in foreign affairs was in April 1932, in connection with the German proposal at the Disarmament Conference. It may be well, in the light of what has taken place since, to recall the details of this scheme. Dr Brüning proposed that, in return for an undertaking by Germany not to increase her armaments for five years, she should be permitted to reduce the twelve-year period of Reichswehr service to five years; to organise a militia which should not exceed the number of 100,000 men which the Treaty of Versailles allowed the Reichswehr; and a release from the restrictions imposed on the purchase of war material. He also asked that the prohibition of Germany's possession of weapons of offence, such as tanks and aeroplanes, should be abrogated, but he said that he was willing to renounce these on condition that all other Powers did the same; alternatively, Germany would be satisfied with 'samples' of these weapons. This proposal was wholly acceptable to Great Britain, Italy, and the United States, but French objections were allowed to wreck it, with consequences that were soon to be felt. As Mr Wheeler-Bennett put it in his book 'The Disarmament Deadlock,' 'The Allied Powers were sending Dr Brüning back to Germany with empty pockets, and were apparently unaware either that they were encompassing his defeat or of the fact that he would be succeeded by men of very different character.'

Equally grave was the blunder at Stresa in April 1935. The desire of Signor Mussolini to secure a hold over Abyssinia was already obvious, and he had been advised by the Italian Ambassador in London that official circles there took a serious view of his projected action: the Duce accordingly arrived at Stresa in the expectation that Mr MacDonald would raise the matter, and when the

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British Prime Minister said nothing not unnaturally concluded that he had been misinformed. It is true that almost immediately after his return to London the Foreign Secretary took steps to efface the impression that Great Britain was not interested in the fate of Abyssinia, but it was too late: Signor Mussolini could not be convinced that a problem was of importance to a country when that country's Prime Minister refrained from even mentioning it when he had the opportunity. This unfortunate reticence was the main cause if not of the Abyssinian war at any rate of the deterioration of Anglo-Italian relations which accompanied it. A word in time might well have persuaded Signor Mussolini to accept some solution agreeable to the League, and thereby have prevented the course of events which threw Italy into the arms of Germany and created the Rome-Berlin axis. To these two mistakes many of the present misfortunes of the world are due, and both could surely have been avoided by a diplomacy clearer-sighted and more enterprising.

It is easy to be wise after the event, but British statesmanship was not for some years seen at its best where the problems of Central Europe were concerned. The pivot upon which the whole position revolved was Austria, and if Austria fell Czecho-Slovakia must soon be lost. No one in high places seems to have grasped this save Sir Austen Chamberlain, and no one listened to him. Yet Austria was too small to live in the form in which the Peace Treaties had left her, and the alternatives were the *anschluss* or the Habsburgs. The restoration of the Archduke Otto could have been the first step in the formation of a Danubian federation which would most effectively have blocked Germany's road to the south-east. Of course British public opinion at that time would have required conversion to the idea of any initiative being taken in this part of Europe, but it could have been educated had it been put in possession of the relevant facts: no such attempt, however, was made; the intransigent attitude of certain statesmen of the Little Entente was allowed to stand in the way of a settlement; and once Italian support of Austria was withdrawn it was a mere question of time when the swastika would fly over Vienna. No blame for the neglect of this opportunity rests with the British representatives in the Danubian

countries, for all the evidence goes to show that they kept the Foreign Office fully informed of what was taking place; the responsibility rests with the Government of the day.

In the Far East the policy of Sir John Simon can be more easily defended against its critics. Japan had certainly violated her obligations as a member of the League by her attack on China, and Sanctions might therefore have been imposed upon her in accordance with Article 16 of the Covenant. Nevertheless, had this been done the only Power in a position to enforce them would have been Great Britain, who might well in that case have found herself at war with Japan without any effective allies. Nor were those who urged extreme measures upon the Government ready to face the implications of their advice, for the second Labour Government had suspended work on the Singapore Base and all sections of the Opposition were still extremely hostile to any form of re-armament. Such being the case, to have adopted the course urged by the critics of the Government would have been to engage the country in a single-handed contest against Japan in her own area, a contest which must have necessitated denuding Great Britain and her home waters of armaments and ships at a moment when the situation on the Continent was going from bad to worse. In view, too, of the complete failure of Sanctions against Italy not long afterwards, there is very little reason to suppose that they would have been any more successful against Japan in conditions far more unpropitious. Anyhow, the risk was too great. In refusing to embark upon any such adventures in the Far East the Government would appear to have been, in the light of subsequent events, fully justified.

When, in June 1935, Mr Baldwin became Prime Minister for the third time, Sir Samuel Hoare succeeded Sir John Simon at the Foreign Office. His stay there was destined to be as brief as it was momentous. If his predecessor had been content to drift with the tide, Sir Samuel pursued the opposite policy. One of his first acts was to conclude the Anglo-German Naval Agreement, though this had been negotiated by Sir John Simon. It was meant to settle an outstanding point of difference between Great Britain and Germany, but the circumstances in which it was made were, to say the least,

unfortunate. The negotiations took place behind the backs of France and Italy, while the Agreement itself was in direct violation of the Treaty of Versailles. These facts were not without their bearing on the French reserve six months later when Great Britain became involved with Italy in the Mediterranean, and they further encouraged Signor Mussolini in his belief that the British Government shared his respect for the teaching of Machiavelli. In effect, the Anglo-German Naval Agreement afforded an example of the mistake of not regarding the international situation as a whole.

Concerning the application of Sanctions to Italy it is possible to have one of two opinions. There was much to be said for pressing them so far as war, if necessary: this might have deterred Germany in the years to come and it would certainly have re-established the shaken authority of the League. There were also many arguments for turning a blind eye to the Italian attack on Abyssinia, for in this way the 'Stresa front' against Germany might have been maintained. What is impossible to defend is the action which was taken, namely the imposition of ineffective Sanctions, which merely encouraged Hitler and exasperated the Duce, while their ultimate failure dealt a blow to British prestige which it had not suffered since the days of the Schleswig-Holstein crisis two generations before. As for the Hoare-Laval Pact, the circumstances surrounding it are still something of a mystery, and one cannot help wondering why the Foreign Secretary did not put up a better fight for the proposals which he had sponsored. That Sir Samuel Hoare was more sinned against than sinning and that he inherited most of his difficulties may be freely admitted, but nothing can disguise the fact that the period of his Foreign Secretaryship was not one of the most glorious in the annals of the national diplomacy.

When Sir Samuel Hoare resigned it seemed for a brief moment as if his successor was to be Sir Austen Chamberlain, but it was the latter's disciple, Mr Anthony Eden, who was appointed to the vacant place. From the beginning his position was one of great difficulty, and he had the misfortune to arouse equally passionate devotion and hostility. Now that war has broken out again it is possible to survey the pre-war era with a greater degree of

detachment than was the case when we were still living in it, and it is not easy to see why Mr Eden should have been the recipient of so much abuse and praise. It fell to his lot to abandon Sanctions, to conclude the 'Gentleman's Agreement' with Italy, and to prevent the civil war in Spain from spreading to the rest of Europe. The last of these was his most notable achievement. Perhaps, however, it was not so much what he did as the way he did it that aroused resentment abroad and in not a few circles at home. Perhaps, too, events had got out of control when Hitler was allowed to march into the Rhineland unopposed.

The 'Gentleman's Agreement,' concluded in January 1937, recognised that 'freedom of entry into, exit from, and transit through the Mediterranean is a vital interest both to the different parts of the British Empire and to Italy, and that these interests are in no way inconsistent with each other'; it went on to disclaim 'any desire to modify or see modified' the existing *status quo* in the Mediterranean; and both parties promised to respect each other's rights and interests there. Appended to it was an exchange of notes between Sir Eric Drummond, the British Ambassador in Rome, and Count Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister, in which the former made it clear that 'any change in the *status quo* in the Western Mediterranean would be a matter of the closest concern to Britain,' especially as regarded the Balearic Islands.

This agreement was a praiseworthy attempt on the part of Mr Eden to put an end to the period of mutual suspicion which had existed ever since the imposition of Sanctions, to pave the way for a return to the old cordial relations between Great Britain and Italy, and to show Signor Mussolini that he could have friends elsewhere than in Berlin; but unfortunately it did nothing of the sort, and that for more than one reason. In the first place there was a lively exchange of scurrilous abuse between the British and Italian Press which embittered the whole atmosphere; but what really prevented the 'Gentleman's Agreement' from fulfilling the purpose for which it was concluded was not so much these polemics as the continuance of the war in Spain and the Italian participation in it. In March the Italians who were serving with General Franco sustained a severe reverse at Guadalajara,

and it was only natural that in the subsequent operations round Bilbao, where they were successful, their achievements should have been announced from the housetops. This served to revive the ordinary Englishman's suspicions of Signor Mussolini's intentions in the peninsula and in the Mediterranean generally, and by the summer of 1937 relations between Great Britain and Italy were as unsatisfactory as before the 'Gentleman's Agreement' was signed.

Such was the situation when Mr Chamberlain became Prime Minister. Almost at once it became obvious that he intended to take a far more active part personally in the conduct of foreign affairs than his predecessor had done, for Mr Baldwin had always given a Foreign Secretary a very free hand indeed. Mr Chamberlain's policy was to prevent war if at all possible, and in any case to play for time in which Great Britain could re-arm: he was also determined to weaken the Rome-Berlin axis, though it is doubtful if he really expected to save Austria at this late hour. So far as Anglo-Italian relations were concerned he was from the beginning seriously alarmed at the position as he saw it, and the information which reached him was such as to intensify, rather than to allay, his fears. It was represented to him that, absurd as such a belief might appear to an Englishman, the Duce and the mass of the Italian people were convinced that when Great Britain had completed her rearmament she intended to make an unprovoked attack on Italy in revenge for the rebuff she had received over Abyssinia. However fantastic this may sound, there can be no doubt that such views were almost universally held in Italy. As soon as Mr Chamberlain realised this he got into touch with Count Grandi, and assured him, both as Prime Minister and as a gentleman, that the British Government had no such intentions. The Italian Ambassador made no secret of his relief at this intimation, and Mr Chamberlain then gave further proof of his sincerity by writing to Signor Mussolini a friendly letter which was immediately published in the Press of the world.

Again the barometer was set fair, but once more appearances were deceptive, and it was the Spanish war that provided the complication. The late summer of 1937 was marked by a number of submarine attacks upon

neutral shipping, and in September a conference of the Powers interested was held at Nyon to consider the question of appropriate action. Italy was to have been present, but she foolishly allowed herself to become the victim of a Russian manoeuvre. Stalin felt that something must be done to restore Soviet prestige, reduced as it was almost to vanishing-point by the repeated executions of his opponents, and the readiest method seemed to be to convert the Nyon Conference into a court-martial on Italy, whose submarines were alleged to be guilty of the acts of piracy in question. The first thing to do was to prevent Italy's attendance, and this was achieved by the presentation at Rome of two insulting notes ; the Italians very stupidly fell into the Russian trap and stayed away, which was exactly what Moscow wanted. However, Mr Chamberlain saw to it that Great Britain was not forced to become a partner in the Franco-Soviet Pact, which was the Russian intention, and Mr Eden accordingly made no reference at Nyon to general politics, but confined himself to the subject for which the Conference had been summoned, namely the suppression of piracy in the Mediterranean. The outcome was that Great Britain and France decided to patrol specific areas of that sea, but although Italy soon associated herself with them, the incident caused a fresh outbreak of bitterness. Nor was this all, for at the same time Signor Mussolini visited Germany, and this new assertion of the Rome-Berlin axis only served to emphasise the growing tendency to divide Europe into two armed camps.

Such a development was directly contrary to Mr Chamberlain's policy, and he determined to make another direct approach to Italy. In putting this plan into operation he met with the resistance of Mr Eden, who, however, differed from his leader not so much in respect of strategy as of tactics. The Foreign Secretary would only deal with the Duce in a white sheet, but Mr Chamberlain saw that insistence on this would render negotiations impossible, and he was prepared to take a risk. Mr Eden accordingly resigned, Lord Halifax went to the Foreign Office, and the Easter Pact of 1938 was speedily negotiated. By this treaty the declarations in the ' Gentleman's Agreement ' regarding the *status quo* in the Mediterranean were reaffirmed, and a settlement was reached on

all questions still outstanding between Great Britain and Italy. Once more the tension was eased, but as the months passed Signor Mussolini became increasingly subservient to Berlin, and exactly twelve months after he had concluded the agreement with Great Britain he flagrantly violated it by the annexation of Albania. All the same, Mr Chamberlain's patient diplomacy, aided by Hitler's alliance with Russia, had not been without its effect, and when war broke out opinion in Italy was so strongly in favour of neutrality that the Fascist Government, willingly or unwillingly, had no alternative but to comply with the popular demand.

The succession of Lord Halifax to Mr Eden was strongly criticised by the Opposition, and their hostility was hardly modified by the announcement that the Prime Minister would himself answer for the Foreign Office in the House of Commons. At first it was freely prophesied that such a dyarchy could not be a success, but it clearly possessed greater elements of stability than was supposed, for not even the most hostile critic of Lord Halifax has ventured to suggest that he is the man to acquiesce in a policy of which he disapproves. To what extent, however, he is or has been the moving spirit in the combination it is too early to say. The situation, it may be observed, has a parallel in the closing years of the eighteenth century, when Lord Grenville performed the functions which now appertain to the Foreign Secretary, and Pitt—for whom Mr Chamberlain is known to have the most profound admiration—although Prime Minister, dealt in the Commons with such aspects of foreign policy as he did not feel could be wholly left to the young Under-Secretary, George Canning.

To prepare for while trying to avert or at least postpone the threatened storm was to be the course dictated to the Government by the course of events during the eighteen months which followed the resignation of Mr Eden. The possibility of more friendly relations being established between Rome and London, and thus of Italy recovering her liberty of action in international matters, so alarmed Hitler that within three weeks of the changes at the Foreign Office he had seized Austria. It was then that those who had maintained that Austria was the key to Central Europe were proved to be right, and

that the price had to be paid for indifference to Danubian problems while there was yet time to save the situation ; with Austria gone it was only a question of months when Czecho-Slovakia would also become a German province, and this development provoked a storm of controversy in Great Britain. It can hardly be denied that what Sheridan said of the Treaty of Amiens, namely that it was ' a peace which all men are glad of, but no man can be proud of,' equally applies to what was agreed at Munich in the autumn of 1938. Whether that agreement was or was not justified depends upon the state of British armaments and of French armaments and feeling at that time, for we now know from Sir Neville Henderson that Hitler was prepared to fight. Where a mistake would appear to have been made was in sending Lord Runciman to Prague, for this created the impression that more material support would be forthcoming, and when such proved not to be the case the Czechs felt that they had been betrayed.

When it became clear that no reliance could be placed on the word of the present German Government there was a complete reversal of British policy in Eastern Europe, and guarantees of support were given to countries the future of which seemed no concern of Great Britain even a year or two ago. That this was necessary if German aggression was to be checked hardly admits of argument, but the new policy may well raise very difficult problems in the future. Are we, for example, only interested in the preservation of the independence we have guaranteed when the threat to it comes from Berlin ? Now that Russia has resumed the old expansionist programme of Tsarist days this question has a very special significance. Experience has already shown that Stalin is at least as unreliable as Hitler, and it was well that the attempts to secure Russian aid against Germany came to nothing : had they succeeded no help worth the name would have been forthcoming, while Italy, Japan, and possibly Spain would have ranged themselves on the German side. A benevolent fate willed otherwise, and it is Hitler who is now learning the old lesson that Russia is only dangerous as an ally, for his blunder in coming to terms with her cost him the support which might have enabled him to win the war.

The wheels of diplomacy perforce cease to revolve or revolve very slowly once the guns begin to fire, and the present war is no exception. At the same time it is already not difficult to discern some of the problems with which Great Britain will be faced when hostilities come to an end. Two of them will be enigmas for which her statesmen have been attempting to find an answer for over twenty years, namely French security and the settlement of Central Europe. Another is the creation of some international body to do what the Holy Alliance and the League of Nations have failed to do, that is to say to substitute the rule of law for the rule of force. Now another conundrum, new to this generation though distressingly familiar to the Victorian age, has made its appearance—the ambitions of Russia in Europe and Asia. These are problems which can only be satisfactorily solved by a carefully thought out and consistent policy, based on a set of definite principles and a frank recognition of facts, however unpleasant. The last war ended suddenly, and it found the British Government without any fixed ideas as to what was to be done, with consequences from which we are now suffering. It is to be hoped that in this respect at any rate history will not repeat itself.

CHARLES PETRIE.

Art. 2.—AWARDS FOR MILITARY GALLANTRY.

AT this juncture in our history, and in that of the world which our country has done so much to shape, it is well to examine more closely than usual the practice, as well as the principles, which underlie the periodical announcements in 'The London Gazette' that His Majesty has been pleased to award certain honours, decorations and medals to his faithful subjects for gallantry displayed, whether in face of the enemy or 'behind the lines' by members of his armed forces.

Gallant deeds are common, alike in military and civil life. It was well said by René Quinton in 'A Soldier's Testament' that the instinct to live is manifest at birth, to reproduce one's kind, at puberty, to serve others, at maturity. The conflict between the desire to live and the desire to serve is a moral drama in which death, should it come, is swallowed up in victory; if victory comes without death, recognition may follow. In the old order, so old that it may be said to be natural, woman bears the burden of maternity, the male that of strife: in each case the burden and the risk are assumed among the better sort as part of the accepted order of things. Most young men regard death with less aversion than do women, so far as it concerns themselves, for to women life is necessary to enable them to fulfil their mission, which is to create new life. A man fights not only for his family but for the nation, and above all for the race to which he belongs; he finds grace in devotion; he sees it in sacrifice, and he knows at heart that individualism is a shallow philosophy; he is aware that Virgil's bees which 'mortem per vulnera petunt,' seeking death through wounds, have chosen a higher part. As the State grew in strength, the importance of giving overt public recognition to military valour was understood, and a system gradually evolved.

Naval and military decorations are of three kinds: (a) for personal valour; (b) for meritorious conduct; (c) for participation in battles or campaigns. We are here concerned only with the first of these categories, some early examples of which are the Star and Jewel given to Francis Drake by Queen Elizabeth, the Forlorn

Hope Badge of Charles I, and the medals and chains given to captains of fireships. William III and Mary recognised bravery in defeat by grants of gold medals, in some cases to seamen, after the French repulsed the British fleet off Bantry Bay in 1689, but the earliest official record of awards in Britain for gallantry to individual naval ratings is a letter dated from the Admiralty Office, March 13, 1703, requesting

' authority to pay 240*l.* to Isaac Newton, Esq., Master of the Mint for two medals and two chains, for Henry Gilber, the master and Elisha Dann, the boatswain of the " Torbay " respectively, as already awarded to Benjamin Bryer, the gunner of the same ship, for gallantry in extinguishing the fire on board the " Torbay " at Vigo October 11, 1702, when the Captain was blown overboard.'

To this period, too, belongs a circular silver medal with a chased border, bearing on the obverse the bust of Queen Anne in high relief and on the reverse the following inscription :

' Her Maj'ties reward to Rob^t Taylor, Boy of ye " Mary " Galley for his Zeal and Courage at ye taking of ye French Privateer " Jacques La Blonde " of Dunkirk.'

The earliest record extant of an award for saving life at sea is a large silver medal having on the obverse the bust of George I and on the reverse the inscription :

' Admiral Sir George Byng gave this medall to Seaman Will^m Wright for his courage in saving the lives of two seamen from drowning during the action with the Spaniards off the Cape of Passaro ye 31st day of July 1718.'

Monetary awards for officers were first definitely established in 1742, when Lieutenant Green was awarded 50*l.* by Order in Council for gallantry when, in June 1742, Captain Collis, in the fireship ' Duke ' burned five Spanish galleys anchored in the French port of St Tropez. Some gallantry medals were given by individual commanders : there is a specimen in iron, given by Captain Hardy in 1805 to a mate of H.M.S. ' Victory ' after Trafalgar. George III gave a medal and gold chain in 1809 to Captain James Wooldridge, who led the British fireship into Aix roads, and he authorised by Royal Warrant the wearing by Lieutenant Latham of the 3rd Foot (Buffs) of a medal

presented to him by his own brother officers for heroism at Albuera; there are a score or more of medals extant given by commanders for gallantry to individual men.

It was not until half way through the nineteenth century that the value of public recognition of gallantry and discipline in face of danger and in time of war was recognised. The idea was conceived in the Crimea, and was voiced by William Howard Russell, correspondent of 'The Times,' who in a letter dated Dec. 13, 1855, referred to the need for such a distinction adding: 'if it be established, it is hoped that it will bear the name of the Queen, with the significance of whose Royal prænomen it would so thoroughly harmonize.' Thus was born the Victoria Cross (V.C.). Field Marshal the Prince Consort designed it and selected bronze from captured guns as the material. The original Royal Warrant of 1856 has been often amended and now covers persons of either sex and of all countries owing allegiance to his Majesty who have displayed conspicuous duty or devotion to the country in the presence of the enemy. Queen Victoria took a keen interest in it: she insisted that the inscription should be 'For Valour,' not 'For the Brave,' whence it might be inferred that only those who are deemed brave wear it.

Provision was made in 1858 for awards to officers and men of the armed forces

'who may perform acts of conspicuous courage and bravery in circumstances of extreme danger, such as the occurrence of fire on board ship, or the foundering of a vessel at sea, or in any other circumstances in which, through the courage and devotion displayed, life or public property might be saved.'

The omission of this clause when the Royal Warrant was consolidated in 1920 was a retrograde step. Heroism should be recognised at all times, and there is no good reason to distinguish between acts of heroism in the field, such as earned Lord Gort his V.C., and equally heroic acts behind the lines which in 1915 earned Captain (now Air Marshal Sir Cyril) Newall the Albert Medal in Gold. From 1856 to 1914 there were 522 awards; during the last war 579, and 5 since, of which all but one were posthumous.

The Distinguished Service Order (D.S.O.) is for com-

missioned officers of the three arms of the service only. Alone among British Orders it has no motto. It dates from 1886 ; the bar dates from 1916. The V.C. is not an order ; holders are entitled to no precedence but that of public respect. The D.S.O. is an order, and ranks after the Order of the British Empire. It was originally awarded for meritorious or distinguished service, but the Royal Warrant of 1931 now requires that no one shall be eligible save for distinguished service under fire, or under condition equivalent to service in actual combat with the enemy. We are alone among the nations of the world in having such an order of gallantry 'for officers only.' Awards during the last war totalled 9002 ; 709 first, 71 second, and 7 third bars were awarded.

The Military Cross (M.C.) is for officers and warrant officers of the Army and Air Force only (the Navy not being eligible), not above the substantive rank of major, 'for gallant and distinguished service in action' whether in the air or on the ground. This definition in the amending warrant of 1931 replaces that of December 1914, which provided for awards 'in recognition of distinguished and meritorious services in time of war.' Future awards will, therefore, be for gallantry only. No annuity or extra pay is provided for officers and the receipt of the decoration confers no precedence, but warrant officers who hold it are entitled to receive a gratuity of 20*l.* on discharge or promotion and, if pensioned, an extra 6*d.* a day (3*d.* for non-European or Maltese holders). Awards during the last war were 38,004 ; 2984 first, 169 second, and 4 third bars were awarded.

In no other country does there exist a gallantry medal for army and air force, but not for the navy ; for officers and warrant officers, but not for men. The equivalent in the Royal Navy is the Distinguished Service Cross (D.S.C.). Officers and warrant officers below the rank of lieut.-commander are eligible, provided that their services have been marked by special mention of their name in dispatches for meritorious or distinguished services before the enemy. It replaces the Conspicuous Service Cross (C.S.C.), instituted by Royal Warrant in June 1901. The equivalent in the Royal Air Force is the Distinguished Flying Cross.

There seem to be good grounds for amalgamating the

M.C., D.F.C., and the D.S.C. under the last title, and for making members of all three Services eligible upon identical conditions. It is to the advantage of the Services that, when possible, equivalent distinctions should be awarded for like services and that the decorations should be readily recognisable. I have been assured that had there been an adequate liaison between the Admiralty and the War Office in this matter in the first months of the Great War something of the kind would perhaps have been done. This order actually antedates the M.C. by three months.

The Distinguished Flying Cross (D.F.C.) is peculiar to the Royal Air Force and is awarded to officers and warrant officers only in recognition of acts of exceptional valour, courage, and devotion to duty whilst flying in active operation against the enemy. Up to Jan. 1, 1920, 1080 Distinguished Flying Crosses had been awarded. The number awarded since is about 1190. The Air Force Cross (A.F.C.) is also limited to the Royal Air Force and is likewise awarded to officers and warrant officers only, for exceptional valour, courage, or devotion to duty whilst flying though not in active operation against the enemy. Up to Jan. 1, 1920, 655 Air Force Crosses had been awarded. The number awarded since is about 800.

The counterparts in India to the D.S.O. and M.C. are, in some respects, the Order of British India and the Indian Order of Merit. Both these orders, in the Military Division, are for gallantry, but the latter more exclusively so than the former. Both carry extra pensions and both are awarded in two classes. Living holders of each Order number about 1000. Both Orders are legacies of the East India Company and are given on the authority of an Order of the Governor General in Council, and not of a Royal Warrant.

We turn now from what are technically known as 'decorations' to 'medals,' for which the rank and file alone are eligible. Except for the British Empire Medal, for gallantry, these are different for each arm, viz. for Royal Navy and Marines: Conspicuous Gallantry Medal (C.G.M.) and Distinguished Service Medal (D.S.M.). The Conspicuous Gallantry Medal dates from 1874:

petty officers, N.C.Os. and men are eligible who may have distinguished themselves by acts of pre-eminent bravery in action. Holders who are chief and first-class petty officers get an annuity of 20*l.* ; naval ratings and marines 20*l.* on discharge. Since 1914 there have been 110 awards. The Distinguished Service Medal (D.S.M.) is also restricted to petty officers and men of the senior service. It is for those who may at any time show themselves to the fore in action and set an example of bravery and resource under fire, short of such acts as would earn the C.G.M. There have been 1838 awards since 1914.

The British Army also has two awards, the Distinguished Conduct Medal and the Military Medal. The Distinguished Conduct Medal (D.C.M.) dates from 1855 : it is for N.C.Os. and men only, for distinguished conduct in the field. It earns a gratuity of 20*l.* on discharge or an increase of pension of 6*d.* a day. There were 24,620 awards from 1914 to 1920, 43 since then ; 472 first and 9 second bars were awarded. The Military Medal (M.M.) is 'for individual or associated acts of bravery in the field' by warrant officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Army or Royal Air Force, and, in exceptional circumstances, by women, whether British subjects or foreigners, who have shown bravery and devotion under fire. It carries no addition to pension and no gratuity on discharge. Awards during the Great War up to date are 115,589, with 5796 first, 180 second, and 1 third bar. 233 Military Medals and 16 first bars have been awarded since May 31, 1920. Of these 81 medals were awarded since Jan. 1, 1930.

The Indian Distinguished Service Medal (I.D.S.M.), dating from 1907, is for Viceroy's commissioned officers, Indian officers (non-commissioned officers and men), and for the members of the military police and British troops when employed under the Government of India. The Royal Warrant implies that it may be given for distinguished services in peace as well as in war.

The Air Force, like the Navy, has two medals corresponding roughly to the D.C.M. and M.M. These are : The Distinguished Flying Medal (D.F.M.) for non-commissioned officers and airmen for exceptional valour, courage or devotion to duty whilst flying in active operations against the enemy. The medal bears the

words 'For Courage.' The Air Force Medal (A.F.M.) for exceptional valour, courage, or devotion to duty whilst flying though not in active operations against the enemy.* Neither of these carries any monetary advantage to the recipient. Awards to date are D.F.C. 1219, with 99 bars. D.F.M. 191 with 4 bars. A.F.C. 874, with 22 bars. A.F.M. 210 with 5 bars.

It will be seen from the foregoing that all decorations which the rank and file of the Army may earn may be earned also by the Air Force, but that the Navy and the Air Force each have two decorations restricted to those Services. It will be noted that only two decorations, the V.C. and the E.G.M., can be earned alike by officers and by the rank and file, and, in rare cases even by civilians, and, further, that in no case can recipients, if commissioned officers, secure any pecuniary reward for themselves or their widows. The Victoria Cross and the Military Cross, however, carry monetary rewards for life and during service with the colours for other than commissioned officers, while Indian recipients of the V.C. earn in addition a pension for their widows (unless they remarry).

The Medal of the Order of the British Empire, for gallantry (E.G.M.) was instituted in 1922 to fill this gap and may be regarded as the equivalent of the Albert and Edward Medals. There is only one type of medal, but two divisions, Military and Civil. One hundred and forty-five medals were awarded in the Military Division for service during the Great War overseas, and 260 for service at home. Since then there have been 95 grants of the Medal in all. Of these, there have been 40 awards of the Medal of the Order of the British Empire, Military Division, for gallantry (E.G.M.) and 55 awards of the Medal of the Order of the British Empire, Civil Division, for gallantry (E.G.M.).

To these decorations should be added the Meritorious Service Medal (1845) for warrant officers, non-commissioned officers, and men who are recommended for the grant in respect of gallant conduct in the performance of military duty otherwise than in action against the enemy or in

* Until 1922 no soldier, sailor, or airman who in peace-time or, in time of war, behind the lines performed an act of heroism, however, great was eligible for a military award.

saving or attempting to save the life of an officer or soldier or for devotion to duty in a theatre of war. The recipient is entitled to an annuity of 10*l*. Awards during the Great War and up to May 31, 1920, were as follows :

		Overseas.	At home.
M.S.M.	...	21,963	2,741
Bars	...	4	1

Since June 1, 1920, 1447 awards have been made, of which 650 were made since June 1, 1930. Seven hundred and fifty ex-soldiers were, on June 1, 1938, in receipt of the Meritorious Service Annuity.

This completes our survey. The inescapable conclusion which most readers will have reached for themselves is that the whole system of awards for gallantry requires overhauling. There should be no awards peculiar to one service, and pecuniary rewards, when they exist, should be the same for all services. There should, as in France, be no awards for gallantry only which can be given only to officers, as the D.S.O. and M.C., D.F.C. and A.F.C., or only to men, as the C.G.M., D.C.M., D.S.M. and M.M., D.F.M. and A.F.M. A possible solution would be to replace the M.C., the D.F.C. and the D.S.C. by a new decoration, a Cross for Conspicuous Gallantry for which officers and men of all the fighting services would be eligible. The C.G.M., D.S.M., D.C.M. and the M.M., D.F.M. and A.F.M. might be replaced by two medals, the Distinguished Service Cross and the Meritorious Service Medal. This would promote a feeling of solidarity among all ranks of all the services and by reducing the number of types of medal and ribbon make them easier to recognise. Gallantry Medals should be easily distinguished from others and, other considerations apart, there is much to be said for restricting the use of the cross in any form to awards for gallantry, so as to make them more easily recognisable, the cross itself being worn in miniature on the ribbon.

No one who has faced death alone in voluntary pursuit of some warlike aim or in the attempt to save life in peace would for a moment admit that hope of honour or reward played any part in his mind, for the human will, at supreme moments, transcends obedience, overleaps the bounds of prudence, and disregards self-interest. But few would

deny that honourable recognition of noble deeds accorded to those who survive and their dependants should they perish helps to create an attitude of mind which is ultimately the deciding factor. That, indeed, is the very basis of every system of honour and awards. Men who receive them, as Plutarch says in his 'Life of Coriolanus,' 'do not think so much that they have received a reward as that they have given a pledge'—which they are determined to honour.

ARNOLD WILSON.

Art 3.—SPORT AND WILD LIFE IN WAR-TIME.

ONE inevitable effect of a great national emergency is an adjustment of values. In every branch of activity, occupation, pastime, or custom there automatically arises a distinction between the essential and the superfluous, and whether the process is gradual or rapid depends upon the part played by the institution affected. The present war, for example, had not been in progress many days before 'authority' decided that the public must be permitted its cinema entertainments. Also, as in 1914, the desirability that hunting should continue wherever possible was immediately recognised. During a critical stage of the last war, when the demand upon our manpower was particularly urgent, Lord Derby pointed out that were hunting allowed to lapse scarcely a light horse would be bred in the country, and the practical value of the institution has once again been demonstrated by the ready supply of horses available for military requirements.

One of the first steps taken at the outbreak of a major conflict is an 'equine round-up.' Everyone is required to declare the contents of his stable and all the animals are graded. Those which conform to the necessary standards are either requisitioned immediately or entered upon the reserve list for future use. The standard is comprehensive. Generally speaking, almost any light horse from fifteen hands upwards in height and aged from five to fifteen years is considered suitable. Full compensation, of course, is paid, and in the case of dealers, breeders, or anyone who makes a business of the horse market, the national demand creates a decided boom. Up to the moment of writing, prices have not soared to the high level obtainable in 1917-18, when, owing to agricultural requirements also, even draught horses were at a premium, a serviceable animal realising as much as 100%. Now a 'carter' may fetch 20 per cent. above the average of recent years, while a good hunter makes about 60%, the figure having mounted within the month and still evincing an upward tendency. So far as hunting establishments are concerned, however, it is often not so much the value of the animal that counts as its usefulness or irreplaceability, and when, as frequently happens, a stud

is depleted by one-half or more, considerable embarrassment may be caused.

The position of hunting, indeed, is somewhat ironical. Although the only branch of sport officially regarded as important, it suffers above all others from the national calamity. It could scarcely be otherwise, however, for quite apart from the very considerable drain upon the stables—a serious handicap to field work—modern hunting has become more than ever a matter of finance. Upon this account largely the adverse effect has now become apparent much sooner than was the case when war broke out in 1914. The provincial packs, for lack of large monetary guarantees, are inevitably in the worst position, and since these, after all, comprise the rank-and-file of English hunting, their case may be regarded as typical. True, their liabilities are not so heavy, but whether the figures involved amount to hundreds or thousands matters little in general principle, everything being relative. Mainly upon account of steadily rising standards, the sums required far exceed those which were formerly considered adequate, and one need only compare a few statistics, past and present, to realise the changes that time has wrought.

Before me at the moment is the balance sheet of a representative West Country pack. Before and until 1914 these hounds were maintained upon a guaranteed total of 450*l*. The expenditure incurred for the season 1938–39 reached 1485*l*., towards which subscriptions provided 523*l*., the proceeds of hunt dances 71*l*., while the annual point-to-point races realised 300*l*. It will be seen, therefore, that considerable difficulty attends the balancing of a modern hunt budget even under normal conditions, whereas in war-time, when costs rise and sources of revenue unavoidably fail, the most drastic retrenchment cannot always supply the deficiencies.

And apart from the financial embarrassment with which hunting people are confronted, there is the tragic side of the situation. Patriotic and philosophical indeed must be the man or woman who can regard with equanimity the departure to an unknown fate of a favourite horse—one which, perhaps, has been treated as a friend rather than a mere beast, and under ordinary circumstances would never have been allowed to pass into other

hands. People who suffer this experience deserve every sympathy. The matter, however, does not necessarily end with the demands of patriotism. There is also the harder position of retrenchment necessitated by war-straitened means. Ordinarily, and excepting the case of people who can produce or cheaply acquire essential commodities, every horse costs its owner from fifteen to twenty-five shillings a week, which figure would mount automatically with emergency prices; and whether required by Government or not, its maintenance may conceivably become a practical impossibility.

Another sad result, heart-breaking to a huntsman or any animal-lover, is the sacrifice of a large proportion of the hounds. Upon an average a lusty foxhound cannot be kept for less than 5*l.* a year, and this in the case of a large pack soon reaches a formidable total. At the kennels of two local hunts ten couple were destroyed in each case a few days after the outbreak of war, and the same regrettable story must apply to every establishment where funds are limited. Even so, adequately to maintain a 'skeleton' two-day-a-week programme at least twenty couple of hounds and four horses are necessary, and now, with the requisite money no longer forthcoming, contributions in kind have been solicited to feed the four-footed personnel of kennels and hunt stables.

With regard to military service, during the last war kennel-huntsmen were exempted, one experienced man being regarded as indispensable to the upkeep of even a limited pack. In many instances the task imposed upon a huntsman working single-handed was stupendous. The full charge of kennel and stud often devolved upon one individual, who at the close of a hard field day might be faced with a fifteen-mile hack and two or three busy hours awaiting him after reaching home. Again, both man and beast will now lack facilities which have come to be regarded as essential—the remount, the attendant car, the motor hound-van and horse-box, which in modern sport obviated the wearisome homeward miles, often the hardest part of a strenuous day. In 1914 such privileges were not so generally missed, not having become so universal. Nowadays there are many people and more horses—for the life of a hunter is short—who have known no other conditions, and this reversal to the

customs of an earlier generation will test the hardihood of all.

In other fields of sport the adverse effects of war depression may be less spectacular, although everywhere acute. Financially the principal sufferers are the owners of deer-forests, grouse-moors, and other large shoots which serve as a source of income. The conventional rich American tenant is not forthcoming, and at home money is required for other purposes. Even the social character of historic sporting dates loses significance. Too many friends are absent; the shadow hangs too heavily over those who are able to attend. True, the 'silent 12th' of 1914 was not duplicated in 1939, but none the less parties were broken up prematurely, and upon some of the few moors where grouse were plentiful the final shooting actually devolved upon keepers. From 1914 to 1918 upon many a famous moor the guns were carried by 'young lads and drooping elders who might not bear the mail,' and although the position is not quite the same now as then, changing standards and conditions have brought their own problems.

As time goes on the question of transport will affect sport more than is generally realised, for petrol plays an integral part in almost every outdoor pursuit. The secretary of a Devonshire fishing association recently told me that the club would be obliged to close down owing to the inability of members to reach the waters. The main stream flows through a residential district, and one might naturally have assumed that local people would carry on. This inevitable suggestion, however, was met by the reply that the list of members did not include a single resident in the locality. The majority belonged to distant parts of the county, local fishermen, upon the same principle, seeking their sport elsewhere. This is a curious but eminently characteristic instance of the modern outlook, applicable to fishing or shooting syndicates alike. Distance certainly lends a peculiar enchantment, and the man who pays for his sport, either by renting private rights or joining an association, seldom chooses land or water within many miles of his home. Naaman's conservatism in preferring his native rivers has few parallels to-day, any field rather than one's own being the motto of the moment.

This, one need scarcely remark, is a matter of custom and, therefore, very largely, of readjustment, although many will find a return to the almost forgotten pre-car conditions a virtual impossibility. Indeed, with the enforcement of the petrol ration, the modern shooting syndicate will cease to function 'for the duration,' and this up to a certain point may prove a blessing in disguise. In the Western counties, at any rate, wild game has been harried almost to extinction within recent years. Too much ground which once provided excellent sporting facilities has been consistently over-shot, even as too many streams have been over-fished. The nominally wild pheasant can only be found where reintroduced or supplemented by the overflow from artificial reserves. The decline of woodcock and snipe is marked, and over wide areas the once abundant partridge has practically disappeared. Admittedly, in the latter case, natural causes have been partly responsible, while the spring trap continues to prove more destructive than the gun. At the same time, the birds have been too hard pressed to stand any real chance of recovery. Syndicates, anxious to obtain full value for their money, do not always show sufficient consideration for next year's stock, and the individual tenant, whose interest is only temporary, frequently offends in this respect. The need for a general shooting moratorium has been suggested more than once, and if compelled by the national situation, should at least enable the birds to regain some of their lost ground.

Against the latter possibility, however, there are other less encouraging considerations. If unable to let his rough shooting, the farmer-owner loses the inducement to preserve his birds. It has not been a particularly profitable line within recent years. Owing to the preponderance of trapping, shooting rights have declined considerably in value, and the 1s. per acre paid in Devonshire a quarter of a century ago has dwindled to an average flat rate of 4d. Even so, though limited, this was a consideration for which the farmer discouraged the lawless taking of game so prevalent in the West Country. There is also danger in the high prices which prevail during a time of meat shortage. During the past few years pheasants have realised about 7s. a brace. In 1918 a single bird could be sold for 7s. 6d., the same scale applying

to partridges, which normally are worth about 4s. or 1s. 8d. a brace for young or old birds respectively. Even a woodcock, usually valued at 1s. 6d., would make half a crown or more in war-time, and the temptation to get hold of everything marketable in feathers is particularly strong to a trapper upon whom a great deal devolves when shooting declines. With an irony characteristic of human endeavour, the reform of the trapping law, long overdue and effected by exhaustive perseverance in the face of extraordinary discouragement, has coincided with a state of affairs under which such measures are unlikely to be rigidly enforced. The stars in their courses have indeed militated against the reformer and the wild creatures which he hoped to benefit.

Again, one cannot forget that during the last war wild game lost rather than gained ground, although in 1914, when neither the trapper nor the shooting syndicate had been so much in evidence during the preceding decade, birds were generally far more plentiful than is now the case. Under present conditions, therefore, they have started at a disadvantage, and everything depends upon whether the new restrictions placed upon the trapper's activities operate or not.

One question which inevitably arises is the economic value of animals usually reared or preserved for sport at a time of national food shortage. At a crucial stage of the last war there was advanced a naïve Press suggestion that soldiers should be requisitioned to shoot pheasants in order that the ravages committed by the birds might be prevented and the country provided with fresh meat. Upon this, of course, no comment is required. The artificial production of pheasants is the first course to be abandoned at such times, each bird costing many times its value when hand-reared, and the wild stock finds its way to the poulterer soon enough.

As a source of national food supply, game, apart from rabbits, may be discounted as negligible, being neither abundant nor cheap enough to provide anything more than luxury fare, although unrationed. Even rabbits may become a 'luxury.' During the previous war, before the price was controlled, they realised as much as 5s. a couple wholesale, as compared with 1s. 4d., the average figure within the past few years. When controlled,

farmers were still able to obtain 3s. 4d., and if this figure is now exceeded it will be interesting to see whether the tempting price will effect the extermination of the 'rabbit pest,' as many people have predicted. This was not the case from 1914 to 1918 when, although the price in no way lessened the demand, the supply proved inexhaustible. After control was instituted the rabbit market, incidentally, developed a queer twist, the value of skins exceeding the amount which it was permissible to charge for the entire animal. This situation, as might be supposed, offended the economical instincts of the working farmer, who solved the difficulty, however, by skinning his rabbits, selling the pelts, and feeding his pigs with the carcasses—a policy which operated satisfactorily from his point of view, but was open to criticism.

The sale of rabbits is by no means clear profit to an agriculturist. They cost a great deal more to catch than was formerly the case. Twenty-five years ago a professional trapper was paid 10s. a hundred. He now receives one guinea before Christmas, and later, when rabbits are less plentiful, 25s.; and the cost will probably be higher if under the provisions of the new law he is not allowed to set gins in the open. Even the price of traps has risen from 9s. or 12s. per dozen, according to grade, to 19s., so that should the 1914–18 figures again be realised, the outgoings will still be more than doubled. With regard to rabbits shot for market, cartridges constitute another formidable item. Many sportsmen can remember the days when a serviceable brand could be bought for 7s. per hundred. The price for a corresponding quality was exactly double at the outbreak of the present war, and in 1918 25s. was charged for a product so inferior that in the words of one great shot 'you could see nothing after firing but the paper wads of which they were mostly made.'

Whether cartridges will be obtainable at all in the days to come seems doubtful, except in cases of actual necessity. Indeed, sport generally may develop into a mere matter of business, solely to procure food or reduce pests. The artificial element, so often deprecated—and rightly so, up to a certain point—will be eliminated. There will be no hand-rearing of pheasants, no turning down of foxes. Hunting will certainly continue wherever

possible, not only for the purpose of reducing the fox and deer population but also to preserve the institution. It is always easier to resuscitate a working proposition than to revive a concern which has been allowed to lapse. This was demonstrated after 1918, when in some instances it proved impossible to start afresh. Hounds, even when obtainable, were priceless. One well known M.F.H., endeavouring to revive a West Country hunt, went to Rugby ostensibly to buy a pack. He returned with one couple of hounds which had cost him 300*l.*, that being all the money at his disposal for the purpose. Admittedly this figure was in excess of the average, but 150 guineas a couple was by no means an unusual price at that period, and there were many people who realised that they had missed an opportunity. When packs were destroyed it would have been an easy matter for sporting farmers to whom the question of keep presented no obstacle to procure a hound or two, which, if kept for stock, might have proved a highly profitable proposition. And discounting financial difficulties, a really good pack of hounds, once dispersed, is irreplaceable for the time being. Years of patient selection are required for the building up of another, and upon these grounds alone every effort is being made to retain the existing stock.

Another practical handicap usually confronting a revived pack, or one whose activities have been seriously curtailed, is shortage of foxes. These disappear rapidly if there is little or no hunting, particularly when pelts are at a premium, and a struggling hunt is hampered in consequence, financial support largely depending upon the quality of sport shown. In this respect the position at the commencement of the 1939-40 season was somewhat peculiar. After 1918 foxes were so scarce in many parts of the country that the supply proved entirely insufficient and hunting degenerated into a virtual farce, this state of affairs continuing for several seasons. One huntsman recently told me that in 1921 his first eight mornings of cubbing proved blank. Indeed, at that period, with the spring-trapping system spreading throughout Western England, the sport appeared to be upon its last legs. There followed, however, an extraordinary development. For no reason other than one of those natural phases known as 'wild life waves,' foxes began to increase, and,

despite every handicap, multiplied so rapidly during the ensuing years, that in the very district where they had been almost extinct, they became actually too numerous for hunting in the strictly desirable sense. In several cases within personal knowledge, and speaking for an area embracing several counties, a country which had been inadequate to provide sport for a foxhound pack became more than it could possibly cover. New or subsidiary packs were enabled to start; harriers began to hunt foxes by arrangement; countries that had amalgamated were redivided, and all the while continued to increase at a rate which astonished old sportsmen, the phenomenon being outside all previous experience. It became no longer a question of where foxes might be found. They abounded everywhere, frequently in coverts which seemed quite unsuitable, and the problem confronting an M.F.H. was how to satisfy land occupiers who wanted their brakes drawn. Upon one occasion when a big wood was being worked by thirty couple of hounds it was remarked that the foxes outnumbered the pack, and the statement seemed scarcely an exaggeration. I have actually counted twenty running in different directions during a hunt in this locality, and near here is a wooded Dartmoor valley upon the slopes of which one may see several foxes literally sitting about like lost colliers while hounds are in cover.

This was the position—fantastic as it may well appear—in many hunting countries when, once again, 'War's loud summons shook the land,' and there can be little doubt that long before the clouds roll by the fox problem will be solved outside the hunting field. The future of the sport—which had acquired an unprecedented popularity despite the movement for its abolition—depends upon many circumstances, but mainly upon the general post-war financial position of the country. From a humanitarian point of view the alternatives to hunting are not attractive. I happened to see an example of such methods early last summer—incidentally at the height of the breeding season—in a remote Dartmoor coombe where wild creatures might have been permitted to remain unmolested without damaging anybody. It was a Sunday morning, the customary peace of which was disturbed by discordant whoops and yells proceeding from a

party of rustics, who, believing themselves to be the only human beings within many miles, were searching the clitters for cubs. Rather, the search was conducted by a couple of sheep dogs and a terrier, the men contributing mainly noise. One carried a spade, another a sack, the third a gun—slung across his shoulder, indeed, but in delightful disregard of convention, with the butt uppermost, while the downward-pointing muzzle swept the heath to the constant menace of men and dogs alike. The technique was simple. The terrier worked the clitters like a ferret; the sheep-dog hung about to snap up a bolting cub as he might have a rat; the gun was intended for a pop at the vixen as she slipped away between the rocks. A clean kill would be the least likely result of such a shot. More often than not, the unfortunate fox would gain some fastness with a broken leg or other wound, and even with the mother accounted for, her young cubs might easily evade capture in the depths of the clitter, only to perish eventually from starvation. The entire picture was reminiscent of the days before orthodox Dartmoor hunting, when native 'sportsmen,' assisted by 'terriers scarred with wounds,'

'drove the pregnant fox to earth
And killed the vixen giving birth.'

High above a craggy eyrie at the head of the coombe, a pair of ravens, apprehensive for their newly fledged brood, croaked disapproval. Their perturbation was mild, however, compared with that of the men when at last they became aware of observation. They sat down in a group, like children at musical chairs when the piano stops. The gun was thrust hastily behind the nearest boulder, and there for a while they remained, discussing the situation, then, calling the dogs, made off across the valley in a manner which unmistakably denoted self-conviction.

The position of wild red deer in England under present circumstances differs little from that of the fox, and, all considered, it may be said that game and beasts of chase generally stand to lose rather than gain by the suspension of sport. It is an ill wind that blows good to nobody, however, and the wild creatures which will certainly benefit are those upon whom no particular value is set, or

those normally destroyed upon problematic grounds in the interests of artificial sport. There is the outstanding example of the interesting and decorative heron, upon whom fierce war has recently been waged by fishing associations. One could foresee a date, probably within a calculable period, when the heron might conceivably become as rare as the bittern, with ornithologists endeavouring to reintroduce the species. The raven, the buzzard, Montagu's harrier, and others were enabled to re-establish their precarious footing during the last war, and may profit by the present opportunity to extend their now limited range. When cartridges were expensive a keen game-preserved was astonished at the remark of a farmer who refused to 'waste money on vermin'—a point of view which seemed incomprehensible to the man concerned, but was none the less sufficiently pertinent to affect the situation materially.

One earnestly hopes—it would be impossible to urge this point too strongly—that the laws which now at least officially protect wild life will not be allowed to relax under present conditions on the plea of 'unimportance' or any similar pretext. And there is one other matter which particularly requires attention. Many readers may remember that not long ago, when Basque children were admitted to this country as refugees, in some localities they were encouraged to 'amuse themselves by bird-nesting,' into which pastime they threw themselves with enthusiasm, to the delight of their benevolent guardians, but to the dismay of everyone responsible for the enforcement of the Wild Birds Protection Acts. Under existing arrangements a vast number of our own city children are established in country districts, and it has been suggested in high quarters that they might improve the occasion by acquiring a knowledge of natural history. The idea is laudable, but since the nesting season obviously offers an initial field of research, the danger scarcely needs indicating. The prospect of half a million indiscriminating young nature students scouring the country for every nest that can be pulled out leaves much to be desired, and one hopes that sentimentality in one direction will not preclude consideration in others.

Some idea of the problems which may lie ahead was recently brought home to me when I was approached on

the moorside by a party of little Londoners with eager inquiries as to the edibility of various berries. The avidity with which they sought nuts and blackberries was refreshing, but gave rise to misgivings. Before long information regarding eggs may be solicited with equal keenness, and in the words of one schoolmaster-naturalist, 'children do most harm from motives of curiosity.' Protection of bird and plant life may seem a minor consideration under prevailing circumstances, but unnecessary sacrifices should always be deprecated, and prevented whenever possible.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

Art. 4.—THE RIGHT TO PAINLESS DEATH.

1. 'Euthanasia,' by S. D. Williams, Junior, in *Essays by Members of the Birmingham Speculative Club*. 1870.
2. *Suggestions in Favour of terminating Absolutely Hopeless Cases of Injury and Disease*. By Dr C. E. Goddard, 1901.
3. *Euthanasia*. By C. Killick Millard, M.D., D.Sc. Daniel, 1931.

WAR, especially modern war, only raises more acutely a problem that confronts us in peace: people are liable to be injured so terribly as to make us ask urgently whether at some point it does not become imperative to administer, where possible, painless death. Not infrequently this is done. But the general mind is not clear on the issues. The issues, of course, include not only the case of incurable injury, in the ordinary sense, but also that of incurable disease that produces intense pain. It is an old problem. In its earlier form the question was as to whether suicide in the cases stated was justified. Seneca was quite clear that it was. The younger Pliny warmly approved of the patient so acting after having consulted physicians. Epictetus was another of the same view.

In England euthanasia was first advocated, so far as we know, in the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, published in Latin in 1516. In the English version the passage is as follows:

Such as be sick of incurable diseases they comfort with sitting by them, with talking with them, and to be short, with all manner of helps that may be. But if the disease be not only incurable but also full of continual pain and anguish, then the priests and the magistrates exhort the man, seeing he is not able to do any duty of life and, by overliving his own death, is noisome and irksome to others and grievous to himself, that he will determine with himself, no longer to cherish that pestilent and painful disease. And seeing his life is to him but a torment, that he will not be unwilling to die but rather take good hope to him and either dispatch himself out of that painful life as out of a prison or rack of torment, or else suffer himself willingly to be rid out of it by others. And in so doing, they tell him, he shall do wisely, seeing by his death he shall lose nothing but his pain. And because in that act he

shall follow the counsel of the priests, that is to say, of the interpreters of God's will and pleasure, they show him that he shall do like a godly and virtuous man. They that be thus persuaded finish their lives willingly, either with hunger or else die in their sleep without any feeling of death. But they cause none such to die against their will nor they use no less diligence and attendance upon them, believing this to be an honourable death.

The word *euthanasia* was used in Latin by Bacon in his 'De Augmentis Scientiarum,' published in 1623, in the following passage :

But in our times the physicians make a kind of scruple and religion to stay with the patient after he is given up, whereas, in my judgment, if they would not be wanting in their office, and indeed to humanity, they ought both to acquire the skill and to bestow the attention whereby the dying man may pass more easily out of life. This part I call the inquiry concerning outward euthanasia, or the easy dying of the body, to distinguish it from that euthanasia which regards the preparation of the soul ; and set it down among the desiderata.

In the eighteenth century Hume published an essay on the subject in which he wrote :

Suppose that it is no longer in my power to promote the interests of society, suppose that I am a burden to it ; suppose that my life hinders some person from being much more useful to society. In such cases my resignation of life must not only be innocent but laudable.

Hume argued also that it is no more a sin to shorten life than to try to lengthen it.

In 1870 began something like a movement for the legalisation of euthanasia. In that year, in a volume of essays published by the Birmingham Speculative Club, was one on euthanasia by S. D. Williams, Junior. He began by pointing out that the discovery of an anæsthetic that could be lethal, such as chloroform, opened up the issue.

In all cases of hopeless and painful illness it should be the recognised duty of the medical attendant, whenever so desired by the patient, to administer chloroform—or such other anæsthetic as may by-and-by supersede chloroform—so as to destroy consciousness at once and put the sufferer to a quick and painless death ; all needful precautions being

adopted to prevent any possible abuse of such duty ; and means being taken to establish beyond the possibility of doubt or question that the remedy was applied at the express wish of the patient.

How great the boon conferred on mankind would be, were such a rule as the above generally recognised and acted upon, those best can tell whose sorrowful lot it has been to stand by in helpless misery while one near to them was being done to death by the hideous torture of disease ; who have had to watch, and feebly minister to, throughout long months a suffering parent, brother or sister ; the patient all this weary while getting no respite from fierce pain except in the brief intervals of feverish broken sleep ; who have had to witness all this with the full knowledge that recovery was impossible ; with the knowledge too that the patient knew his fate as well as the watcher did ; knew that there was no hope of relief but in death, and that death was to be reached only by the gradual exhaustion of the bodily strength.

The publication of this essay led to a considerable amount of publicity for the subject. In 1873 this was still going on, and a notable article by the Hon. L. A. Tollemache appeared in the 'Fortnightly Review' for February with the rather flippant title, 'A Cure for Incurables.' It was serious in purpose, but the flippancy of the title was not absent from the paper itself. In the serious argument the author pointed out that a man may drink himself to death and that is legal. On the question of the competence of the patient to decide on euthanasia, he held that a man who is sane enough to make a will is sane enough for that also. This article gave rise to much further discussion in the weeklies. In 1875 Mrs Annie Besant published anonymously a pamphlet in favour of euthanasia, and there was a second pamphlet by another author. Then the movement died down. In 1901 Dr C. E. Goddard read a paper before the Willesden Medical Society entitled 'Suggestions in Favour of terminating Absolutely Hopeless Cases of Injury and Disease,' and it was printed. Then the subject lapsed again. In 1930 Dr Inge, in his 'Christian Ethics and Modern Problems,' wrote in favour of euthanasia, and in 1931 Canon Peter Green in his 'The Problem of Right Conduct : A Text-Book of Christian Ethics' did likewise. Quite independently of all this, Dr Killick Millard, Medical

Office of Health for Leicester, in 1931 gave his presidential address to the Society of Medical Officers of Health on this subject. He formulated a bill providing safeguards. The pronouncement was widely received with great favour, and from time to time the subject was brought before the public. A society was formed for the legalisation of euthanasia and a bill was introduced in the House of Lords in 1936. All but one of the speakers were in favour of euthanasia, but a majority of 35 to 14 objected to the bill.

Such is the history of the expression of opinion publicly in favour of painless death for those suffering intense pain from incurable disease or injury. Let us now consider the issues involved in the problem, but, first, a word or two are necessary about safeguards. These are, of course, a crucial consideration. The bill promoted by Dr Millard and his helpers proposed the following: (1) two doctors' certificates (the second from an independent medical practitioner of a specified status, who must not be related to the applicant or be financially interested in his death); (2) a public medical referee, who verifies; (3) a hearing of parties, if need be; (4) the permit to be valid for a considerable time (if, indeed, any term be set to its validity). The point of this last condition is that the patient should not be under obligation to have the permit acted upon; he might prefer to wait, but have it available. If desired, arrangements might be made so that the patient should not know when it was going to be exercised. The two doctors testify that: (1) to the best of their knowledge and belief death is inevitable; (2) the suffering which must intervene before natural death is believed by them to be severe; (3) the patient has signed a demand for euthanasia; (4) they believe that at the time of so signing the mental faculties were such that the sufferer appreciated the significance of his signature. In the process of trying to get the requisite legislation, the practical difficulty is encountered that, on the one hand, there must be adequate safeguards, and yet, on the other, some critics say that the going through of these necessary safeguards is a hideous procedure. It may be submitted that, granted the principle, it should be possible to find, along the lines indicated, adequate protection which will be found practicable by reasonable people. The history of

cremation has striking analogies to that of euthanasia and affords solid grounds for hope.

It is remarkable how selfishly and shortsightedly life fails to act in relation to things it does not want to see and are not too dangerous to its immediate interests. From time immemorial the initiated have known how terrible it is to suffer from disease or injury that is at once agonising and incurable. We have got so far that when an animal is suffering intense pain that is incurable, the law does not permit its owner to allow it to continue to suffer; if he does, he is liable to prosecution for cruelty to animals. And yet this case among human beings is not satisfactorily dealt with. It is the condition of not a few and may fall on any of us. Ought it to be legal to enable those who wish it, due safeguards being secured, to die painlessly?

The first objection that occurs is 'How do we know that a disease or injury is incurable? It may be true that a cure is at present unknown, but may not a cure be discovered? Might it not be that a person's life had been ended and then it was discovered that, after a certain amount of suffering had been endured, he could have been restored?' There are two answers to this objection. As Aristotle pointed out, it is on a balance of considerations that we ought to act. Suppose a patient in the condition described. Ought we to allow him to suffer indefinitely in the mere hope that a cure may be found in time? To the decision for euthanasia there are parallels of equal seriousness and risk which we take at present. In the case of capital punishment, it may turn out that the person executed was innocent. When it is decided to undertake or not to undertake an operation that involves the life of the patient, it may turn out that the operation is fatal, on the one hand, or, on the other, that the operation would have saved the patient's life. The late Lord Moynihan said, 'Are there indeed cases of which it may with unequivocal certainty be said that death is inevitable and that, with all the modern possibilities of treatment, both medical and surgical, there is no slightest prospect of recovery? You will learn on highest authority that to this question we may confidently answer "Yes."'

The second answer to objection to euthanasia on the ground of irrevocability is that the present practice does not save the life of the patient. It is supposed by many who have no experience of the nursing of a fatal case of cancer, for instance, that modern medical science finds no difficulty in eliminating suffering without shortening life. This is not the case. When a doctor anticipates that death may not take place for many months, he is very unwilling to give effective doses of opiates, with the risk of inducing a craving which will substitute the horrors of morphia-mania for those of unrelieved pain. Sir John Robertson, M.D., has testified that there are patients in 'constant agony. I have had the experience of attending a good many sensible people who prayed for relief by the doctor because they were in constant suffering.' Mr C. J. Bond, F.R.C.S., has said: 'The sufferer may become habituated to the drug used to relieve pain. Very large doses are then required, and the balance between an analgesic and a lethal dose becomes a very delicate one. Moreover, the repeated returns to consciousness, which it is so difficult to avoid, may be a very depressing and sad experience. In fact, the actual prolongation of life by the use of drugs may itself increase the total amount of suffering.' In other words, you terminate the pain, but not the life, *for the time being*, but you incur the horrors of the returns to agony, the risks of morphia-mania, the increasing of the total amount of suffering, the killing of the patient in a slow and painful manner by increasing doses of a drug or drugs. If in these circumstances, which admittedly exist, a doctor deprives a patient of a week of life, wherein is the difference in principle of depriving him of four weeks of life? Such a respite does not justify the refusal of euthanasia in the hope of a cure being discovered in time. In the light of these considerations it would appear right that in a given case it should be decided that for all practical purposes a disease or injury is incurable.

Why is euthanasia in the described conditions not legal? Because of a conception of the sacredness of human life. Let us examine this conception. Most people are prepared to take human life in war and by way of capital punishment, and to risk life in much less serious matters. If the issue is looked into, it will be found that

one can oppose the legalisation of euthanasia in the stated circumstances only if one is :

- an absolute pacifist ;
- opposed to capital punishment ;
- opposed to risking human life in adventure ;
- opposed to fox-hunting and other sports risking human life ;
- opposed to the law whereby an escaping prisoner may be killed with justification.

What is deemed to be the overriding consideration in all the above cases is not ethically greater than releasing a sufferer from torment. Is it really defensible that you must not give a full dose of a drug to a person in incurable agony while it is ethically right to risk life in fox-hunting ? We cannot escape the fact that the objection to the legalisation of euthanasia is largely based upon beliefs associated with certain forms of religion. In certain form of liberal Christianity the objections do not obtain, but they are found in certain other forms of Christianity. Some investigation of this matter is therefore necessary.

Christianity emerged in Judaism and in due course took over the Jewish Scriptures as part of its own. But there is to this day uncertainty as to how far and in what respects the teachings of the Old Testament have been abrogated by those of the New. The Ten Commandments enjoy even to this day in certain parts of the Christian Church an authority near to that they would have if uttered by God in audible and authenticated form to-day. But surely on reflection reasonable people must admit that the authority of the Ten Commandments is now qualified by considerations of history, and that religious ethics nowadays are not to be determined by literal commands from the past. Those who quote the Ten Commandments against euthanasia do not practise all the commands laid down in the Pentateuch. Truly religious ethics are found by the interpretation of spiritual principles. If we can imagine Christ approving of the giving of anæsthetics, perhaps we can imagine his approving of the doctor putting to sleep in euthanasia the agony-worn incurable.

Objections are made to the legalisation of euthanasia on religious and moral grounds, that are really objections not to euthanasia but to analgesia, as when it is argued

that pain is or can be a discipline and therefore ought not to be removed. If the object in withholding euthanasia were to produce beauty of character in the patient, it ought to be recognised that in some cases it would have the opposite effect. Some people, while they are willing to bear pain in the best spirit if the pain is inevitable, cannot do so if they know the suffering is unnecessary. Even if beauty of character were in some sense produced, it might be obtained at too great cost—the violation of the deepest convictions as to what ought to be and ought not to be.

But the argument we are countering here has an extension. It is said that suffering bravely borne produces beauty of character in those who see it. But here also it might be won at too great cost. Another consideration may be offered. To let the patient go might be the greater suffering for the beholder, and the beauty of character in him might be produced in this way instead of through the suffering of the patient. Is there not in all this argument a savour of souls in heaven being edified by the tortures of the damned? What ought we to think of people whose edification could be bought only at such a price? Life is sacred only according to its quality and potentiality. Responsibility for life is not only in respect of ending life, of ending suffering, but also in respect of allowing a life of incurable suffering to continue. May it not be impious *not* to end a life of incurable suffering?

Surely the true view is that we are in a natural universe, exposed to a great variety of contingencies, including those involving pain, and that in dealing with these problems we *grow*; that man is responsible for the discovery of values, the development, the comparison, the weighing of them one against another, and the application of them. The dispassionate student of history must recognise that at first man assigned to God certain prerogatives which he has since come to see are mistaken. At first he was afraid that God was jealous of His prerogatives even in what are to us trivial matters. Gradually he took more and more responsibility. Only the residue of things he could not control or understand he reserved for description as an 'act of God.' The taking over of the supposed prerogatives of God by man does not imply

the refutation of religion, but, on the contrary, the emergence of true religion. It is the history of the development of man on the way to become 'perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect.' As Mr Shaw has put it in a recent play: 'If you had ever had God's work to do, you would know that He never does it Himself. We are here to do it for Him.' On the religious issue, at the inaugural meeting of the Voluntary Euthanasia Legalisation Society the late Lord Moynihan said: 'We realise that certain denominations in the Christian Church would appear to have no right of such choice as that for which we hope to obtain legal sanction,' but he put forward the plea that religious people holding such views ought not to impose them by law on those who, with equal right, held others.

Some oppose euthanasia on the ground not that it is murder but that it is suicide. What is the difference between euthanasia, as it would be carried out under law, and suicide? It is that the person allows the State, and others concerned, to have their say in the matter. We need not stop to consider the present practice that if a suicide is successful the perpetrator is held to have been out of his mind (partly to save the insurance), whereas, as the law still stands, if he be unsuccessful he may be held to have been responsible and is liable to be prosecuted.* We need not stop to consider the view held by many of the highest repute, past and present, that suicide is in certain circumstances justifiable and sometimes most admirable. There remains the valid contention that suicide ought not to be encouraged. As against this, legalised euthanasia would remove the temptation to suicide of there being no legal way out of incurable suffering. As things stand now, the sufferer is tempted to take opportunity while it exists. Because there is no legal way out, there is a strong inducement not to discuss the matter with anyone, to act on individual, subjective judgment, whereas if euthanasia were legalised, the patient

* As long ago as 1921 the police had instructions not to bring proceedings except in cases where there were no relatives to take care of the person or where there were other special circumstances. This has not been made well enough known and great suffering has been caused through the ignorance. The concession is an indication of the trend of public opinion.

could consult, have the opinion of experts, and have the support of duly constituted authority.

Some objectors are content to say, 'It is simply unthinkable that in connection with someone of whom you are very fond you should in cold blood go through all the arrangements to terminate that person's life.' The answer is, first, that the person to be considered is not the onlooker but the patient. Secondly, not the least-developed people, on seeing the agony of incurable suffering, have longed for legal means to terminate it. Thirdly, the trial of having to go through the process of obtaining legal consent would call for that admirable courage which comes from facing problems that cannot honourably be avoided and dealing with them in the light of conscience and reason.

The main opposition to the legalisation of euthanasia up to the present has been the following position. It is said, 'Although it cannot often be admitted, euthanasia is in fact practised by doctors. It is better not to raise trouble by agitating for legalisation, but leave it to the doctors.' There are several replies to this contention. The first is that it is not reasonable to expect doctors to run the risk of most serious legal proceedings, even prosecution for murder. Not only this consideration but other interests also tend to induce doctors not to give euthanasia when it is required. The granting of this mercy should not be at the mere judgment of the doctor who happens to be in attendance; it should not be denied to a patient who happens to have a doctor who is a Roman Catholic or for any other reason refuses it; it ought to be a right of which every person entitled is able to avail himself. 'It fell to my lot,' writes Mr Robert Harding,

'as indeed it may fall to the lot of any of us, to watch by my wife after all hope of saving her life had had to be abandoned. Though grievously tormented in body, she retained perfect competence in mind, and she implored me to find means for terminating her sufferings by painless death. Of course I consulted earnestly with relatives and friends who, like myself, loved her dearly, and then, guided by them, I appealed to the doctor. He said, "I am not allowed even to consider that: my duty is to save life if I can, and, if not, to prolong it."'

* 'The Nineteenth Century and After,' August, 1938.

Suppose a person had been captured by savages and was being tortured to death and a medical man stood by with an anæsthetic that could kill. What would be his duty? Consider now this case of a man suffering from some incurable disease or injury, in great pain. If drugs are given, there is the horror of the returns to agony. Increased doses have to be given. There is the danger of adding the sufferings of the opium-addict. The man has to consider not only himself but his wife and children. He hates exhausting their strength and injuring their health. He sees the family resources being eaten up in a struggle that can only prolong the suffering and deepen the family in quagmire. The money is needed for the education of the children—for, it may be, the very maintenance of wife and children. The patient is being killed, only he is being killed slowly and in torture.

R. F. RATTRAY.

Art. 5.—EVACUATION AND ITS PROBLEMS.

THE evacuation of certain priority classes from our large towns, seaports, and other areas vulnerable to air attack is a social experiment which has never been attempted in this country before. This movement of children in school parties with their teachers and helpers, of mothers and children under five years of age, of blind persons with their guides, of expectant mothers and, in certain instances, of crippled persons, has been a stupendous piece of organisation. The surprising thing is that there have not been more problems and maladjustments than have actually appeared in view of the considerable differences in habits, personal standards, and outlook between the evacuated and their hosts in the reception areas. There is no doubt that the experiment will have appreciable social repercussions when the world returns to normal.

There have, of course, been difficulties. These were inevitable in such a colossal movement of people. They were expected although not entirely foreseen in character. Not always were the evacuated well-fitted to their billets and their hosts. Not always were the householders in the reception areas hospitably inclined to their unwanted guests. Poverty-stricken and sometimes verminous children were billeted upon meticulous and house-proud country families. On the other hand, people accustomed to high standards of living found themselves in homes with sketchy sanitary and living provisions. Square pegs abounded in round holes. Problem children and, what is worse, problem mothers exasperated well-meaning housewives. There have, on the contrary, been hosts who have displayed only too clearly their objections to taking in these refugees from the cities. On the whole, however, it may be said that the plan has been fairly successful—although this can only be said of its experimental stage.

Unfortunately for our experience, but fortunately for our well-being, the exodus from the towns did not at once show up clearly as an escape from the dire effects of modern air-raids. The vulnerable areas were evacuated, but no airplanes came forthwith to rain

death upon them. Coupled with home-sickness and boredom under the new conditions of life in the country, the result was a steady drift back to the towns in spite of the broadcast appeals of the Minister for Civil Defence and of the Minister of Health. It may be well in considering the problem that we examine in some detail certain difficulties which have arisen as a result of evacuation. These have naturally varied with the separate priority classes and with the different types of reception areas.

Children evacuated as school parties have certainly been the most successful of the evacuated. Where the authorities in the area concerned had been able to prepare on a basis of certainty, adequate schemes of registration during a long period prior to the actual evacuation, the results so far as they went were satisfactory. But, even so, only about 30-40 per cent. of the parents availed themselves of the opportunities offered when the emergency came. True, a large proportion of the children were already in reception areas, either as holiday-makers or because of private arrangements previously made by their parents. Yet in spite of this the results were disappointing to those who had made extensive plans. One effect was to leave in the evacuation area at least as many school-children as had been evacuated from it, and this has presented to the local authorities an additional problem as to their education there under war conditions. This task is being met to some extent in certain areas by visits of teachers to children grouped in convenient homes in order to permit the organisation of an individual system of teaching, including the setting of tasks as home lessons and the supply of educational material. In this way large concentrations of children and the necessity of their exposure on the streets and highways are being avoided. There is no reason why this plan should not give creditable results, for it is probably true to say that one of the faults of modern schools is that they do too much teaching and the children get too little learning. 'Chalk and talk' are too often the substitute for real education. One has only to think of the many brilliant products of small country schools to realise that it is not always good for the child to be guided in every step and supervised at every moment by his teacher. It is too

soon to say yet how town children, accustomed to being taught in standardised age groups, will respond to this technique. Nor do we know how the 'class' teachers from the large town schools will adapt themselves to country school methods. It is probable, however, that they will do this successfully, since the urgent need is there. Necessity has ever been the mother of invention.

The most successful school parties evacuated to reception areas are, however, those which were able to keep together as school units. In the case of schools of the secondary grade where they have been able to link up in the reception areas with other schools of similar type and size, the evacuation has been more complete and generally successful. In one case, after about two-thirds of a school had been evacuated and linked-up in this way with a similar school in the reception town, a second registration of children for evacuation resulted in almost all the remaining children joining their school colleagues. It is clear that the corporate unit which is the school, when retained more or less intact in the reception area, offers a more attractive prospect to parents than does a widespread evacuation not associated with a receiving school unit. In this way, by the operation of the 'double shift' system whereby the native children attend at the school for half the day and the incoming children for the other half, the corporate unit has been maintained and the advantages of such continued education of their children made clear to the parents. It is only right to say that these arrangements have worked best in the case of schools for older children. This method, however, has not always been practicable and the incoming children often have had to be pooled with the native children to form new school units. But although this has obvious social and educational value in actuality, it does not appeal in the same way to the parents. There is also the difficulty of reduced facilities in practical and other instruction in the schools of the villages or the small country towns as compared with those now generally available in the urban areas.

Mothers with children under five years of age have proved a somewhat difficult group, and this is what might be expected. The presence of two women with children, the evacuated and the hostess, in a small dwelling-house

is bound to be fraught with practical and temperamental difficulties. Not always did the evacuated mother realise that she had her share of responsibility in the new household, especially in regard to her own child or children. Not always did the hostess make her visitor welcome and build up a friendship with her. There was not always that touch of nature to make them kin, especially when the grim purpose of the evacuation had not materialised to justify it clearly in everyone's mind. The Government has tried to modify this part of the scheme so that young children under school age can be evacuated without their mothers and placed in the care of the hostesses or of foster mothers. This may do something to meet the situation and to help in the wider dispersal of those whom we must try to save for the future generation. In this group also there have been, inevitably, a large number of misfits. Clean mothers have found themselves in dirty and perhaps vicious homes. Slatterns have been billeted on careful housewives and the children have, on occasions, been unruly, destructive, and troublesome. It is difficult at this stage to ascertain how far these conditions have generally prevailed. True is it also that some billeting officers have done their work in a careless and uncritical fashion and have made little attempt to fit the evacuated to hosts or to adjust mistakes of this kind after they were made. The billeting officers have too often been officers of local authorities already overworked or people with their own businesses to attend to. Many an official of an evacuation area, who has come into the reception area in an attempt to obtain redress for someone evacuated from his town, has had to wait while the village grocer, who was also the billeting officer, has served his customers or the village innkeeper become available with closing-time. These conditions make for inefficiency and irritation.

Expectant mothers have also been a difficult problem in the evacuation scheme, especially when they are also mothers with children under five years of age. This priority class was divided into two groups. One was of women within one month of confinement and the other those not within one month of confinement. Householders were particularly chary of taking in the former class, as they feared the responsibility. Often, too,

there was insufficient provision of the necessary maternity services in the reception areas to deal with the comparatively great increase of maternity cases which the evacuation represented. This, coupled with the ear-marking of many of the country hospitals for casualty services and the reduced numbers of doctors because of army requirements, has created a problem of serious character. The midwives who accompanied these expectant mothers on evacuation more often than not had to return to the evacuation areas to be available to attend to those expectant mothers who had remained there preferring to 'take their chance' with their husbands than to stay in an area with the maternity services of which they were unfamiliar and in which, perhaps, they had little confidence. There has been a considerable drift back of evacuated expectant mothers to the towns from which they came and where they knew there were clinics, maternity homes and their own midwives. This is not to say that the reception areas did not in most cases take strenuous action to develop and expand their maternity services to meet the new demands, but in many cases this is proving not only beyond their powers but physically impossible under present conditions.

Blind persons, and with them we can include cripples, were found to be difficult to billet with the average householder who may have been ready and anxious to take in unaccompanied children. A physical disability of this kind, while arousing genuine sympathy, tends to make hosts fight shy of the responsibility which it entails. It was found that, in homes where there was already a blind person, the readiness to accept another one was much more common. It is clear that adults with such physical disabilities generally need arrangements other than billeting in an ordinary household.

It may, therefore, be profitable to discuss how a future evacuation can be made more efficient and, if the war goes on for a long time, how the present conditions can be improved. A complete survey of the actual circumstances in the reception areas must be made, especially of the psychological difficulties which have arisen. Joint commissions representative of both the evacuating and the reception area, acting perhaps with the Ministry of Health, should collect data on a geographical basis.

Local co-ordinating committees have already been suggested and are being established and observations from such bodies should be collected and collated. For example, one question giving rise to difficulties is that of clothing the evacuated. Theoretically this is the responsibility of their families left behind in the evacuation area. In practice this may, in many instances, break down. To families with a small income, reduced perhaps because of the war, the sending of parcels of clothing by post may prove costly and possibly beyond their means. Footwear, for children in particular, as the winter goes on will prove a difficulty for parents living perilously near the absolute margin of existence. Clothing for evacuated mothers and small growing children and also outfits for the babies born to evacuated mothers will need constant supply, and while at home there may have been clothing that could be adapted for this purpose, there will not always be the same facilities in the household which is extending its shelter to the evacuated. The survey should collect all possible information on these and similar points, because these matters of personal economy are at the very root of a successful scheme.

Taking school-children evacuated in school parties first, it would be well in any future scheme for the local education authority of the evacuation area to work out beforehand with its opposite number in the reception area allocated to it a plan for a balancing out of school accommodation and staffs, this being so far as possible based upon a linking of schools. True, there will not always be schools in the reception areas as large as those in the towns, but probably the numbers actually being evacuated will be fewer than the total, so that this linking in most instances should be quite possible. In the case of secondary and technical schools, this linking-up may be easier because town and country units are not so very different in size. There will, however, be a shortage of corresponding technical schools in the country. Already this method of linking up town and country schools is being used extensively in the present arrangements. The billeting area should, therefore, be carefully allocated to the native school and care taken that the children brought to it suit the particular accommodation available. Billets should be scheduled and inspected, and unsatisfactory

places omitted from the list or steps taken to make them suitable.

Then in each of these 'balanced' areas consideration should be given to the development of specialised accommodation such as would be required for difficult children, clinics, recreation and other purposes where centralised provision is essential. This may be met to some extent by the more frequent provision of camp schools by the evacuating authorities, these being deliberately sited in the areas of the reception authorities allocated to them. This arrangement would not only provide specialised accommodation whether for hospital, special school, or recreational purposes within the reception area, but would also build up in normal times a close liaison between the two areas concerned. There is great need in the country districts for places where groups of people or children can be housed together for some special reason. While billets must remain the chief source of accommodation, there are yet certain types of children who, in such circumstances as evacuation, can only be dealt with on the institutional plan.

Disused country houses and factories, even well-built barns, can be converted into residential accommodation which in summer, for camp school purposes, could be augmented by tented shelters of an efficient type. The use of country cottages as billets under an evacuation scheme should lead to improvements in housing in the rural areas so that improved sanitary methods, provision for baths, and similar facilities can be obtained. Rural housing is, as a rule, a long way behind that in towns, and this emergency may have a welcome affect upon its future condition.

For the mothers, the problem is no less urgent of solution. Instead of camp schools, for adults, the establishment of holiday camps in the country, if these were well distributed, would go far to provide the institutional accommodation required for those who are unsuited for billeting. These camps, of semi-permanent construction, should be designed so as to be capable of rapid conversion into hospitals. They would in any case be invaluable when the grouping of a number of people becomes necessary for various reasons. These holiday camps in the country, apart from living quarters and the usual domestic

and sanitary services, would need assembly and recreation halls, dramatic stages and cinema projection chambers, library and reading rooms, clinics and sick bays, swimming-pools and gymnasiums, with adequate fields for recreation and games. Here again a link with the country zone allocated to the town could be forged. The delights of the English countryside are all too unknown to our town-dwellers, whose conception of a holiday is often confined to a trippery seaside town.

In the same field are youth hostels which local authorities could establish in their country zones and which their young folk could be encouraged to use. Walking or cycling clubs could be organised in the towns in direct association with these hostels and a national federation of all the local authorities established so that the hostels are open to all. Through the schools, the juvenile welfare organisations, and other bodies in the towns could this plan be made a live one and at the same time the youth hostels provided would be of great value as specialised accommodation under an evacuation scheme.

By way of more generous national grants, to which the towns will in the nature of things contribute their proper share, the village-hall movement should receive a new impetus. Too often are these mere shells which are opened at irregular intervals for occasions specially arranged. The new village hall should be a more complete social centre. It should have a paid permanent social worker in charge and provisions made for clinics, libraries, dramatics, films, listening groups, small committee rooms and an information bureau. Only in such manner can the boredom of the country be overcome for certain types of people. The village hall thus reconstituted should become as essential a part of village life for youths and adults as the school is for the children. A new social service needs to be built up—not depending solely on voluntary service but upon a strong specially trained and selected salaried staff. It is the English tradition to gain experience in a new service first by voluntary effort and then as the need grows to make it a matter for the public authority. Social service is now ripe for the energising activities of a professional staff, and when it becomes an assured means to livelihood it

will attract good types of workers from our schools and universities.

Obviously, then, village social service organised in this manner and based upon a well-designed village hall with playing-fields and—why not?—swimming-bath, would be of immeasurable value when the area is being used for the reception of evacuated persons. When such newcomers have to be received, the authority of the urban area concerned should allocate a proportion of its own paid social workers to assist in the organisation of the new life in the country side, just as the teachers are being used for the work in education. Perhaps this evacuation which has been thrust upon us will be the means of bringing into existence a well-planned professional service for social as distinct from educational purposes. It is the absence of such skilled professional workers and of adequate and suitable premises in the country areas which is preventing evacuation from being a far greater success than it actually is. It would be interesting to learn what part the famous village colleges of Cambridgeshire are playing in making more interesting and tolerable the lives of the evacuated in the areas they serve.

On the new or improved village halls the sewing guilds to which evacuated mothers and expectant mothers might come could also be based. Here, over a cup of tea, confidences could be exchanged and mutual assistance arranged. Here would be the centre where materials, boots, and clothing could be accumulated. But it is not necessary to separate the evacuated from the native housewives. It is, indeed, far better that they intermix freely on these social and practical occasions. The 'refugee' idea should be carefully discouraged and only a sense of oneness during the common danger should be the feeling expressed.

This implies tact and friendliness on the part of the evacuated who may sometimes be inclined to disparage the things and the people of the country. Similarly sensitive country folk may take umbrage or find compensation in bitter criticisms of their visitors from the towns. This social cleavage in the reception areas during a national emergency must be avoided and, with a professional social service, unbiased and tactful workers would

be available to guide into port the fragile barque of social adjustment.

Financial questions have also to be faced. There is first the differentiation between the billeting payments in respect of the evacuated and those made for Government officials and soldiers who have to be accommodated in reception areas. A standard scale for adults and for children billeted upon householders, for whatever reason, should be worked out. Only in this way can the picking and choosing of lodgers be prevented, or the necessity of using legal processes to insist upon billeting, be avoided. In the stress of war, when the country is fighting for its life, there should be no differentiation of persons. One nation, one people, one standard of billeting! Then there is no argument.

The need to organise supplies of clothing for the evacuated in the reception areas has already been referred to. The parcel-post method dependent upon the ability or conscientiousness of the husband or parent should be discontinued and, through central depôts, issues should be made to the evacuated unless they have signified their preference to deal directly with their home folk. Standard charges would be necessary for the ordinary garments and footwear and these surcharged to the head of the family in the evacuation area. He would be able to make the usual appeal on grounds of inability to pay or make an offer of part payment within his means. This would obviate the costly use of the parcel post and ensure especially that the mothers and children who are least likely to obtain essential clothing under the present arrangements do actually obtain them.

Classes of mothers to learn how to make and alter garments should be organised in the village halls under skilled teachers and in pleasant circumstances. These occasions should not be merely sewing guilds but also social and recreational in character. It should be possible to exchange a book to read, to write a letter to the husband at home or in the services, to see a film, to listen to a broadcast, to enjoy community singing, or to assist in the presentation of a play. There is one other need in some of the country areas, especially for school-children, and that is the provision of central baths. These are best of the spray type and they can be associated with

hairdressing arrangements, the treatment of verminous heads and, if necessary, the disinfestation of clothing. Communal laundries would be another service which could be established at the central baths.

These suggestions are by no means Utopian. The difficulty of meeting the needs of the evacuated in the country areas are largely social and psychological. Only by meeting these requirements can success be attained in any measure. Such organisation and provision would have great educational value. If the village hall had a modern kitchen and dining equipment, the organisation of communal meals, if only for special groups of the evacuated, would become possible. These meals would have their inevitable reactions in raising home standards in these things later on. Communal meals bring us to the same need for evacuated children. The same kitchens and dining-halls could be used for them and the assistance of the mothers obtained for the work. Small country homes with men and women perhaps working in the fields all day often find it difficult to cook additional meals for extra people billeted upon them. One good cooked meal a day would go far in providing a substantial nucleus of nutrition. Scientific menus could be followed, these not only building up assuredly the physique of our future citizens but also setting before them good standards of living.

More gardens for the production of fruit and vegetables should be made available for cultivation by evacuated and country-dwellers alike. Boys between the ages of twelve and fifteen years under expert guidance make excellent gardeners, and when their produce goes into the common pot there is a new incentive to service and a sense of the pioneer is engendered among them. This would tend to renew in their lives that link with the soil and with husbandry which has been severed for most town-dwellers, who, for generations, have had only to turn taps or call at the shop to obtain the essentials of life. A deadly artificiality has crept into our society; perhaps the remedy lies in a deliberate linking-up of the towns with the more real life of the countryside.

Of special importance is the need for a careful planning of the medical services in the country. At present these are quite inadequate to meet efficiently the large addi-

tional demands of even partial evacuation schemes of any magnitude. For more reasons than one, town hospitals should be removed, at least partially, to the country. Every town hospital should have a country counterpart which could be used in peace time for convalescent purposes. In war time their value would be immense. These convalescent branches of the town hospitals should be deliberately placed in the town's evacuation area and equipped so that they could deal also with original cases and not only with convalescents.

As to their staffing and provision—these would presuppose a national service. The present war will probably see the end of the hospital voluntary system as the main method of hospital provision. Coupled with a state medical service, a state scholarship system to provide doctors from among the brightest men and women students of our universities and a much extended and well-paid nursing service, such hospitals would meet not only a pressing social need in peace time but also provide much needed accommodation in an emergency. The voluntary nursing service, always so popular when a war breaks out, could with the right social education function with equal popularity and success in peace. We should aim to produce a tradition of service in peace of similar strength and status to that which exists for war. We should, by public opinion, make it incumbent upon everyone, whether born to the purple or not, to take a part in some branch of voluntary social work. Then one day we could hope to see in the 'Tatler' and the 'Bystander' pictures of titled ladies who serve as V.A.Ds. in the peace hospitals of the people. We need to realise that we are members one of another in peace as well as in war.

For war conditions, the town should allocate to its country areas definite medical personnel so that the extended use of the country hospitals could be made effective. Close liaison between the existing services and officials in the country would have to be maintained and a united plan agreed upon. The close compartment of the local authority will have to be broken down and a much more flexible system established.

Similarly arrangements for the evacuated who are blind and crippled are necessary. Such people find more content when associated with others similarly afflicted.

The establishment of small homes in disused country houses, perhaps, would enable such folk to be properly cared for. Here, under the supervision of a skilled and paid staff, proper occupations could be arranged and these could produce many useful articles for use in the area. Many blind people evacuated from the towns have left occupations for which they have been specially trained. In many cases their skill has been lost to the community and their sense of personal value impaired. Boredom has supervened and they become helpless as fish out of water. Bedridden invalids have not, so far, been generally provided for in evacuation schemes, but in any future plan or development they should be considered. The feelings of such helpless persons when in a town subjected to aerial bombardment can perhaps be imagined. They cannot take refuge in shelters, but can only await in terror the possible onslaught from the air. Here again there is need for hostels of mercy organised by skilled personnel in suitable buildings in the country areas.

Enough has been said to show the colossal character of this problem of evacuation. If the war goes on or there is again the dire need for evacuation, it will have to be studied scientifically and a skilled service established to make it the success it should be. A Royal Society might be formed whose members would undertake to make this study and to press for the necessary national organisation. In each town and in its corresponding country area branches of the society should be formed, and should hold joint meetings frequently. The operation of the present scheme has shown that the responsibility or certainly the interest of the town authority in the evacuated does not cease when their folk have gone to the reception areas. The country authorities are doing their best and may be performing marvels, but they are, generally, not equipped in personnel or premises to do more than make arrangements of a palliative character.

This perhaps is not wholly true in respect of the education authorities in the reception areas, but their task has been somewhat easier because they already are highly organised with skilled personnel. They have also been reinforced with, perhaps, the best organising personnel we have—the teachers. It is precisely on the

educational side where evacuation has been most successful, and this illustrates most clearly the point made in this article that for all the other priority classes which are evacuated a similar skilled professional service has to be built up. Such a vast movement cannot be left only to voluntary workers upon whose energies there are other numerous calls, including those made necessary by the war.

These criticisms are not intended to imply that the officials who have prepared for and effected the evacuations which have taken place have bungled their job. Far from it. Within the possibilities they have, in general, done extremely well. Most of them have been much occupied as well with their normal duties, and the work of evacuation has been taken in addition. Without the experience of previous operations the officials have made a hurried scheme work with remarkably few real blunders. The movement of the hundreds of thousands of adults and children was most efficiently carried out and for this, as well as to the railway and other transport authorities, the country is much in debt. We have in those officials the nucleus of a future general staff for evacuation if the necessity arises again.

But the task, as has been shown, does not end with moving the evacuated. The real problem is the organisation of the new life for those evacuated within the strange environment to which they have been taken. This is complex in character and must have full regard for the standards which we have generally set ourselves in the social and educational services. We must realise the psychological difficulties and try to solve them. We must bring about in normal times a closer wedding of the town to the country and such a union would have far-reaching and beneficial repercussions quite unrelated to the exigencies of war. Might not a considerable return to the country from our congested towns be the result, or a greater response be given to the call for emigration to the open spaces of our Empire? There is need for a new renaissance in this Britain of ours with its falling birthrate and high concentrations of populations in towns. Perhaps out of this evil might emerge a new mode of life—more virile, more fundamental, more closely related to the soil.

It may be said that much of what has been advocated is visionary and calls for very considerable expenditure of public money. It may be argued that the war, whether we win or lose it, will impoverish us for generations to come; yet when we witness the stupendous expenditure on the machinery and man power of war, we are bound to conclude that if we have the will to provide for that, there is nothing which we cannot achieve within the bounds of reason. Most of the expenditure on this vast production of war material will only have changed hands within the borders of our own country. The fortunes made through the war must be well taxed in order to rebuild a brave new world or else the war will have been fought in vain.

FREDERIC EVANS.

Art. 6.—MADAME D'ARBLAY.

FRANCES D'ARBLAY, who died a century ago—on Jan. 6, 1840—was born in 1752. Her father, Dr Charles Burney, was a musician by profession and a writer on musical subjects. He had travelled about Europe, principally in Italy and Germany, collecting material for a History of Music, and in 1761, when Fanny was eight years old, he settled in London and rapidly became intimate with Dr Johnson's circle of friends. Later in life, when many of that circle had gone the way of all flesh, he held the position of organist of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea.

In that atmosphere of intellectual activity Fanny Burney grew up, and was herself prompted to put pen to paper. This, however, had to be done in secret, for at that time novel writing was not looked upon with favour, and in any case neither her father nor her step-mother encouraged 'scribbling.' On one occasion, in fact, in deference to them, Fanny burned all her experiments in literature. But the urge to self-expression was not to be stifled so simply. For several years, whether at home or staying with her 'second Daddy,' Mr Crisp, at Chessington, or with Mrs Thrale at Streatham, she toiled in secret and mostly at night at the work which was to bring her fame. When 'Evelina, or, A Young Lady's Entrance into the World,' was completed, in 1778, she found a publisher who gave her at first 20*l.* down, and when the novel's success was assured, an additional 10*l.* She told her father that she had sent a manuscript to Mr Lowndes, the publisher, but the news made no impression on him at the time, and he and his friends had read and enjoyed 'Evelina' before she revealed to them her secret.

Fanny was now emboldened to try her hand at the drama; and in this was encouraged by Mrs Thrale and by Sheridan, who was then (1779) virtually in control of Covent Garden Theatre. The result was 'The Witlings.' When her father and 'Daddy' Crisp saw it, they both condemned it as a whole and advised her so strongly against trying to get it produced that she decided to suppress it. Her letter to her father contains expressions which testify to her good sense and warmth of heart.

'You bid me open my heart to you—and so, my dearest sir, I will, for it is the greatest happiness of my life that I dare be sincere with you. . . .

'Adieu, my dearest, kindest, truest, best friend. I will never proceed so far again without your counsel, and then I shall not only save myself so much useless trouble, but you who so reluctantly blame, the kind pain which I am sure must attend your disapprobation.'

This passage is found in her 'Diary and Letters,' which were not given to the world until after her death. The work was at once ruthlessly condemned by Croker, just as during her lifetime he had cut-up her 'Memoirs' of her father—perhaps with more justification, for in her later life her style became extremely elaborate and pompous. Croker wrote: 'Our conjectures are now too fully verified; the interest is indeed much less than we anticipated, but in all the rest—the diffuseness—the pomposity—the prolixity—the false colouring—the factitious details—and, above all, the personal affectation and vanity of the author, this book exceeds our worst apprehensions.' In the year following (1843) Macaulay, Croker's arch-enemy, contributed to the 'Edinburgh' his famous article on Madame D'Arblay. Croker elsewhere had seized on the mistaken impression, which then was general, that 'Evelina' had come out seventeen, and not twenty-six, years after its authoress's birth, and had written: 'This, it is obvious, changes the whole aspect of the affair—the miracle is reduced to a very ordinary fact. Whatever be the merit of the novel, it would not, as the work of a woman of five-and-twenty, have excited the wonder and enthusiasm that it did, when supposed to be written, in the circumstances stated, by a girl of seventeen.'

Macaulay made one contemptuous reference to this criticism: 'That truly chivalrous exploit of twitting a lady with having concealed her age was reserved to a bad writer of her own time, whose spite she had provoked by not furnishing him with materials for a worthless edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, some sheets of which our readers have doubtless seen round parcels of better books.'

The 'Diary and Letters,' published two years after Fanny's death, start with the account of the publication of 'Evelina,' after it had begun to attract notice and been

approved by the people whose judgment she most valued, but before any of them had been told who the author was. It expresses the excitement felt by a lovable young woman over the success of her first effort, enhanced by the mystery surrounding its authorship. It could hardly have occurred to any reader that Fanny was egoistic and self-centred, unless his opinion had been influenced by Croker's attack on her character and motives. The whole collection betrays a great capacity for affection for those to whom she is attached, combined admittedly with a tendency to satire.

Her next novel 'Cecilia: or, Memoirs of an Heiress,' was published in 1782. She received 250*l.* for it. She writes to Mr Crisp on Feb. 25 in delight at her father's 'warm approbation of the first volume, which is all he has seen': 'You can never half imagine the delight this has given me. It is answering my first wish and first ambition in life. And though I am certain, and though he thinks himself, it will never be as popular as "Evelina," his so warm satisfaction will make me amends for almost any mortification that may be in store for me.'

'Daddy' Crisp was more critical. In a letter, also of Feb. 25, he writes:

'You "wish I had never seen the book in the rough." There you are in the wrong. If ever the hints and observations of others can be worth listening to, that is the time. . . .

'Whoever you think fit to consult, let their talents and taste be ever so great, hear what they say—allowed!—agreed!—but never give up or alter a tittle merely on their authority, nor unless it perfectly coincides with your own inward feelings. . . .'

Fanny was not slow to turn to account this excellent advice in her dealings with the giver of it. For in less than three weeks she writes to him: 'The conflict scene for Cecilia between mother and son, to which you so warmly object, is the very scene for which I wrote the whole book, and so entirely does my plan hang upon it, that I must abide by its reception in the world or put the whole behind the fire.'

The two years following the publication of 'Cecilia' were to cause a complete re-orientation of Fanny's life. Crisp, her loving and beloved counsellor, died; Mrs Thrale,

with whom she had spent much of her time, married Piozzi, whom Fanny detested; and Dr Johnson, whose literary advice had been of much value to her, died.

Fanny, however, made friends with the celebrated Mrs Delany, and began to pay her frequent and long visits in the house of Windsor that had been given to her with a pension by King George III and Queen Charlotte. Through this lady an offer was made to Fanny to fill a vacancy as Second Keeper of the Robes to Queen Charlotte. This invitation may be partly explained as being some indirect compensation to Dr Burney for the rejection of his application to be appointed Master of the King's Band. Her father urged her to seize that opportunity for bettering her prospects. But when Fanny arrived at Court she found that she was to be neither more nor less than a lady's maid under the orders of the disagreeable Mrs Schwollenberg. A bell rang from the Queen's apartment into her room and at certain hours of the day and night she had to hold herself in readiness to rush off in answer to its summons. This period of her career lasted five years, from 1786 to 1791. Needless to say, Fanny was an utter misfit in such a life. She had not the qualities which are essential to good domestic service; she would forget small details and was not always up to time when her services were required by the Queen. She was a thorn in the flesh to the irritable Mrs Schwollenberg, her superior in office, for that particular department in the Court had been in the hands of three German ladies, and the arrival of Fanny broke up that exclusive little coterie. Macaulay shows some understanding of her difficulties, but Croker finds no excuse for her failure to fit into her position at Court. Perhaps the only point in the 'Diary' with which Croker does not find fault is the account that Fanny gives of the Queen's unfailing sweetness of character and of the King's kindly nature. He writes grudgingly: 'Miss Burney had the grace to be very sensible of all this kindness on the part of her Majesty, and records it with a gratitude which would be amiable if it were not spoiled by the affectations of all sorts with which it is, to use a vulgar, and therefore most appropriate term, *interlarded*.'

Not long after Fanny had entered Court life the impeachment and trial of Warren Hastings began. She, being a personal friend of Mrs Hastings, was passionately

on Hastings' side, and indeed the King and Queen and the Court generally regarded the impeachment as disgraceful. Her Majesty gave Fanny tickets to hear three days of the trial, when some of its managers embarrassed her by paying her particular attention as she sat in her seat in the open court. She feared that Hastings, whose eyes were wandering round the assemblage, might see her apparently on good terms with his enemies. 'Not very desirable to me, therefore, was a civility I next received from one of the managers, one too, placed in the front of the Committee, and in a line with the prisoner; it was Mr Frederick Montagu . . . I hope Mr Hastings did not see us.' Two other of the managers, 'young Mr Burke' and Mr W. Windham, did the same immediately afterwards. Possibly they were not unwilling to display their intimacy with one who stood so near to the Queen's person, in the hope that it might be whispered that the Court's partisanship for Hastings was wavering. Fanny heard Burke's great speech against the prisoner on Feb. 3, and wrote her impressions of it:

'Were talents such as these exercised in the service of truth, unbiassed by party and prejudice, how could we sufficiently applaud their exalted possessor? But though frequently he made me tremble by his strong and horrible representations, his own violence recovered me by stigmatising his assertions with personal ill-will and designing illiberality, yet at times I confess, with all I felt, wished and thought concerning Mr Hastings, the whirlwind of his eloquence nearly drew me into its vortex.

The trial dragged on, and it was not until June 2, 1791, that Hastings began his defence, and Fanny received tickets from the Queen to hear it.

In October 1788 the King's mind gave way. The course of the illness and Fanny's participation in the distress of the Queen because of it are graphically described; also the general rejoicing that followed his temporary recovery. For a further two and a half years that life of routine went on. Fanny's health and spirits sank under its rigours and the difficulty of coping with the ill-temper of Mrs Schwellenberg. She considered the means for recovering her freedom for some time before she ventured to apply for her release, to which course Dr Burney was most averse, as he regarded his daughter's

employment at Court as a means of providing for her for the rest of her life. Fanny, however, stuck to her decision to leave the Court. In spite of her shortcomings as a lady's maid, the Queen, and especially the young Princesses, were much affected when the time came, towards the end of July 1791, for them to take leave of her. Her Majesty conferred on her a pension of 100*l.* a year, which she continued to draw for the remaining forty-nine years of her life.

Fanny's home was now her father's house. She travelled with friends about England, and stayed with her married sister at Mickleham, and with the Lockes at Norbury Park in the same neighbourhood. This connection brought her into contact with a party of distinguished French refugees settled at Juniper Hall, on the road between Mickleham and Dorking. There she made friends with Madame de Staël and Talleyrand, and further proceeded to fall in love with General Alexandre D'Arblay,* 'one of the most delightful characters I have ever met, for openness, probity, intellectual knowledge, and unhackneyed manners,' as she mentions in a letter written from Norbury on Feb. 4, 1793. They were married at the end of July and lived for a time in a cottage in the parish of Bookham on the bride's pension of 100*l.*, for the General was penniless. Less than two months later the bridegroom's impatience for employment caused him to volunteer for the expedition to Toulon, and when his application was rejected turned with more enthusiasm than knowledge to gardening. It is recorded that he dug up a whole bed of asparagus plants under the impression that they were weeds and was much given to transplanting shrubs from one part of the garden to another.

At that time streams of refugees from the Revolution in France were pouring across the Channel. Some six thousand of them were priests with no means of support. The beautiful Mrs Crewe started a subscription on their behalf among the ladies of London society. It was a big

* D'Arblay had been an aide-de-camp of General Lafayette in the French revolutionary army, and when the General was denounced as being no friend of the Revolution, had formed one of the party of officers who on Aug. 19, 1792, fled with him into Belgium, to be at once taken prisoners by the Austrians. D'Arblay, however, was released at Antwerp and crossed to England.

task, but one which has been faced on many occasions when British sympathy for the oppressed has been aroused. Madame D'Arblay's comment might have been written at any moment during the last few years :

'The expence, in only allowing the clergy 8s. a-week, amounts to about 7500*l.* a-month, which cannot be supported long by private subscription, and must at last be taken up by Parliament ; but to save the national disgrace of suffering these excellent people to die of hunger . . . the ladies must work hard. (Oct. 4, 1793.)'

The next two years were spent in writing a third novel. 'Camilla : a Picture of Youth' was published by subscription in 1796. Fanny seems to have received for it in all 3000*l.* With part of that money the D'Arblays selected a site close to Dorking and built 'Camilla Cottage,'* their home for the next five years.

Madame D'Arblay's literary style, as Macaulay brilliantly pointed out, suffered serious deterioration with every year that passed. One can read 'Evelina' with pleasure to-day and derive from it glimpses of how people thought and talked in ordinary good society. The Diaries, also, which certainly do not appear as if they were written for publication, are lively and amusing. But Fanny's attempts at various times to write for the stage never found favour, and her later novels and her 'Memoirs' of her father are so heavily overloaded and long-winded as now to be almost unreadable. To account for this failure, Macaulay suggests that in her admiration for Samuel Johnson, 'in an evil hour the author of "Cecilia" took the "Rambler" for her model,' but while the Doctor was alive he controlled her style of writing. Be that as it may, the guiding hand had been withdrawn for twelve years by the time that 'Camilla' came to be published. In spite of the substantial sums subscribed for it, it was never a general favourite, as 'Evelina' had been. One of the subscribers, Jane Austen, in her vindication of fiction as serious literature in 'Northanger Abbey,'

* A sketch of the Cottage is to be found in a monumental 'Graingerised' edition of the Diary, now housed in the National Portrait Gallery. The late Mr Leverton Harris, who lived at Camilla Lacey, formed a collection, which was almost entirely destroyed in a fire in the house. The one that now exists he formed to replace the lost volumes.

completed seven years after the appearance of 'Camilla,' wrote :

" "And what are you reading, Miss — ?" "Oh ! it is only a novel !" replies the young lady ; while she lays down her book with affected indifference or momentary shame. "It is only Cecilia, or Camilla, or Belinda ;" or, in short, only some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humour, are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language."

Later in the same book she makes John Thorpe, one of her less agreeable characters, run down the book.

" " . . . that stupid book, written by that woman they made such a fuss about, she who married the French emigrant."

" "I suppose you mean Camilla ?"

" "Yes, that's the book ; such unnatural stuff ! . . . it is the horriddest nonsense you can imagine ; there is nothing in the world in it but an old man's playing at see-saw and learning Latin ; upon my soul, there is not."

At the end of 1800 the peace of Camilla Cottage was broken. D'Arblay had been for a year free to return to France if he chose, and was urged by friends to do so, as being the only means of rescuing from sequestration the remains of his fortune and property. His refusal to cross to France earlier had been due to his set 'purpose never to visit his own country till it was at peace with this.' Permission to leave England was granted on his undertaking not to return before twelve months had elapsed. When he got to Paris he offered his services as part of the force which was being fitted out to quell a rising in the island of San Domingo. But as his offer was coupled with a refusal to serve against England in any form, the Minister of War in Paris rejected his services. This was in early spring of 1802. Seeing that he could not return to England, D'Arblay urged his wife to let Camilla Cottage for a year and join him in Paris with their little son. This she did. The description of the journey is worth reading.

'We found reigning through Calais a general joy and satisfaction at the restoration of *Dimanche* and abolition of *Décade*. I had a good deal of conversation with the maid of the inn, a

tall, fair, and extremely pretty woman, and she talked much upon this subject, and the delight it occasioned, and the obligation all France was under to the Premier Consul for restoring religion and worship (April 16, 1802).'

The D'Arblays settled in the Passy quarter of Paris, which remained their residence for most of the ten years that Madame D'Arblay spent in France. As long as peace lasted she moved freely in Parisian society, and numbered among her friends Madame de Staël and Madame de Lavalette. Shortly before the war was resumed, in 1805, D'Arblay obtained his discharge from the Army with a pension equivalent to 62*l.* 10*s.* a year, and secured a post described in the Diary as that of 'a *redacteur* in the civil department of *les Batimens*.'

In 1810 Madame D'Arblay obtained a passport to depart from France, but a general order forbidding vessels of any kind to put to sea frustrated her attempt. Two years later she was more successful in getting a passport for herself and her son, now seventeen years of age, nominally for a port on the American coast. 'Yet everybody at the police office saw and knew that England was my object.' At the time of setting out she had only just recovered from an operation for what she describes as 'a menace of cancer.' The voyage was simplified by their vessel being captured by a British ship, and they reached English soil at the beginning of August 1812. The mother and son went at once to Dr Burney in Chelsea. He was much aged and was clearly failing. She did not, however, remain long in his house, for by February 1813 she was dating her letters from 'Chenies Street, Alfred Place,' near the Tottenham Court Road. Her ten years' absence from England evidently had not weakened the regard felt for her by the Royal Family, for it appears from the Diary that she was frequently invited to the Palace. Otherwise most of her spare time was occupied in preparing a new novel, 'The Wanderer: or, Female Difficulties,' for the press; a 'book,' in the words of her defender, Macaulay, 'which no judicious friend to her memory will attempt to draw from the oblivion into which it has justly fallen.' Madame D'Arblay's contemporaries, however, bought 3600 copies in the first half-year, and its authoress realised 7000*l.* from it. Its

publication almost coincided with the restoration of the monarchy in France in 1814, but the joy that accrued to her from this event was tempered by grief at the death of Dr Burney in the early spring.

The Restoration, of course, made all the difference to the fortunes of General D'Arblay. He was given a commission in the Corps de Gardes du Roi, in which 'the very privates, M. de Thuisy says, are gentlemen.' Before the year was out he had come to England and taken his wife with him to Paris. The next ten months of peace and quiet were followed by a rude awakening. Napoleon had returned to French soil for more than a week before Paris took serious alarm over it. D'Arblay was determined not to desert his post, but urged his wife to depart from Paris. The day before Napoleon entered the city, she fled with the Princesse d'Henin, and by slow degrees and with many adventures arrived at Brussels. At Tournay the King and his party passed them in flight for England. A few days later the General turned up in Brussels on a few days' leave from Ghent. 'Oh, how sweet was this meeting! this blessed reunion!—how perfect, how exquisite!' But a fortnight later he had to return to the Army of the Duke of Luxemburg. 'Seventeen days I have passed with my best friend; and, alas! passed them chiefly in suspense and gnawing inquietude, covered over with assumed composure.' The 'best friend' came again to Brussels in time for the famous Concert on June 12, at which 'the king of warriors, Marshal Lord Wellington . . . was gay even to sportiveness all the evening, conversing with the officers around him.' The next day D'Arblay departed with the rest, leaving the people in Brussels a prey to every kind of rumour. His wife refused to fly to Antwerp, whither most of her friends were rushing. It was not till June 20 that her courage was rewarded by the certain news that the battle of Waterloo was a victory. She was still in Brussels when, a month later, she received news that D'Arblay was suffering at Treves through a kick from a horse. She started on the journey of 130 miles, and remained by his side till he was well enough to travel. At Paris she 'saw the vision of Henry V revived, and Paris in the hands of the English!' and by October they were again in England, and settled at Bath.

The General recovered his health sufficiently well to go occasionally to Paris, but her thoughts were mainly centred on their son, Alexander, who was reading mathematics at Caius College. She describes him as 'irregular in his studies' and unable 'to conquer his disgust of the routine of labour at Cambridge.' She calls herself 'Alex's flapper,' an allusion, no doubt, to Gulliver's 'Voyage to Laputa.' She remonstrates with him: 'Why, what a rogue you are! four days in town!' She made successful efforts with the Cambridge authorities to obtain for him the Tancred Scholarship. He eventually did good work at Cambridge, and in 1819 was the tenth Wrangler of his year. In 1820 he was ordained; he died in 1837, a year after he was appointed Minister at Ely Chapel.

Her later years were sad. She went to Bath to meet her husband returning from Paris. He was evidently far from well. From then until his death in May 1818 she nursed him with devotion. After that she removed to London and lived at a house in Bolton Street, until her own death twenty-two years later. The earlier part of her widowhood was occupied in preparing the 'Memoirs of Doctor Burney.' Of them Macaulay wrote: 'They are very bad; but they are so, as it seems to us, not from a decay of power, but from a total perversion of power.'

She was evidently unconscious of anything wrong with her style, for she warned her son against the very sins she herself persisted in committing. 'Evelina' had gushed out spontaneously. She wrote it, as Austen Dobson points out, 'because she must'; and, in his opinion, the 'Diary' 'deserved to rank with the great diaries of literature.' Was it the example of Dr Johnson that awoke in her the feeling that 'style' is something that has to be consciously manufactured and elaborated?

How then did it come about that Fanny Burney as a novel writer was so widely liked and admired? Johnson was charmed by the merit and liveliness of 'Evelina.' His affection for the author may have led him to say that he 'preferred it to the novels of Fielding' and that 'his little favorite had done enough to have made even Richardson feel uneasy.' But the popularity of 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia' was due to an additional cause. Until these two appeared the novels of the period had been characterised

either by sickly sentimentality or by passages which made it impossible for parents to place them in their daughters' hands. So it was with relief, as much as from admiration, that 'Evelina' was welcomed. Here at last was a writer presenting an amusing novel of social life, which could freely be put before any modest girl. Fanny Burney had removed the stigma which had hitherto blighted the reputation of this class of literature, and may be said to have paved the way for Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and even perhaps the great Walter Scott.

But she continued to be honoured through her long lifetime in spite of the deterioration of her work. Only her charm of manner and her power of keeping friends can account for that fact. Once she was dead the publication of her 'Diary and Letters' revived her literary reputation, and Macaulay's famous Essay will keep her memory alive until he himself fades into obscurity.

E. T. S. DUGDALE.

Art. 7.—LORD RUTHERFORD AND HIS WORK.

1. Research papers by Lord Rutherford in the *Philosophical Magazine*, the *Journal of the Chemical Society*, the *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, and *Nature*, 1895–1937.
2. *Rutherford*. By A. S. Eve. Cambridge University Press, 1939.
3. *Man of Power*. By I. B. N. Evans. Stanley Paul, 1939.
4. *The Newer Alchemy*. By Lord Rutherford. Cambridge University Press, 1936.
5. *Radiations from Radioactive Substances*. By Sir Ernest Rutherford and others. Cambridge University Press, 1930.
6. *Radioactive Substances and their Radiations*. By E. Rutherford. Cambridge University Press, 1912.
7. *Radioactive Transformations*. By E. Rutherford. Constable, 1906.
8. *Radioactivity*. By E. Rutherford. Cambridge University Press, 1904 and 1905.

THE death of Lord Rutherford two years ago removed from our midst at the height of his powers the greatest figure our country has known in physical science since Newton. Rutherford was a great personality, a man of great character and charm and energy, as well as a supreme master of physics. Like Faraday, with whom he had much in common, his genius lay in his insight into scientific problems. He saw more than others and saw more deeply. In particular he could distinguish more easily than any of his contemporaries what was important and what trivial in ideas and results, so that neither time nor pains were lost in following roads that led nowhere. Unlike Faraday, he was no solitary worker without assistants or research students. For forty years Rutherford was surrounded by a devoted band of workers, attracted to his laboratories from all parts of the world and inspired to do their best for him and themselves by his enthusiasm. Under his leadership they enlarged and enriched the group of subjects of which he was master and spread its knowledge and influence to all parts of the

world. All who came to know him admired and greatly liked him. The two biographies of him that appeared last year, the official one by his Canadian colleague, Professor Eve, and the interesting and able compilation by Mr Evans, make this abundantly clear. It is difficult to talk of Rutherford except in terms of eulogy. In all his contacts with his fellows—and all his life he was a fighter, assertive but humble, aggressive but kindly and generous, ambitious but incorruptible, a tribal leader in the field of science—he hardly ever seems to have lost a friend or made an enemy. His great academic success never made his fellows envious. He always seemed in tearing spirits and on the crest of the wave, but it was recognised it was he who had made the wave. He won all the prizes he desired, and enjoyed his fame, but it left him unspoiled. He was that rare kind of man, one whose self or success never became a bore.

It is not of the man himself, however, but of his work and influence in the physics of the past forty years we wish particularly to write. He came to this country in 1895 after a successful university career in New Zealand, where he had been born and brought up. After three years at Cambridge under Sir J. J. Thomson he went to McGill University in Montreal as professor of physics, and remained there till 1907. In Canada he made a great name for himself, attracting to his laboratory research workers from all parts of the world. He and they worked principally on the radioactivity of the elements uranium and thorium. From 1907 to the end of the Great War Rutherford was professor in Manchester, where again he was the centre of a hive of industry. There his great work was the discovery of the structure of the atom. From 1919 till his death in 1937 he was Cavendish professor of experimental physics at Cambridge. The great work of this period was the disruption of atoms by atomic projectiles—the artificial splitting of the atom—leading to the release of atomic energy, to knowledge of the structure of the nucleus at the centre of the atom, and to all the possibilities of atomic transmutation. To the ordinary reader Rutherford's work may seem at first sight rather specialised and theoretic. Radioactivity was his subject, the atom his field of exploration. He did not venture much into other fields of physics and chemistry or leave

the atom for bigger things in the vast universe. Moreover, his work has never had spectacular practical application like that which has developed into broadcasting or television. It should be realised, however, that, in the event, Rutherford's devotion to the atom was the right thing. Only he could have done the work he did. Had he spread himself in other fields the work would never have gone forward as it did. Moreover, it would have been waste of real effort had he and his fellow-workers gone off from their search after pure knowledge into practical applications. Rutherford saw early that the key to the insoluble problems of physics lay in the atom, and he deliberately went for the atom because it was the biggest thing, in the real sense, that he could encounter. The atom is, to be sure, materially one of the smallest things there is, but it is the holy of holies, the seat, if there be one, of all the great mysteries. Penetrate its secrets and you get ideas and information that cannot be gained elsewhere. Understand what is in the atom and you are in a fair way to understanding everything.

The year in which Rutherford arrived in Cambridge to commence research with Sir J. J. Thomson immediately preceded a time of great new beginnings in physics. From early in 1896 workers in physics everywhere were turning with relief from the time-honoured themes—the molecular theory of matter, the kinetic theory of gases, the electromagnetic properties of the ether, the applications of electricity, and so forth—to the new and exciting discoveries that followed the finding of X-rays by Röntgen at the end of the year 1895. The X-ray changed everything in physics. Only those who can remember the early days of 1896, when this discovery filled the press, can now realise the enormous sensation it produced. Everyone was excited by the fact that his bones could be seen through his flesh, and this delight was heightened by the story that, although the scientists could produce the new rays easily enough, none of them had any idea of what they were. To solve this mystery and to extend Röntgen's work the adventurous in all the physical laboratories in the world ceased to follow the ancient paths and embarked on those things which have since changed the face of physics. In 1896 came the discovery of the radioactivity of uranium, in 1897 that of the independent existence of the electron,

and in 1898 that of radium. And these three discoveries were only the beginning. Rutherford, like the others, followed the fashion. He had been working successfully in New Zealand and Cambridge on a magnetic method of detecting the electro-magnetic waves that Hertz had produced in 1887—the waves that in our time have given us the wonders of ‘wireless.’ He gave this up for work on gaseous ‘ions’ and the new subject of radioactivity. This new work suited his genius. It gave him concrete entities (which were his line) instead of mathematical abstractions. It required the skilful and ingenious adaptation of simple apparatus to obtain the results. The results required for their interpretation a penetrating insight for devising a theory which, however strange or far-fetched it seemed at the time, rapidly convinced his fellows as the simplest, truest, and, indeed, the only possible hypothesis there could be. Altogether his decision to change from waves to particles was a happy one for modern physics and reflects great credit on Rutherford’s judgment. The work on waves had been successful. Rutherford was in the field of wireless detection before Marconi and held the record for some years for distance over which wireless waves could be successfully detected. Had he stayed in the subject he could have done scientifically at least as well as Marconi. He was very ambitious. He had no means except his New Zealand scholarship. He had plenty of commercial acumen. Moreover, he foresaw the commercial possibilities of wireless communication. Yet he deliberately gave up his work on the detector because he foresaw that he could make a greater contribution to knowledge and ideas in the newer physics than in the old.

Until Rutherford’s pioneer work on radioactivity, carried out in Montreal between 1898 and 1904 by him and his collaborators, chief of whom was Professor Soddy, the idea of the atom had hardly changed since the time of Democritus. The electron, the fundamental charge of electricity, of negligible mass, alone was known to be a constituent of the atom because it could be produced from it. Otherwise the atom was thought of as solid, unchangeable, and indestructible. For any one element atoms were considered identical. Occasionally someone—crank or imposter, but never man of science—announced that he

had transformed one kind of atom into another, but it was always possible to prove him wrong. The atom, though solid, had ceased, however, to be regarded as homogeneous, like a very tiny billiard ball. The more philosophical of chemists felt that atoms were structures of some kind of elementary materials, but what these materials were and how they were assembled in the atom they had little notion. This was roughly the state of knowledge here when Rutherford began.

In 1903 Rutherford and Soddy in Montreal produced a revolution in physics by showing that some atoms were neither indestructible nor unchangeable. The atoms of the very heaviest elements were doing, had in fact from the dawn of the universe been doing—what the alchemist of the Middle Ages was always trying to do—changing from one kind of atom to another. In this class of elements one element could become another. But the change was spontaneous. It was found quite impossible to start or stop it, or influence by any means the rate at which the transformation was going on. At the highest temperature or in the greatest cold the transmutation of one element into another went on at exactly the same rate as at the ordinary temperature. Nothing could alter it. It was tantalising of Nature to show her hand in this way and exclude man from participating in the act. But it was something really new. Chemists were naturally staggered at the behaviour of these heavy atoms, and physicists of the old school, such as Lord Kelvin, refused at first to believe that Rutherford was right in his explanation. According to that theory radioactivity was simply a consequence of the spontaneous break-up of an atom. A certain percentage of the atoms of a heavy element like uranium, thorium, or radium would break up in a given time for some cause unknown. The atoms that split did so into two parts, a light part which was either an electron or a charged atom of the gas helium, ejected at enormous velocities, and a heavy part, which was now no damaged atom but a completely new one. This new atom itself was radioactive. In its own time it broke up into either an electron or a charged atom of helium and a second completely new atom. This second atom was radioactive and so produced a third. The break-up continued till at last an atom was reached which was not

radioactive; then the process stopped. This atom happens to be one of lead. Between uranium, one of the atoms where this process begins, and lead, where it ends, there are more than a dozen radioactive elements (of which radium is the best known), each of which is the product of the element which precedes it in the series and the parent of the one that follows. The beauty and the wonder of this work and the simplicity and ingenuity with which it accounted for the mass of uncoordinated data in existence captivated the whole scientific world. Physicists and chemists in many parts of the world set to work to glean the new field. Soon the 'average lives' of the different radio-elements, their genealogies, their physical effects, their chemical properties, and so forth, became known. Outstanding difficulties in geology, astronomy, and other fields of science, as well as in physics and chemistry, were solved by the new knowledge that flowed from this fascinating work. One thing it early settled: the age of our dear home the earth—improving enormously on the well-meaning but attenuated estimates of Victorian days. To-day, indeed, from radioactivity we have settled the age of the universe itself.

Although the electron by this time was well known in science, its spontaneous ejection from a radioactive atom was Rutherford's discovery. He saw at once, however, that the other particle, the charged atom of helium, was much the more important. Unlike the electron, which is of negligible weight, this particle is four times heavier than an atom of hydrogen. It comes off from the radioactive atom, as it breaks up, with a velocity of about a thirtieth of that of light. Its energy, therefore, is very great and is the reason for the continuous and relatively enormous evolution of heat which is characteristic of all radioactive substances. Radium, for example, is always warmer than its surroundings, but then a gram of this element is expelling, every second, thirty-seven thousand millions of these helium particles without sensible diminution of mass.

Rutherford's ingenuity in using the charged helium atom, ejected by radium as a projectile against atomic targets led to the next great event in physics, the discovery of the structure of the atom. This was made by him about 1911 in his laboratory in Manchester. He found that the swift helium atom pursued its straight-line

path through matter neither by pushing aside the innumerable atoms it encountered nor by dodging around these atoms (so that though the path was straight as a whole it was made up in detail of the deviations necessary to get round the atoms); the swift helium projectile, he found, went slap through all the atoms it met like the old-fashioned ghost through the castle wall. The old, solid, 'billiard-ball' idea of an atom became completely untenable after this. Rather was an atom like a miniature solar system in its emptiness. At its centre was found to be an excessively tiny nucleus, corresponding with the central sun of a solar system, containing nearly all the mass of the atom and positively charged. Round this revolved the electrons, in orbits, as planets move round the sun. This nucleus and these electrons were, relative to the space occupied by an atom, very small. Suppose an atom magnified to the size of some reasonably symmetrical country like Ireland. The nucleus, where all the mass of an atom is concentrated, would be only about as large as a dwelling-house in the centre of that country. Between there and the coast would be perhaps fifty or sixty equally tiny electrons, and these, and these alone, in all this empty space, roughly would represent the atom. Others contributed to the further understanding of the theory of the atom's structure. A Dane called Bohr, expert mathematician and international football player, arrived one day in Manchester from Cambridge thirsting for ideas or experimental data on which to exercise his talents. He came at the right moment. Rutherford had just got the structure of the atom right but for one apparent difficulty. The planetary electrons were negative electricity, the central nucleus was no less certainly positive electricity. How then could atoms exist at all? For surely positive attracts negative in electricity and so Rutherford's atom should collapse. A theorist imagining such an atom would reject it straight away, but an experimentalist, finding that the atom was like that, would look round for some new idea to bridge the difficulty. This Bohr supplied. He showed how impossible it was on the older theories, how simple on the newer theories of the nature of energy, to account for Rutherford's facts. The electrons could be in constant motion round the central nucleus without either losing their

energies or falling into it, and this theory fitted the facts of spectroscopy. Since those days before the Great War the Rutherford-Bohr conception of the atom has been enlarged by the marvels of modern mathematical physics and experimental investigation, but in essentials *the atom of to-day is Rutherford's atom of 1911.*

Rutherford's most distinguished Manchester pupil, Moseley, showed a little later that it was the charge on the nucleus of the atom that determined its character. Hydrogen, lightest of all elements, has one charge on the nucleus of its atoms, uranium, the heaviest element known on our planet, has 92 charges. Gold differs from platinum because every atom of gold has a charge of 79 on its nucleus and every atom of platinum one of 78. Reduce the charge by one and artificial transmutation is possible; gold becomes platinum. Here again Nature seemed tantalising. She showed how transmutation by man was possible, yet at the same time revealed how extremely difficult it was going to be. No superficial alteration of the atom could conceivably change its character; you had to go right to the core of the atom, to the vanishingly-small nucleus.

How was this to be done? That was Rutherford's next problem. No alterations of temperature or pressure, no bombardment with electrons, no electric shocks or attacks by radiation of any known wave-lengths had had the slightest effect. But in 1919 Rutherford was able to prove that the swift, charged helium atoms ejected by radium and other radioactive substances could alter the nucleus. The behaviour of these particles in passing through atoms had given him the clue to the atom's structure in 1911. He now found that on very rare occasions the tiny nucleus of an atom suffered a direct hit from the swift helium particle which altered it. With such projectiles and such targets there was no way of taking aim or correcting fire. All one could do was to blaze away in the hope that once in a while a direct hit might be registered. Imagine gunners posted at different places round the coast of Ireland trying to hit a single house in some unknown part of the country but supplied with plenty of shots for their guns. They would occasionally bring it off, but their marksmanship would not win a prize for accuracy. To get near to the target was found to

be quite useless. It had to be a 'bull's-eye' or a miss. Rutherford showed that when nitrogen atoms were successfully bombarded with helium projectiles there were at least a million misses for every effective hit. When that occurred, however, projectile and target momentarily coalesced; then there resulted the nucleus of hydrogen and the nucleus of oxygen. Helium and nitrogen had thus given hydrogen and oxygen. For the first time in recorded history alteration of one element to another by man had been achieved.

It is characteristic of genuine discoveries in physics to-day that no matter how unexpected or even impossible they may appear to be, no one anywhere has any difficulty in immediately confirming and extending them. The power to discover or initiate may be rare; the ability to repeat what has been done is widespread. Soon after Rutherford's work on nitrogen had been made known the work was confirmed and extended by others as well as by his own school. It was found that only the lighter elements could be broken in this way, and not all of them. The heavy elements refused to yield in any way to bombardment of this kind. The field was well gleaned before search was made for other swift atomic projectiles. In 1932 in Rutherford's laboratory in Cambridge two new ones were found. Dr Cockcroft and Dr Walton, with an electrical machine, succeeded in producing nuclei of hydrogen with such high velocities as to be able to split the nuclei of many light elements. Since hydrogen is common and, as a projectile, is not dependent upon the spontaneous break-up of some rare and costly material like radium, this discovery was one of great practical as well as scientific interest. It foreshadows the ultimate adaptation of atomic transformations for the needs of commerce and industry. The other atomic projectile found was the neutron, discovered by Professor Chadwick. This derives from radium and not from a machine. Whereas the hydrogen projectile, like the helium, is confined for success to the lighter elements, the neutron seems able to break up any kind of element. Hydrogen and helium are charged electrically when they penetrate the atom, the neutron has no charge and, as a consequence, can enter more readily places from which the other two are electrically turned back or aside. Hydrogen and

helium have, so to say, to score 'bulls,' and only on light atoms, before they are effective; the neutron has merely to score 'magpies' or 'outers' on any atom. Dr Fermi of Rome showed in a famous piece of work that all elements would ultimately succumb to the neutron. And this has since been confirmed. The scientific world was justifiably astonished at this and greatly excited about it at first. But when it was found that not-so-quick neutrons acted on nuclei differently from quick neutrons, and when results poured in from every quarter for nearly every element, the plethora became almost an embarrassment to researchers, so numerous and varied was it.

One thing, however, was overlooked by all those who were engaged in this work of atom-smashing by atomic projectiles. Up till 1933 it appeared that in all transmutations observed the bits that emerged after the smash were quite stable. The lighter bit certainly was stable (it didn't fall to pieces) and there was every reason to suppose that the heavier bit was stable also. This, in fact, we now know to be right. But in 1933 Mme Joliot (Mme Curie's daughter) and her husband in Paris found that with the newer projectiles often the heavier piece resulting from the bombardment was unstable. It actually became radioactive, expelling either an electron or a positive electron, and becoming thereafter a quite stable atom. This was something quite new and very important, the one big thing in the subject that Rutherford and his colleagues might have found but did not. It was also about the only development in the subject that in a period of forty years really surprised the far-seeing Rutherford. Here was ordinary matter aping the heaviest elements that alone are spontaneously radioactive; becoming radioactive, not spontaneously, but as a result of suitable bombardment, obeying exactly the same law of break-up, but not, in fact, expelling quite the same particles. This production in Paris in 1933 of artificial radioactivity in certain atoms, later to be extended to the atoms of nearly every element, was the culminating point in this great subject. What great advances have been made in it since the subject began in a desperate fog of ignorance, in the same city, in Becquerel's hands, in the far-off days of 1896!

The material side of these bombardment experiments is of course the most attractive. It is nice to think that man can now transmute the elements, even if the scale on which the transmutations occur is at the moment small owing to the difficulty in procuring a sufficiency of projectiles for the targets or getting them up to the right velocities. It is fun to know what stuffing can be knocked out of the atom. With helium as the projectile often hydrogen gets knocked out, sometimes a neutron. With hydrogen as the projectile often helium gets knocked out, sometimes a neutron. With the neutron as the projectile sometimes a hydrogen, sometimes a helium, often an electron or a positive electron get knocked out. These are simple cases. There are also many more complicated ones. Rutherford and his school, however, early recognised that there were more important aspects of the matter than this one. Information about the structure of the tiny nucleus could be gained by discovering the conditions under which bits of it were broken off. For example, it was likely that helium and hydrogen and the neutron were all particles from which the nucleus was somehow made up, if it be assumed that the old block is made up of its own chips, and much work was done in different laboratories to try to settle what was the minimum number of elementary particles—the bricks and the cement, so to say—with which the nuclei of all the elements had been constructed. When Rutherford started work the only known elementary particle was the electron; when he gave up there were, in addition, the helium nucleus, the hydrogen nucleus, the neutron, and the elementary charge of positive electricity, the positron. The first and second of these were discovered by Rutherford in his work, the third and fourth were discovered by his colleagues in Cambridge, though the fourth was found independently and earlier in the United States.

The energy aspect is also important. When transmutations occur, often there is more energy at the end than there is at the start. This never occurs in the ordinary world and is a very important fact. If an engineer had, say, ten units of one kind of energy and wished to change it into another form, he would feel himself lucky if he got eight or nine units; in no case, of course, could he get more than ten. In the little world of

the atom, however, ten units of energy put into a bombardment might yield fifteen or twenty or much more, when the atom 'splits,' depending on how it does so. The energy of the nucleus can be tapped in the bombardment experiments and not, so far, in other ways. No very spectacular amounts of energy have been produced by these means so far, but enough has been done to show that the possibilities for obtaining these gratis yields are quite promising. The most intriguing result at the present time is that obtained from the bombardment of the heaviest known element, uranium, by swift neutrons. Instead of the normal production of one small particle and one big one the uranium atom splits into nearly equal halves and produces also some neutrons. The output tapped on this occasion is very much greater than in the ordinary case. Along with the two large particles are the very particles that produced the break-up and in greater amount. These may on their own actuate other uranium atoms. If these split as the uranium atoms first struck did, more energy and still more neutrons will be produced and these in turn may at ever increasing rate continue the process. Thus a large sphere of uranium, at the centre of which this splitting process has been initiated, may by the time the processes have reached the atoms on the circumference have produced so much energy as to be quite dangerous to life. At present it is truer to use the word *may*. If *may* becomes *can* the possibilities of this uranium sphere whether as a source of energy in peace or a source of death in war would be obvious.

All this, startling even to the scientist as it is, is merely playing with the thing. The practical thing to be achieved in this subject is the annihilation of matter. Einstein years ago calculated how much energy can be liberated when a gram of matter was really annihilated. In terms of the amounts that are available in chemical reaction—as, for example, when aluminium or magnesium is burned in air—great as these are, it is simply colossal. If you could annihilate a gram of aluminium you would produce about three thousand million times as much energy as you get when you burn it in oxygen. And even if you get the process only to a millionth of its theoretic efficiency you might be able to cut down the cost of fuel and other sources of energy to one three-

thousandth; the bill for 20*l.* might be reduced to three-ha'pence. In the stars we know this production of energy by the annihilation of matter goes on and is one of the reasons why the stars seem perpetual. But the stars are a long way off and a process nearer home would interest us more. Now, in these atomic bombardments there are cases where the bits that fly off, after the crash of projectile on target, are definitely, though to a very small degree, lighter than the bits that produced them. The surplus energy in these cases has been found to be approximately that to be expected from the formula which Einstein gave us. Matter is annihilated there and energy appears in its place. The absolute amounts are small, but the important thing is that a beginning has been made. Some day in the future, perhaps, a new class of conscientious objector may arise—the man who while having no positive objection to the maltreating of atoms and molecules in the ordinary processes of physics and chemistry, firmly declines to see one single atom of the commonest element, even for the bribe of unparalleled amounts of energy, put out of existence for ever.

It is true to say that had Rutherford not lived or made the great choice in his youth to devote himself to atomic physics not a fifth of what has been achieved by workers everywhere in this fundamental department of physics would to-day have been known. What we now know might never have been revealed. Rutherford often said in his modest way that men of science are not dependent on the ideas of a single man, but on the combined wisdom of thousands of men, all thinking of the same problem, and each doing his part in adding to the great structure of knowledge going up. It was nice of him to say this but is it always true? In some sciences, and in the practical applications of scientific knowledge, the statement is probably truer than most of us realise. But the more fundamental the science the greater is the need of the big discoveries that only great men can make. Let us make no mistake about it. Newton and Faraday, Einstein and Rutherford did work that never could have been done by any team of talented people, however well organised. Things don't just happen in science. You must have the right man at the right time.

This splendid man has gone from us. No more shall

we be encouraged in our work by his advice. No more shall we see him enter his laboratory as a book-lover his library and hear his loud laugh and boisterous talk— anecdote and wise-crack, burlesque and misquotation, sound sense and wisdom. This man, who hated pretentiousness and cant as much as he loved simplicity and work well done, might, we feel, have been spared to us at least another decade. By probing the atom to its depth he not only revealed great truth and great beauty, he showed us, by example, what one man can do when he is himself and makes the most of his life. The fact that men like Rutherford can exist amongst us must surely raise our hopes of man's worth and dignity in these dark days. His name will live with us as long as science lasts.

A. S. RUSSELL.

Art. 8.—POPE PIUS XII.

AFTER a Conclave unique in history through its almost immediate result, through the presence of every single Cardinal of the Church, and through the greatest possible agreement—61 out of 62 votes—Eugenio Pacelli, Secretary of State of the Holy See for the past decade, was elected Supreme Pontiff on his sixty-third birthday, March 2, 1939. The world, which knew him as it had not known any other new Pope, universally hailed his election, from the 'reverent homage' of Signor Mussolini to the 'true happiness' expressed by President Roosevelt. Rome especially acclaimed him when he was crowned a few weeks later. Never had there been a coronation which for enthusiasm and multitudes had equalled it in the annals of the Church. All eyes were turned to it, all ears were attuned into it through broadcasts, as the new Pope sat enthroned on the outside loggia of St Peter's, surrounded by his court and Cardinals, by some fifty princes of royal blood and by distinguished statesmen, who had come from all parts to honour him. Before him the vast space of St Peter's square, enclosed within the Vatican colonnades, and the whole of the broad avenue leading to the Tiber were packed with a mass of people, swaying and eddying, calling for him, waving handkerchiefs, cheering him. In full sight of the multitude the jewelled and golden tiara was placed on his head, and modern loudspeakers intoned over Rome, modern wireless echoed into the farthest corners of the earth the time-honoured formula: 'Receive this Tiara of Three Crowns and know that you are the Father of Princes and Kings, the Governor of the Earth, the Vicar of our Saviour Jesus Christ.'

The new Pontifex hails from Ponte, a quiet city quarter near the Tiber. In one of its sedate streets, the Via degli Orsini, stands the Palazzo Pediconi: a big, four-storey house, stuccoed a reddish-brown, with a high gate leading to a small courtyard with its bubbling fountain, giving forth that soothing sound which is so typically Roman. On March 2, 1876, in the third-floor flat, a dark-eyed boy was born there, carried round that same day to the nearby baroque parish church of San Celso, where his uncle

baptised him Eugenio Maria Giuseppe Giovanni. That boy was destined to become the 261st successor of St Peter as Pope of Rome. The family, small country aristocracy, originally hailed from the province of Viterbo. His father, Filippo, was one of the leaders of the 'Unione Romano,' the clerical party. By profession a Consistorial Advocac, Dean of the Vatican Bar, he had married Virginia Graziosi, and their union was blessed with two sons and two daughters. The eldest, Francesco, followed his father's career; he was the lawyer who, in intimate collaboration with Pius XI and the Duce, did most of the spade-work which resulted in the Lateran Treaty of 1928, whereby the Papal See and the Italian Kingdom composed their differences. Religious though the Pacelli family were, their orthodoxy was blended with a certain matter-of-factness. For a boy of a Catholic home to attend a state school was almost unheard of in those days. Yet Eugenio was sent to the Visconti Grammar School, because his father considered it was the best in Rome. The clash of opinions and sentiments strengthened his convictions. Matriculating with honours, he not only had the best marks for languages but also was awarded the gold medal for history.

It had been expected that he would enter the legal profession, but the reticent youth nursed hopes of studying for the priesthood. Being allowed to enter the Capricana Seminary, he had to leave it after a year, as the rigours of community life endangered his delicate health. His father's influence with the ecclesiastical authorities, however, secured him the unusual experience of remaining in the midst of his family whilst engaged in his study for the priesthood. He went daily to the lectures of the Capricana; punctual in the extreme, it was the later diplomat's modest boast that he had never been late or kept anyone waiting save for one exception, which he is fond of recounting. To reach Rome from their country place he had to go by carriage to the nearest railway station. Scalabretta, the local coachman, used to stop half-way, at San Lorenzo, for a cheerful glass. As he was fond of his horse, he used to give it a pint of wine too. One day when young Pacelli was suddenly summoned, he decided to drive down to the station himself. Passing San Lorenzo, the horse stopped and expectantly turned

round for his usual pint. Pacelli remembered and told the innkeeper to make it two pints this time, as he was in a hurry and wanted the horse to feel its very best. Indeed, the Rosinante took the next hill in great style, but having reached the crest he found such an exertion too exhaustive and lay down for a quiet snooze, and Pacelli had to get out and walk the rest of the way.

At Easter in 1899, after having been ordained priest the day before by the Patriarch of Antioch, he said his first mass in a side-chapel of the great Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore. Deeply pious, thoroughly schooled, his faith was a synthesis between knowledge and sentiment. His fondest wish was to become a curate. But destiny, in the person of Monsignor Gasparri, the Secretary of the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, willed otherwise. Pacelli became an *apprendista*, or junior clerk, and soon afterwards a *minutante* or principal copyist in Gasparri's department. Housed on the top floor of the Vatican palace, the development of ecclesiastical affairs in all countries of the world was closely watched from there. Going through all successive ranks, he quickly reached the Under-Secretaryship.

London came to know him in 1901, when he was the bearer of a handwritten letter of condolence from Pope Leo XIII to King Edward VII on the death of Queen Victoria. Seven years later, being a Monsignore then, he stayed with the Duke of Norfolk at St James's Square during the London Eucharistic Congress. He must be the only Pope with a British decoration—as Popes they accept nothing of the kind—for in the suite of the Papal Envoy, Archbishop Granito Pignatelli di Belmonte, he attended the coronation of King George V in 1911. Throughout his diplomatic training, however, his preference for the work of a simple curate continued; in his leisure time he heard confessions in the little church where he had served mass in his youth, gave Sunday-school lessons, and preached occasionally, orations over the preparation of which he took infinite pains.

Pope Pius X, who, though not brilliant of mind was a saintly pastor of souls, had died from a broken heart shortly after the outbreak of the world war, in August 1914. His successor was Benedict XV, who as Cardinal della Chiesa had been both Gasparri's and Pacelli's

immediate superior. He nominated Gasparri as his Secretary-of-State and Pacelli became the head of the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. Benedict was determined to uphold the great traditions of the Father of Christendom. In December 1914 he put proposals before the French and German Governments to exchange those prisoners of war who were unfit for further military service; 30,000 were thus cleared through Swiss territory. Thereupon the Pope suggested the return of civilians too young or too old for active service and 3,000 Belgians with 20,000 French from the occupied areas were in consequence released by Germany. 10,000 wounded soldiers of both camps, at his further initiative, were brought to Switzerland in December 1915 to recuperate. Prominent prisoners were pardoned through his efforts; the bishops were instructed to collect information on missing persons and prisoners of war, to lessen the suspense of their relatives at home. All this work was concentrated under Monsignor Pacelli, who laboured day and night, having created a special office for the purpose and trained a chosen staff.

Benedict's aspirations went further. He was biding the opportune moment for an intervention on a much greater scale, a peace offensive. At the end of April 1917 he placed Eugenio Pacelli on the most advanced post in his scheme, that of Papal Nuncio at Munich. Nominally accredited to the Catholic Kingdom of Bavaria, then still the most independent State within the framework of the German Empire, it was his direct link with the Imperial Government at Berlin, where under the Protestant Hohenzollerns a nunciature was not feasible. To mark the importance Pacelli was elevated to the Titular Archbishopric of Sardes and consecrated by the Pope in the Sistine Chapel. That summer it looked to neutral on-lookers as if there was some sort of balance between the positions of the two great armed camps, a chance for both parties since the strategic position of the Central Powers and the Allies' enormous future reserves balanced each other. A few days after his arrival in Munich Pacelli was already in Berlin and able to report a 'very good reception' from the Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg. His first meeting with the Kaiser was quietly arranged, and took place at the end of June in the Imperial

Headquarters at Kreuznach, the delightful Baden spa. The Kaiser, though it was ten o'clock in the morning, had donned his full-dress uniform of a Prussian Field Marshal and remained standing the whole time with his helmet under his left arm. Pacelli handed him a letter written in the Pope's own hand. Wilhelm read it and remarked at once that in the previous December he himself had broached a peace offer, but without result. Pacelli emphasised that it needed detailed proposals, but it soon became clear to him that the Kaiser did not welcome another initiative and firmly believed in the final victory of his troops. Furthermore, his Majesty had fixed ideas as to how the Pope should conduct his affairs, and to begin with should use his especial influence on Catholic states by promoting peace between Italy and Austria. When the Nuncio drew his attention to the impracticability of that plan since there existed a strong war party in Italy (led amongst others by the Editor of the '*Popolo d'Italia*,' a certain Benito Mussolini) he was assured that His Holiness 'need not fear the scum.' Warming up to his pet subject, strategy, the Kaiser then outlined how the Pope could defend the Vatican. 'I have been there myself,' he told Pacelli and with his easy fantasy speedily turned the palaces of the Vatican into a strong fortress! The Nuncio was more than amazed and must have thought himself witnessing a play instead of hearkening to the responsible head of the principal Central Power. Leaving the War Lord's 'fancy' to roam over the defence of the Vatican, he waited patiently for the end. Years later, in his '*Gedanken und Erinnerungen*' (Musings and Recollections), the Kaiser thus described the Nuncio: 'He has a distinguished, sympathetic appearance, he is of a high intelligence, and has impeccable manners, in short, is the prototype of a Prince of the Church.' That description holds good to this day.

The Papal Embassy, or Nunciature, was housed in Munich in a large, gloomy house at the centre of the diplomatic quarter of the Bavarian capital, the Brienner Strasse. It was destined to be the frontal post in the peace offensive which Pope Benedict XV, after minute preparations, was to launch from the Vatican. On June 13 the Cardinal Secretary of State—Gasparri—had enquired from the Reich Government what its exact peace

conditions were. A fortnight later Pacelli went again to Berlin and saw the Chancellor, who told him that Germany was prepared to restore Belgium and agree to an all-round limitation of armaments. But Bethmann-Hollweg, who at the outbreak of the war had openly regretted the 'sad necessity' of the violation of Belgium, was dismissed a fortnight later. The Reichstag, however, in its resolution of July 19 pronounced itself in favour of a peace without annexation. As Mr Lloyd George, the British Premier, in a speech at Glasgow at about the same time, had stressed Great Britain's readiness for a conciliatory peace on the condition of a preliminary acceptance of the restoration of Belgium, the Pope decided to increase his efforts. He instructed Pacelli to try and win the German Government for the Peace points which he had drafted, and with which those President Wilson was to formulate more than a year later bore a marked resemblance—the restoration of Belgium and return of the German colonies; a limitation of armaments and freedom of the seas; and an International Court of Arbitration. Two days after Pacelli's call at the Berlin Foreign Office, he was informed that these proposals seemed to form an acceptable basis and would be put before the Kaiser, who was then at Vienna.

In London an Inter-Allied Conference was to meet on August 7. It was an opportunity which Cardinal Gasparri did not want to miss, and Pacelli urged on Berlin the truth that there was no time to lose. But kept waiting and fearing the worst, Pope Benedict finally decided to force the issue. On August 14 the Papal Envoys in all capitals handed His Holiness's Peace Note to the monarchs and presidents of the world. It was his supreme effort to save Europe from committing suicide. It proclaimed instead of 'might, the moral of right.' It was eloquent and in its practicability went even further than the League of Nations, which was to be born some years later; for in proposing an International Court it pleaded for power to be used against those who would not submit. In fact, it advanced suggestions with which, thirty years later, statesmen like Mr Winston Churchill and Lord Davies tried to rescue the Geneva institution from its inertia. The Papal note pleaded further for an all-round renunciation of damages—for a limitation of armaments,

as the practical Pope argued, in its relief on the national budgets would soon make good all the war losses. Instead, the fines imposed on the vanquished at Versailles not only came to nought, but also wrecked sound economic life and international trade for generations, bringing static unemployment everywhere. England, through her Minister to the Holy See, Count de Salis, explained to Cardinal Gasparri that an unequivocal German declaration to restore Belgium and indemnify her for the terrible losses inflicted upon an innocent people was the *conditio sine qua non* of any proposal which the British Government was prepared to consider. But at Berlin von Bethmann-Hollweg had been succeeded as Chancellor by Dr Michaelis, a pedantic Prussian official and a sectarian fanatic who hated to see a Papal effort succeed. In vain Nuncio Pacelli played on his vanity: 'If a clear and unequivocal assurance can be given on Belgium, the crucial point, a peace honourable to all is assured and Your Excellency's name will be immortal.' A courteous note followed, but Cardinal Gasparri summed it up as worthless, for Belgium was not mentioned at all. Indefatigable, Pacelli again set to work and finally Dr Michaelis' real reply came. It mentioned Belgium's restoration, but in a prudent legal parlance so hemmed in by 'buts' and 'ifs' and 'howevers' that it could not be turned to any useful account. To-day it makes sorry reading, this game of bluff and of intermittent delays played by the diplomats whilst the youth of Europe was bleeding to death. Only one golden thread runs through it all: the tenacity of purpose, the purity of aim of Nuncio Pacelli, who did everything humanly possible to show German diplomacy the error of its ways. That evening, when the last Berlin note was received, a German friend came to see the Nuncio. They sat long after dusk in the silent, unlit room at the Brienner Strasse. Pacelli could hardly control his deep emotion. 'Everything is lost,' he sighed; then, visionary, 'your poor country too.'

Peace, which had been honourably possible in 1917 through the Pacelli intermediary, came to Germany fifteen months later under utter surrender. A starved and misguided people, seeing its greatest virtue, that of faithful discipline, grossly betrayed by its leaders, fell into convulsions of revolution. Nowhere in Germany did it rear

its head so uglily as in the Bavarian capital. The Government and the Inter-Allied Relief Commission had fled to Bamberg, in northern Bavaria. Nuncio Pacelli was the only one who stayed in Munich. A band of seven armed brigands one day actually forced access to his home. Calmly the tall dignitary met them. Whether it was his cool contempt or his total lack of fear, the Reds, having demanded 'money and treasures' and being met with a curt refusal, contented themselves with taking his car away. Day after day the Nuncio 'phoned the town hall, to whatever chieftain was in power, pointing out that as representative of a foreign sovereign his possessions were inviolable by international law. The bosses became so annoyed that one threatened to 'come and shoot the whole nest.' '*Bitte schön*' (You are welcome) said the Nuncio coolly, putting down the receiver. It was the day on which thirteen hostages had been shot in cold blood. Many years before the young altar boy had confided to his mother that he would like to become a missionary. Now a Nuncio with the titular rank of Archbishop, there was no flinching from his duty to stay at his post and thus impart confidence to a stricken population. Those were his missionary days.

After General Von Epp had delivered the capital, Pacelli became its most popular diplomat. The only time he left Munich in the ensuing years, apart from his annual holiday, was his special mission to report on the situation in the Ruhr district. The French had occupied this industrial nerve-centre of Germany, and that with black troops, to 'punish' the default of the impossible Reparation payments. Pacelli flew to the danger zone and after a personal survey sent an exhaustive report to the Vatican. It was the basis for the Pope's letter to his Secretary of State, made public the day that it was issued, in which he massed the moral influence of the Church behind Great Britain, which was holding aloof from this adventure. The occupation, in its unnecessary and provoking indignities years after the conclusion of peace, did more than anything else to fan the tiny flame of revenge which the unknown Adolf Hitler had lit in Munich at that time, with his seven-men-strong Nazi Party.

In 1925, his work in Munich having been crowned with a Concordat between the Holy See and Bavaria, Eugenio

Pacelli was promoted Nuncio to Berlin, accredited to the Reich Government, by unwritten usage as Nuncio Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. Viscount d'Abernon, the first British Ambassador in post-war Berlin, has called him in his 'Memoirs' his best-informed colleague. Four years he worked patiently at the Concordat between Prussia and the Holy See. He won his victories by sheer patience, making use of every opportunity, never giving up, never letting himself be swayed by outside influences. He was superior to all in the subtle art of diplomacy. When the term 'concordat' caused excitement among Protestant diehards, he named it a 'solemn convention.' What is in a name! The German Protestant Press Service in a tribute paid to him at his departure, lauded his ten years' work in Germany as that of 'a sower amidst ruins.' It sums it up admirably. When he relinquished his post, President von Hindenburg was deeply moved. 'Germany will never forget your share in the pacification of our country,' thus he testified. Driven in an open carriage to the Anhalter Station, torch-lined by numerous organisations, from students clubs to trade unions, he was 'Hoched' and 'Heiled' on his triumphant leave-taking.

Secretary of State Gasparri, approaching his eighties in a zenith of political and religious success and in unbounded health, desired to retire. The choice of a successor presented no difficulty. Pacelli, the new Cardinal, was nominated in February 1930 and destined to fill his high office for nine years as a unique preparation to the highest dignity in the world. Let us look at him as he then came before the limelight of the world; but for his much greyed hair, he is the same man to-day. He is tall, majestically so, for it is emphasised by stately ecclesiastical garb. Above a broad crimson sash hangs the dazzling pectoral cross on a heavy golden chain. A little crimson skull-cap covers the tonsure in his thick and curly hair. One is impressed by his stature, but one is fascinated by his countenance. His face is a perfect oval, of olive complexion, with the lofty brow of the scholar, and deep-set, jet-black eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles. Of great distinction, his suavity puts every visitor immediately at ease, but even with the highest of them he creates the distance of his supreme calling. He talks with courtesy and consideration, but his gentle eyes

probe beyond the core of things, though one is never aware of being rapidly sized up. I have seen him entering St Peter's amidst heralding trumpets for a great ceremony, robed in gorgeous vestments; but saying Mass he was transformed into the simple priest, with the moving devotion of one profoundly aware of his own unworthiness. I have watched his long, sleek Packard held up by the fair in a mountain village on a summer morning; he sat rigidly erect in the deep cushions reading his breviary, and nothing of the pandemonium round him diverted his attention for a second. I have been bidden to take place next to him on a silk-covered settee, in front of the enormous window in the high, light, and cool study of the Secretary of State in the Vatican Palace, looking out on the Damascus courtyard. He talked with an earnestness and intensity which most of the high-placed in this world only keep for their equals. Thus, when I think of Pacelli I feel the probing of his earnest deep eyes, I am aware of the gentle serenity—for it is more than acquired self-discipline—of a man at peace with himself. And one senses above all the spirituality of this dignitary who has always remained by vocation a curate of souls.

The Secretary of State is, so to say, the Pope's Prime Minister cum Foreign Secretary. In the Vatican Archives a letter is kept in which Pope Sixtus V enumerates the qualities which a Secretary of State needs above all: 'He must know everything, understand everything, but he must say nothing.' Pacelli, in fact, has an encyclopædic knowledge, springing from the fact that he speaks seven languages fluently. I have heard him addressing an International Press Conference. He spoke for more than an hour, in Italian, French, German, English, Spanish, Portuguese, and finally Latin: all without a written note in front of him, without any hesitancy, without any slowing up of speech or searching for words, swinging easily from one language into the other, his soft voice vibrant with the intensity of what he desired to impart. He has always been a magnificent preacher; as an orator his secret is that he says the truth with force, but also with grace. He gives every sermon the careful preparation of an artist, but in delivering it he remains natural, disdains pathos. His speeches are built up with the logic on which a true Roman prides himself. He

electrifies the masses by his personality, the dignity of his appearance, and his eloquent gestures. His appeals go from heart to heart. For a man to be able to plead with equal eloquence in the Berlin Sportpalast, in the Cathedral of Lisieux, and before Parliament in Rio de Janeiro is an astonishing gift. His German 'Gesammelte Reden' are as magnificent as the 'Panegyriques' which he delivered in France. It has been said with truth that to master another language is to double one's culture; by that reckoning Pope Pius XII must be the wisest and most cultured man living.

His high burden, once begun, increased as his fame spread. A month after his appointment as Secretary of State came his nomination as Archpriest of St Peter's, virtually that of dean of the greatest cathedral in the world. Later he became also Camerlengo, which brings with it the temporary headship of the Church during a vacancy of the Papal Throne. Paramount remained the all-important office of Secretary of State. They were eventful years and a widely varying tasks. When the Fascist regime demanded the disbandment of Catholic Action, the Pope issued an Encyclical on the matter. Realising that through a censorship of press-telegrams and other 'delays' Mussolini might use a chance of check-mating the Encyclical before it could reach the public, Pacelli entrusted a young American Monsignor, Francis Spellman, now Archbishop of New York, then working at the Papal State Department, to fly an advance copy from the Vatican to Paris. Released there to the news agencies and press correspondents, it burst upon the Fascist Government in total surprise. Later, of course, the Vatican's own radio transmission station—designed by no less an expert than the Marchese Marconi, President of the Papal Academy of Science—made such devices superfluous.

There were triumphs, as with the return to the fold of official France. The Church's 'eldest daughter' had long been estranged from the paternal house. But with a Papal diplomacy which actively supported a positive international peace policy, common ground was soon reached. Relations grew stronger and more cordial. When coming to France in the summer of 1937, Paris received Pacelli with royal honours; the Popular Front

Cabinet was at the Gare du Lyon, the Republican Guard presented arms and played the Papal Hymn. His sermons both in Lisieux and under the hallowed roof of the Paris church of 'Our Lady of Victories' were in all their pentecostal eloquence a striking praise of democracy. But when Faith was assailed, the Vatican rose with all its might and power to defend its very foundations. That defence was brilliantly enacted in the historic Encyclical 'Mit brennender Sorge' (With Deep Anxiety), the greatest indictment of Nazi revolutionarism which has yet been written. It was composed by the old Pope himself, but many are the passages which resound with the advice, in fact betray the pen of his closest collaborator, to-day his successor.

Cardinal Pacelli had always been known for his strong German leanings. That simplicity, energy, and reliability which were once the best characteristics of the German people conformed to his own. Hitler changed all that. Pacelli did not resent the ruin of his own work in Germany, but he saw clearly from the outset how there was more at stake than the attack on the Church: that the whole structure of international relationship tumbled under a mentality where a solemn pledge had no more value than a scrap of paper. That was the trend of events which he viewed most seriously and the Encyclical castigated it in terms so severe that they might have been written by Mr Chamberlain after the gross betrayal of Munich. Says the Encyclical:

'We have done all We could to defend the sanctity of the solemn pledges, the inviolability of obligations freely entered into, against theories and practices which, if officially approved, must destroy all confidence and render intrinsically worthless every future pledge. . . . When the time comes to place before the eyes of the world these endeavours of Ours, all right-minded persons will know where to look for the peace-makers and where to look for the peace-breakers.'

Seldom can a gloved hand have hit out harder, and in doing so it served the cause of all Christendom. Pope Pius XI's policy, which Pacelli continues to-day as Pius XII, he promoted also by his many journeys. One of the most spectacular was that to South America in the autumn of 1934. The Argentines fêted him splendidly. The President of the Republic and the whole Government

bade him welcome. In a Spanish of pure Castillian he spoke to an audience of one and a half million people, gathered at the closing demonstration of the Buenos Aires Eucharistic Congress, on 'Peace between Men.' Equally warm was his welcome at Rio de Janeiro, where he addressed in faultless Portuguese the Brazilian Deputies assembled in Parliament and the Supreme Court.

Two years later he used his yearly holidays, generally spent in Switzerland, to pay a visit to the United States. With the revenue cutter in New York harbour, batteries of film and press cameras boarded the Italian liner 'Conte di Savoia.' One of the enterprising American photographers, perched on a life-boat for greater advantage, had prophetic gifts, for he shouted excitedly: 'Hey, Mr Pope, look this way!' But when the interviewing was about to start, the astute diplomat handed to everyone a typewritten document which told of his happiness to be in the United States: 'the territory of a great people who know how to unite so beautifully and nobly a sense of discipline with the exercise of a just, legitimate, and well-ordered liberty'—a singularly outspoken phrase, which in its definition gives the best clue as to where the present Pope's sympathies lie in the great clash of ideologies of our time. 'Here, gentlemen, is my entrance ticket to your country' was his disarming excuse, and not another statement was to be got from him.

Pacelli enjoyed America as an American. He drove along the seventeen-miles-long Triborough Bridge, halting the car three times to get out and inspect the structure; he was whisked up to the 102nd floor of the Empire State Building; he visited Philadelphia and Washington. In his speech there—spoken with a correctness of English unfamiliar to American audiences—he revealed how, early this century, he had been invited by Washington University to become its Professor of Roman Law, but that the Pope had desired him to stay in Rome. His oration was devoted to 'Religion and Science,' the harmony between the supernatural and the natural. He visited the Capitol and was the guest of honour at the luncheon of the National Press Club, the organisation of Washington Correspondents, where he made an impassioned plea to his four hundred journalist hosts to pool the whole of their enormous influence for peace. From the

Press Club he was whirled at high speed, with siren-screaming motor-cycle outriders and accompanying police squad-cars, to Mount Vernon. He did more than lay a wreath on the grave of George Washington, he stood a moment in silent prayer on the hallowed resting-place of the First President of America. Desirous of covering as much as time would allow, he chartered a Boeing Passenger plane from American Airlines and set out to meet the rest of the United States, which with some 22 millions of well-organised Catholics is one of the bulwarks of the Church to-day. Thus—to mention only a few high lights of this transcontinental tour—he went to Cleveland; from there to Notre Dame University; he was kept flying for half an hour because of bad weather above Chicago aerodrome before he could land. ('No apologies,' thus the Cardinal waved the explanation of the aerodrome officials away; 'thank you for giving me a chance to catch up with my reading!') From Chicago to St Paul; over the great mountain divide to San Francisco, which gave him a tumultuous welcome and where the civic authorities asked him to bless the gigantic Oakland Bridge, the latest world wonder. From Los Angeles over the Boulder Dam to Kansas City, via numerous stops; Cincinnati, and with a *détour* over Niagara Falls back to New York. Night travel, public receptions, appearances, speeches, inaugurations, banquets, laying of corner-stones, receiving of degrees, conferences with the ecclesiastical dignitaries—nothing tired him out. He had a special table installed in front of his leather arm-chair in the aeroplane so that he could type his letters and prepare his speeches on his portable. On one of the last days of his stay he lunched with President Roosevelt at his home in Hyde Park, N.Y. When pressed for a comment, he escaped smilingly with a 'I enjoyed lunching with a typical American family.' But the reporter who described a scene at St Patrick's Cathedral in New York when the slender figure of this great dignitary knelt before the High Altar, touched the real chord: he had never seen anyone 'pray like that.'

Back in Rome he found a dedicated portrait of the Pope as a homecoming gift. In four weeks he had travelled 30,000 miles. One may well accept the authenticity of Pacelli's remark when, immediately after

his election to the Papacy, already dressed in his white silk cassock, he went to the Vatican sick-room where Cardinal Marchetti, his friend from college days, lay ill. He was still very much under the impression of his election and with a slight pressure of his hand indicated to his friend not to rise. He sat down on the chair next to his bed, then, his gaze travelling out of the window to the distant Alban mountains, faintly flushed by the last rays of the day, he suddenly said: 'Now I shall not be able to travel any more. . . .' No one destined to become Pope has ever been so much in the public eye. To millions in both hemispheres he is a man with whom they have come face to face.

The Pope's duty as Supreme Pastor being naturally directed to the salvation of souls, he has little to do with purely temporal controversies and territorial disputes between states. Only when great principles are involved does he speak out. Thus he could console Poland: 'which has earned the right of generous and fraternal sympathy of the world, to await the hour of a resurrection'; just as he uttered a grave warning to all Christendom, at the occasion of the presentation of the credentials of the new Lithuanian Envoy to the Holy See, because of the

'immeasurable dangers for the salvation of souls when, over the face of Europe which is Christian right down to its foundations, the dark shadow of the thought and work of the enemies of God is growing longer, closer, and more menacing every day. In such circumstances, more than any other period of its history, the preservation and the defence of our Christian heritage take on a decisive importance for the future destiny of Europe and of each of its peoples, great or small.'

All the admonitions and prayers of these eventful first months of his reign are crystallised in his first Encyclical, 'Summi Pontificatus,' issued to the Archbishops and Bishops of the world on the eve of the Feast of Christ the King, at the end of October 1939.

Being the programme of his Pontificate, it is an engrossing document, as closely argued as it is outspoken. Renewing in plain language the denunciations by his predecessor, Pope Pius XII lashes out against

'the error which pretends to absolve the civil authority from any dependence whatever on the Supreme Being, making it the

primary cause and the absolute master of man, of society, and of all ties with the transcendent law deriving from God as its first source.'

The success built on these falsehoods might dazzle and bewilder simple folk for a time, but the day of reckoning always comes. The Pope prophesies:

'It is quite true that power based on such weakness and on such an unsteady foundation can attain at times, under certain circumstances, material successes which are apt to arouse wonder in superficial observers; but the moment comes when the inevitable law triumphs, striking down all that has been constructed on a hidden or open disproportion between the greatness of the material or outward success and the weakness of the inner values and moral foundations.'

And thinking of the suffering and fears of countless parents, those innumerable afflictions 'of which no statistics are able to speak,' he warns the State that it can go no further, for: 'the more burdensome become the material sacrifices demanded by the State of individuals and of families, the more sacred and inviolable too must be the rights of their consciences. Goods, blood it can demand; but the souls redeemed by God, never. . . .' From his exalted and impartial post of observation the Pope then scrutinises the international scene. He castigates the world's departure from the basic principles of international morality as the source of the present war:

'These principles demand respect for the rights of every nation to independence, to life, and to the possibility of progressive evolution in the ways of civilisation. They demand, also, faithfulness to stipulated and sanctioned treaties in conformity with the principles of the rights of man. . . . There is no doubt that the preliminary and necessary condition of all common, pacific life between the nations, the very soul of juridical relations between them, is to be found in mutual trust, in the expectation and conviction of respect for the plighted word. But to consider in principle that treaties are ephemeral and to take upon oneself the tacit authority to rescind them unilaterally on the day that they are no longer convenient means the destruction of all reciprocal confidence between the nations. Natural order would be thrown into chaos; trenches of division, impossible to overcome, would be dug between the peoples and the nations. . . . These are the conceptions which have brought the world to the present horrible abyss. . . .'

From the gloom of the moment, the statesman looks forward to the peace to come, to the new order which is to safeguard Europe from utter destruction. It must not be, so the Pope warns, a repetition of past mistakes, an inhuman *vae victis*. And here the democracies responsible for the disastrous peace treaties after the last war are set to search their consciences :

'What will be the future order when the tempest of war shall have ceased? Will there be a repetition of the past mistakes which put the right of the victor above every sense of justice? No, safety cannot come from the sword. It can impose peace, but it cannot create peace. . . .'

As Secretary of State the new Pope has already lived for the last nine years in the Vatican City. From that tiny territory—barely a hundred acres in size—some 350 million Catholics spread all over the globe are governed spiritually. To the casual sightseer it is a city of palaces full of medieval pomp. But beneath all that splendour the arduous and complex work of governing the world's greatest religious commonwealth goes on. In his suite of rooms immediately under the Papal flat Cardinal Pacelli conducted all those years the Vatican's diplomatic relations with the Ambassadors and Ministers of some forty states accredited to the Holy See. He could do so with unmitigated vigour, for ever since overcoming the frailty of his youth he has been blessed with good health. He lives frugally and is a non-smoker (instead, so he tells friends, he gets his palliative out of assiduous newspaper reading—the principal dailies in the languages of which he is master are left with him every evening). That he does not get easily tired he attributes to a concentrated and organised method of working. On the morning after his election he picked up the telephone on his desk at the usual hour to tell his secretary that he was waiting. A Pope is no doubt one of the hardest worked persons in the world, with a daily routine more severe than that of a head of a state cum head of a government. For the Holy See is an autocracy: the whole enormous organisation of the Church centres round him, he wields complete authority and has the final word in everything. A large part of his day is reserved for audiences. Each of the 1300 archbishops and bishops of the Catholic world is obliged to

visit Rome once every five years. This, in practice, means that there is one such important visitor almost every day. Most of his time is taken up by group audiences from near and far.

Pius XII has broken with many traditions ; he moves freely among pilgrims, and these functions have nothing of the rigidity which both his predecessors age and temperament had imposed. Religious functions at which he has to appear as the central figure are another heavy toll on his time and his physique. As his daily consultations with his highest advisers take some hours every morning, one can easily calculate that it is not until the late afternoon that he can settle down to undisturbed study. A walk in the Vatican gardens or in those that adjoin his summer residence in Castel Gandolfo is all the leisure which he can afford. Ascending the throne at an age below the average of his predecessors gives Pius XII a good expectation for a fruitful reign, an expectation heightened by the secret of his influence, the magnetism of his personality. He is that rare combination a mystic yet a practical man of affairs. Henry Bordeaux, the French Academician, once aptly described him as an El Greco portrait come to life.

That alone stamps him as the man for the task in hand, for never has a Pontiff been elected among so many solitudes, amidst the menacingly growing rumours of a European war which was to break out barely half a year later ; amidst social, economic, and political upheavals on a scale so vast as the World War hardly witnessed. In that clash of ideas and ambitions he is not a champion of any political ideology. When the democratic countries hailed his election, just as the totalitarian countries had fulminated against such a possibility, it was not because Pacelli is a democrat in the narrow sense of the word, but because he has realised that totalitarianism, with its deification of temporary rulers, with its ever-growing claim on the conscience and soul of every citizen, does not leave the possibilities to the Church's Apostolate which the complete liberty of conscience and freedom of confession in democratic countries afford. To-day he sees his 'terrible responsibility,' as he called it, preponderantly as an exhortation to peace between the nations. A peace based on 'brotherly and reciprocal help, of friendly

collaboration and cordial understanding,' as he announced in his first allocution as Pope. That task he has shouldered without shirking. A year ago in Budapest, during a spell of acute tension of a German conflict with Czecho-Slovakia, he quoted his predecessor as having said :

' I thank God day by day that he has made me live in this time. This deep, all-pervading crisis is unique in the history of mankind. One must be proud to be able to play one's part in this tremendous drama. Good and evil are locked in a gigantic struggle, and nobody has the right to be merely an onlooker at this momentous hour.'

Half a year later, on becoming Pope Pius XII, Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli selected as his coat-of-arms a dove holding an olive branch in its beak, with as device : ' Opus Justitiæ Pax '—the work of justice is peace.

KEES VAN HOEK.

Art. 9.—THE INDIAN CONGRESS AND BRITISH IMPERIALISM.

THE acceptance of office by the Indian Congress two years ago and the reiterated assurance given by British statesmen that Congress ministries were acting up to their responsibilities had bred the hope in the public mind in Britain that the long controversy in which British statesmanship had been involved with political extremists in India was drawing to a close. The challenge which Congress has thought fit to throw down to what it calls British Imperialism on the outbreak of war shows that the antagonism to the British connection is as bitter as ever with that particular group. Congress claims to speak with the authentic voice of India. It will not allow its country to take part in a war to uphold the imperialism of Britain against which it has vainly struggled for so long.

Congress demands that the British government should clearly state its intentions with regard to Indian democracy. A reiteration of the pledges already given that Britain would use her best endeavours to pave the way to Dominion Status for India, combined with an offer to establish for war purposes a consultative body representative of all the leading political parties in India, was rejected with scorn. Congress must have the deciding voice in the fate of India. Gandhi, who with his usual astuteness had acquired merit by professing himself ready to support Britain unconditionally—only, of course, with soul-force and non-violence—was not satisfied with the Viceroy's invitation. Later on he proclaimed that Congress had the right to demand that India should be treated as an independent nation and as such alone responsible to decide her future. In other words, he demands now under the stress of war what the British government found it impossible, in the best interests of India, to concede in 1935. On the British government's refusal to comply with these terms he supported the Congress 'High Command' in summoning the Congress ministries to resign. The summons has been obeyed.

The crisis that has developed in India as a result of Congress action is a matter of concern to the British public. Some who find it difficult to get a clear view of the problem of self-government in India are inclined to

ask why it has been found impossible to attract the most powerful and influential of Indian political parties to the side of the King-Emperor in a life-and-death struggle on the issue of which the fate of India depends ; others whose conscience is hyper-sensitive when issues affecting democratic principles are raised are disposed to take Gandhi and the Congress at their own valuation, and would at least meet them half-way. There are people in England who still persist in seeing the saint in Gandhi rather than the astute and ambitious politician ; who regard his voice as the voice of India and would concede everything he demands. Such an outlook misses the hard realities of the Indian political embroglio.

Has Britain no defence to oppose to the Congress indictment that she is inspired by a selfish imperialism in her Indian policy ? To what extent does Congress represent Indian opinion ? Will its defection prejudice India's war effort ? What is likely to be the Congress attitude during the war ? These are questions that at the moment force themselves on the attention. Let us first consider the standpoint of Congress. There can be little doubt that what influences Gandhi and the ' High Command ' is the conviction that now is their opportunity to extort from Britain pledges that would ensure Congress domination in India when the war is over. Their success in the provincial elections, their confidence that they could capture most of the States had inspired them with the hope of gaining control at the Centre in a federation. War might blight this hope. They have little or no influence with the classes possessing military value among the Indian peoples. The Moslems of the north, especially of the Punjab, the Sikh peasantry, the Rajputs, among whom the influence of the Princes is strong, the great land-owners owe no allegiance to Gandhi and his followers ; Congress has alienated the Marathas, the only Hindu people of the south with military traditions. Should the Allies emerge victorious, the men of India, especially the Moslems, who had fought in the Empire's armies, would not be inclined to allow the politicians who had not borne the stress and strain of battle to seize supreme power. War might, in fact, strengthen the Moslem position and make the ultimate victory of Congress uncertain. With British pledges of support Congress could rely on British

military power to overcome the opposition of intransigent minorities. Apparently Congress was prepared to concede to the hated imperialism the merit of keeping its promises.

Ninety millions of Moslems contest the Congress claim. For them a Congress victory over Britain would mean their subjection to Hindu domination, which they would fight to the last breath to prevent. The Moslem League is ready to support Britain in the war. All it claims is that Britain should implement its pledges to protect the Moslems against the dominant Congress party in provinces where Moslems are in a permanent minority. Eighty millions of the people of India, nearly a fourth of the total population, have their home in the Indian States. Congress claims the right not only to speak for the Princes' subjects but to control their destiny. The truth is that despite the recent Congress campaign in the States only a very small proportion of the Hindu intelligentsia in them subscribes to the Congress creed. A considerable minority of States' subjects are backward tribes, outside the Hindu pale; there are, especially in the Rajput States, large groups of landowners and minor chiefs and feudatories not interested in Congress or in politics.

The great community of outcasts (sixty millions) does not acknowledge the authority of Congress, despite Gandhi's special protection. In fact, the well-known outcast leader Dr Ambedkar has recently proclaimed that if Congress will not consider the interests of the outcasts they will ally themselves with some other party. Mr M. C. Rajah, President of the All-India Depressed Classes Association, soon after the outbreak of war issued a statement in which he appealed to the British government not to sacrifice the outcast community to the demands of Congress. 'What is happening now,' he says, 'is that while the British government is becoming less and less imperialistic and more and more democratic, Congress is becoming more and more totalitarian and less and less democratic.'

Indian Liberals similarly reject the Congress claim to speak for India. The Liberal Party is not numerically strong, but it includes some of the best brains in India. The Democratic Swarajya Party of Bombay follows the example of the Liberals; so does the great party of Hindu orthodoxy, the Hindu Mahasabha. The landowning

classes throughout India, who contributed largely to the Congress victory, are now bitterly hostile. All these groups are ready to give their unconditional support to the British government. Here it may be noted that a strong non-Brahmin (Hindu) party is opposed to the Congress government of Madras. In the facts here stated we have unquestionable evidence in refutation of the Congress claim to represent an Indian nation which only exists in its imagination.

A rapid survey of the Congress background will emphasise still further the weakness of its position. For the past thirty years or more Congress has been consistently hostile to Britain. It has drawn its strength and inspiration largely from the Bar; Brahmin and other high-caste Hindu lawyers have been, and still are, its backbone. Its achievements of recent years have been mainly due to Gandhi's leadership, which attracted the support of Hindu financiers and industrialists, without which the movement would have collapsed. Big business to-day is profoundly shaken by its experience of Congress government. Gandhi's merit as a politician has been the infusion of mysticism into Indian politics, combined with the technique of non-co-operation or civil disobedience, a variant of the general strike which made a strong appeal to the Hindu masses, especially in the south, where there is an almost complete absence of military tradition. This novel political weapon inspired a new confidence.

The Indian reforms are based on a partnership between Indians and British. This principle is repudiated by Congress. They contested the elections under the Act of 1935, however, and as a result of impossible promises to a harassed peasantry they won majorities in six out of the eleven provinces; surprisingly enough, they were able to form a weak ministry in the North-West Frontier province thanks to the influence of a local Pathan, Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, fanatically hostile to the British, who saw in an alliance with Hindu revolutionaries the prospect of freeing the Afghan borderland from British control. A little later Congress succeeded in forming an unstable ministry in Assam, where originally a Moslem-Hindu coalition had held office. Thus at the outbreak of the war Congress was ruling in eight out of the eleven provinces of British India.

Officially, as is only natural, the view is taken that on the whole the work of Congress ministries has not been unsatisfactory. That is not the general opinion in India. Consider the position. The British authorities handed over to the new rulers a carefully constructed administrative machine, with a competent, loyal, and well-disposed Civil Service in charge, a machine capable of running itself with the minimum of control from above. Congress leaders were generally men of ability, educated at Indian universities and trained at the Indian Bar in Indian law and administration; many of them had had years of experience in political work either in the Central Assembly or in one of the provincial Councils. Governors were only too ready to co-operate and to avoid friction. Considering all these advantages it would have been greatly to the discredit of Congress ministries if they had failed to carry on the administration with reasonable efficiency.

Have they strengthened their position in the country by their two years of office? The answer must be in the negative. Perhaps, most important of all, they have hopelessly antagonised the Moslems by declining to associate them with the administration. In no case has a representative Moslem minister been appointed. Moslems complain bitterly that provincial governors have failed to protect their interests in order to avoid trouble with the ministers; Congress rule is regarded as a Hindu tyranny over Moslems. The education policy of the Congress 'High Command' inspired by Gandhi is one of the major grievances. It has, Moslems contend, a strong Hindu bias. In particular, the attempt to make Hindi, essentially a Hindu language, the universal language of India, to the exclusion of Urdu, the official language of Islam, is greatly resented.

Their failure to conciliate Moslem opinion is not the only point on which Congress ministries are open to criticism. In the United Provinces and Bombay, for example, they have failed to handle difficult labour problems created by their left-wing supporters. In Assam the Congress Labour Minister gave indirect support and encouragement to a strike in a British-owned oil company. In Bombay the ministry insisted on a higher scale of wages in the cotton mills; labour troubles in the great industrial centre of Cawnpore are chronic, many

of the leading manufacturers are considering the possibility of transferring their factories to an Indian State or the Punjab. In some provinces, notably the United Provinces, Congress ministries have not been able to control their left-wing elements. Congress committees in the districts regard it as their right to dominate the administration ; they interfere in police investigations and other administrative work to the utter demoralisation of minor officials ; provincial committees arrogate to themselves the responsibility of influencing the ministries. It is hardly necessary to stress the inconsistency of such proceedings with democracy as understood in Britain. The system in India is, in fact, taking on a Soviet tinge. The result has been an enormous increase in crime all over the country ruled by Congress. The policy of the United Provinces government of appointing a horde of its supporters as rural uplift workers, mostly bazaar folk with no knowledge of village life, has not enhanced its credit.

It is generally thought that Congress ministries have been too precipitate in enforcing the Gandhian policy of prohibition. In Bombay city, in particular, the scheme of meeting the loss of excise revenue arising from prohibition by a 10 per cent. tax on immovable property has excited strong opposition. Even Bose, a Congress ex-President, stigmatises the prohibition policy in Bombay as sacrificing Parsee and Moslem interests to a fetish which means provincial bankruptcy in two or three years. A common criticism of Congress in office is that it is too free with its use of the repressive laws it denounced so strongly when in the political wilderness. Thus in Madras when the non-Brahmin (Hindu) party strongly opposed the policy of making compulsory the teaching in the schools of Hindi, a language as foreign in Madras as English, the official leader of the opposition in the Legislative Assembly was imprisoned for two years for encouraging picketing as a demonstration against the measure. In Bombay various newspapers were ordered to submit to censorship with regard to Hindu-Moslem questions ; they were forbidden to publish comments on the property tax in connection with prohibition.

The litany of democracy is ever on the lips of Congress. There are many in India who doubt its real attachment to the creed. The 'High Command' is unquestionably

authoritarian. Its policy must be observed by Congress ministries even if opposed to the wishes of the electorate : for example, the Hindi policy of Gandhi was not an election issue ; the ' High Command ' removed in the Central Provinces a premier who had formed a government because in doing so he had acted against its wishes. This, by the way, caused a split between Congress and the great Maratha community, the only people in the south, apart from the Moslems, with military traditions. Such actions are hardly consistent with democracy. The retort would doubtless be that no real democracy is possible in India until Congress has wrested supreme power from Britain. It will then hand it over to the people. Has history ever recorded such a renunciation ?

The ranks of Congress are filled with self-seeking politicians hoping to profit by the spoils of office. That this is so is admitted by Gandhi himself. Pandit Jawahir Lal Nehru, his principal lieutenant, recently expressed himself as appalled by the indiscipline of Congress. Other Congress leaders are equally emphatic. At the recent session of the All-India Congress at Tripuri an official report was placed before the assembly in which the corruption, indiscipline, and looseness of the organisation were emphasised and urgent remedial measures proposed. Yet it is this party, accused by its leaders of gross misdemeanours, that India is invited to follow. To this party the Princes are expected to surrender their authority and their subjects in the name of a pseudo-democracy. It is in favour of this party that the British government is summoned to abdicate—a party whose brief period of rule has been signalised by an intensification of communal hatred, industrial unrest, and class conflicts. That communal troubles stand in the way of Indian independence Congress leaders in moments of candour themselves admit.

The success of Congress in the first provincial elections has, many people think, been exaggerated. In Bombay, for example, it is asserted that Congress had barely, if at all, a majority of the votes cast. Congress is in a minority in the Frontier Province and only formed a government with Hindu support ; a fresh election would almost certainly sweep it away. With Bombay and Assam doubtful, Congress is in a strong position in five only of the eleven provinces, a fact which itself refutes its claim to speak for

India. Indeed, if account is taken of the Moslems, the outcasts, non-Congress Hindu groups, the Princes, and of the many original supporters of Congress who have seceded from its ranks, it is doubtful if it can claim to voice the wishes of a third of the people of India.

What is this imperialism which Congress so arrogantly summons the British government to renounce? Pandit Jawahir Lal Nehru defines it as the exploitation of weaker peoples by the stronger, with all that such an indictment implies. It is, he asserts, because of this cardinal principle of British economic policy that Britain refuses, and will continue to refuse, to place supreme authority in Indian hands. He pours scorn on Britain for her betrayal of China, of Czecho-Slovakia, of Poland. Other Congress leaders assert that the war is a trial of strength between fascism and British imperialism. The implication is that which side wins is a matter of indifference to Congress unless Britain renounces her imperialism.

That is the substance of the indictment. What is the defence? The immunity Congress enjoys in pouring its hate on Britain, its position until recently of almost supreme power in the greater part of India supply a not inadequate answer. Would Congress exist but for British imperialism? The universities which produce the political intelligentsia were founded by Britain and financed from public funds. Britain gave India British justice and the Indian Bar, which has been the school of Indian politics. Even Gandhi speaks of the British system of justice with approval—'built up,' he says, 'by Britain with patient care.' Is this selfish imperialism? There has long been freedom of speech and of the Press except at times when the privilege was abused to the public danger, a principle Congress has followed in office. Is this oppression of the weak? Indians have long been associated with the administration in passing laws and framing budgets; they were given control of several spheres of administration in 1920. Indians have been appointed to the Viceroy's Council and to the Indian Council for the last thirty years. Nearly half the Indian civil service and police and the majority of the higher officials of all other departments are Indian. In 1921 the British government conferred on India practical control of her fiscal policy. Congress used it to kill the Lancashire

textile trade with India, thereby bringing misery and deprivation into thousands of English homes. Was this British exploitation? Canals constructed by British engineers have added between thirty and forty millions of acres to the irrigated area of India, which with 50,000 miles of railway has practically abolished famine, in old days the scourge of India. Have not the poor benefited? The development of the jute industry and of the plantation industries, tea, coffee, rubber, has opened up new vistas of a better life for the outcast, helping to rescue him from economic servitude to the caste Hindu. Nine-tenths of the public debt of India is represented by solid revenue-producing assets. Is there a like example anywhere else in the world? The economic position of India has indeed improved to a vast degree in the last half century; Indians have had equal opportunities with Englishmen to share in the advantages derived. The Indian position would be much stronger had Indian bankers been ready to invest their money in industry rather than use it in exploiting the peasantry at a safe 25 per cent. And, finally, had economic exploitation been the sole object of Britain would she have made it her policy to hand over practically complete power to Indian politicians, knowing that the result would be that her economic position would be strongly assailed? In face of facts such as these is there the slightest justification for flinging the charge of ruthless exploitation against Britain?

Even if Britain had never started on a career of conquest in India, would there have been the slightest hope of the building up of a united India from the anarchy that followed the collapse of the Mogul Empire in the middle of the eighteenth century? Had there been no foreign intervention the most likely development would have been the rebuilding of a strong Moslem empire in the north from Kabul to Delhi and Bengal with a series of small Hindu kingdoms in the south. There would have been no Indian nation, no democracy. And it is more than likely that India would have fallen into the clutches of the Russian Bear. Thanks to Britain, the foundations of democracy have been more firmly laid than in any other country in Asia; thanks to Britain, India has a strong hope with British help of becoming in the near future a self-governing nation.

What rôle will Congress play during the war? Gandhi has declared a period of neutrality, announcing at the same time that civil disobedience cannot be indefinitely postponed. Does he really intend to do his best to paralyse India's war effort, despite the admitted fact that with two-thirds of the people of India on the side of Britain any such attempt must inevitably fail? Does he really intend to risk the future of Congress by a gambler's throw? It seems unlikely. Gandhi is not a realist, but he cannot overlook the fact that he would best consult the interests of Congress by allowing former ministers to reassume office and work with Britain, relying on British support to suppress the left-wing if they attempted revolution. It is not improbable that the 'High Command' will ultimately take this line rather than face red ruin by challenging the British government.

Whatever policy Congress may decide to adopt, it is obvious in existing conditions that Britain could not possibly comply with Congress demands and place it in a position that would give it the predominance over the Princes and the great Moslem community. The result would be anarchy, or at least the neutralising of India's war effort. Political theorists in Britain who study the position could hardly contend that on the merits Congress had made good its claim to speak for India as a whole. The great majority of India is against it and is opposed to its being given the predominance it demands; it is largely responsible for its present difficulties. It is obviously in the interests of India that Nazism should be overthrown; it is Britain's duty as the guarantor of the military position of India that nothing shall be done to embarrass India in preparing herself for the struggle. Practically the whole Moslem world of over 200 million people is giving its moral support to France and Britain. It would be sheer insanity on the part of Britain and a gross neglect of her responsibilities to India to forfeit Moslem support by placing the Moslems of India at a disadvantage as regards the Hindu majority in the future political settlement of India.

W. P. BARTON.

Art. 10.—SOUTH AMERICA AND THE WAR.

IN point of time, Pan-Americanism lies somewhere between the formulation of the Monroe Doctrine in 1823 and the Declaration of Panama in 1939. Geographically, however, its conception and its implications do not extend further south than Washington. Indeed, the only bonds of sentiment really uniting North and South Americans * are what a Canadian writer once called 'the ties of common funk,' though he was referring, it is true, to the bonds that knit the British Empire together. What citizens of the United States and of Central and South America share in common is the desire not to be drawn into any European conflict, and the Monroe declaration of American policy as being one of 'not entangling ourselves in the broils of Europe' finds its echo in the Panama affirmation of the existence of a 'neutrality belt'—a Pan-American funk zone—extending arbitrarily for 300 miles from the coasts of the Americas, within which belligerent activities should not take place.

The Monroe phraseology—'broils of Europe'—is strikingly, almost startlingly *actuelle* in South America to-day. All the agonised conflict of ideas, the bloody strife engendered by revolt against oppression, and the tyrannising of weak nations by the strong—the whole of the long and maddening prelude to the tragedy of the self-destruction of mankind with which we are now faced was often contemptuously viewed by South Americans as mere 'tumult and confusion all embroiled.' As for North Americans, their attitude was often purposely designed to impress the South American nations. It was one of overweening superiority, and, as an expression of self-righteous self-sufficiency, Mr Cordell Hull adequately resumed it when he was in Chile on his way home from the Pan-American Conference at Montevideo in 1934. 'The failure of the statesmen of the Old World,' he declared, 'when faced with fundamental principles, has caused the

* In the course of this article, for convenience sake, the term 'South America' is used to cover Central America too, though admittedly there are many differences between the Central American outlook and that of the people of South America. The Guianas are excluded from 'South America,' as is Canada in the term 'North America.'

responsibilities of leadership to pass to the New World'—a phrase which is rather oddly reminiscent of Canning!

But when the American Secretary of State referred with such Olympian disdain to the 'failure of European statesmen to face fundamental principles,' he apparently forgot, or wished his South American audience to forget, how American statesmen faced those selfsame principles. In the period between the Monroe Doctrine declaration and that of Panama a century later, the United States, pursuing the power policy of a Great Power, not only engaged in the Spanish-American War, but also found it convenient to invade Mexico, to bombard Vera Cruz, and to land marines in Hawai and Nicaragua; while as regards the sanctity of international agreements, the methods by which the United States secured 'control' of the Isthmus of Panama were a flagrant violation of the treaty of 1846 (of which the United States Government was a signatory), by which the integrity and sovereignty of Colombia in the isthmus were guaranteed. That, of course, is past history; but South Americans have not forgotten those and more recent instances of what they call 'Yankee filibustering,' in spite of the fact that the policy of the United States to-day is to give frequent assurances of 'good neighbourliness' to all the Americas, and to declare, as was done by the President of the United States at Christmas 1933, that 'it would no longer be possible to accuse the United States of the sins of armed intervention or of imperialistic manoeuvres.'

On their part, the citizens of South America have been engaged, over the same period, in a whole series of civil wars, revolts, and revolutions, so that it might appear equally unbecoming for them to adopt a supercilious attitude to the 'broils' of Europe. As might be expected, however, that is not the whole story. It is, however, an important part of it, and we must not lose sight of that aspect if we wish to avoid misapprehensions and the disappointment of illusion, for, as regards this war, South Americans are one hundred per cent. isolationists. The average man in the British Isles has no longer any excuse if he does not fully apprehend what the word 'isolation' means when applied to the political views of the citizens of the United States. But the average man has but little opportunity of forming an opinion on either the policy or

the sentiment of other American peoples. He may therefore be tempted to assume that the foreign policy of Central and South American states can hardly be a factor of importance in the present crisis. In any case, he may argue, they will probably follow the lead of the United States. As to sentiment, he will be inclined to think that though Latin Americans may not have any particular affection for the English, they will, as 'Latins,' naturally favour another 'Latin' nation, like the French, and be instinctively against the Germans, whose language and customs are so different from theirs, quite apart from the fact that all civilised peoples must hold the ways and works of Nazism in abhorrence.

If that is the general conclusion of the man in the street in this country—and there is reason to think it is—it is a wrong one. Not wholly wrong by any means, but subtly wrong, because it is arguing right from wrong premisses. Moreover, such a line of reasoning, though perhaps taking stock of many facts as they are, sees some of them in distortion. At the same time, it fails to do justice to the extremely independent attitude of mind of all South Americans towards international problems and omits any consideration of the national characteristics which differentiate—often very strongly—one 'Latin' American people from another.

In view of the antecedents of United States policy in the Americas, the other nations of the New World could scarcely be expected to look up to the United States as a paragon of political virtues in international relations. On the other hand, Mr Franklin Roosevelt's personal popularity is immense in South America. While, therefore, South American nations are by no means disposed to accept the leadership, much less the tutelage, of the United States in foreign politics, the atmosphere of democratic sincerity irradiated by the personality of Mr Roosevelt creates a feeling of confidence in the policy at present adopted in Washington, not least because that policy, as embodied in the Neutrality Act, showed considerable skill in making the best of both worlds—the New and the Old, if not indeed of serving God and Mammon. Then, too, the bill was converted into law by that kind of clever political manœuvring of which South Americans—who are past-masters of it—know all the fine

points. Above all, the act enables the United States (and most South American states follow that lead) to make what mental reserves they like for or against any beligerent, while keeping the shop open to all comers. The 'carry' part of the 'cash and carry' principle hardly affects South America at all, since those countries have no mercantile marine to speak of, except for coastal trade, their international trade being carried in foreign bottoms. Thus South American opinion in the present conflict is in line with President Roosevelt's policy.

In the matter of 'Latinity,' much might be written to show what it should and should not mean, but it would require volumes to explain why it cannot mean even a part of all it is usually held to imply when it is used to designate 'Latin America.' Perhaps the shortest way of explaining the matter is to say that a 'Latin American' is no more Latin than a citizen of the United States is English. Spanish and Portuguese are no doubt derivatives of Latin; but so are French and Italian—a fact which does not prevent all four peoples from thoroughly misunderstanding each other. On the other hand, South Americans are closer to each other in sentiment than Europeans are. They have one common language, Spanish; and in one case (the Brazilians) a closely allied language, Portuguese. Another bond is that their national history, besides being a relatively short one, followed identical lines through many years. Subsequent development was separate, but parallel; again with one exception—Brazil. For the rest, the South American nations offer a striking example of the simultaneous and profound influence of geography, climate, latitude, and environment in the formation of diversified groups of people of common origin, and in the rapid transformation of such groups—all from the same stock—into distinct national entities, each with its highly individual outlook and each instinctively conscious of a nationalism peculiar to itself. In the new-found continent the first common enemy was the native—the Amerindian; but by war and enslavement, by assimilation and the mysterious evaporation of the Indian on contact with the White, the native ceased to be a problem. There remained only Nature as the common enemy to be tamed into submission; and that battle is still being waged against jungle and swamp,

against gigantic rivers and forbidding mountains, against insects and fevers.

Then, too, apart from that common task, the spaces of South America are so wide that natural jealousies have never degenerated into international wars. The worst conflicts have been border frays. There have, it is true, been two full-dress wars; but one—the Paraguayan War—was waged to rid the Continent of a pestilential dictator; and the other—the Chaco—was due not to the national jealousies of South Americans but to the rivalries of international oil magnates who would have been hard put to it to show on the map where Bolivia and Paraguay are. While, therefore, the mere suspicion of an offence to national pride will move South Americans to impassioned—often envenomed—oratory, there is no major issue sufficiently acute between them to cause a war. Such issues will arise only when the press of population is too great for the land; and that day is still far distant. It is for that reason that the most bellicose of South Americans can and does quite sincerely declare himself a pacifist, in spite of the fact that their governments spend far too much money on armaments and the army. Yet, while flattering themselves that they know how to keep the peace on their own continent, they reserve to themselves the right to urge that England and France or Germany or Italy should take up arms for causes which South America academically espouses. Europe is a long way off!

On the whole, however, the average South American cannot see why Europeans cannot settle their differences without going to war or why there must be the constant threat of war between states which occupy such a small space on the map. South Americans feel a virtuous pride in the mere size of their countries. Brazil alone, for instance, is larger than the whole of Europe. But what makes South Americans impatient of international animosities which reach the pitch of war is that all South American nations assimilate foreigners so easily and get on so well with those foreigners in their midst who are not assimilated. South America is still a continent where there is room for all; she can thus very completely 'absorb' a vast proportion of those foreigners who live on her soil, even those, like the English and French, who

are normally refractory to absorption. Within the present generation, for example, there has been a Paraguayan president with a French father and a Bolivian president with a German father. Ministers and politicians of foreign blood are quite a common occurrence, while the greatest contemporary South American explorer is the son of a French father and an Indian mother.

It is because of their amazing tolerance towards foreigners that South Americans are inclined to underestimate the causes of international friction. They may recognise but they do not feel the profound differences that separate one European people from another. On the other hand, the average South American is extremely well informed by his press about world happenings—much more copiously than we are, for instance. The international telegraphic news presented to the South American reader each day is simply enormous; and South American editors hide nothing from their readers, nor do they feel it incumbent on them to spoon-feed them. They print all the news and let the reader draw his own conclusions. Moreover, the South American press carries articles on every conceivable facet of life in every European country, and in a single issue of a typical daily paper the reader may come across articles (to take England alone) on Havelock Ellis, Bernard Shaw, and Robert Browning, besides commentaries on social, industrial, and political happenings here. There are always special articles, too, written by prominent foreigners. Nevertheless, the South American does not *feel* our woes. That is natural, no doubt. After all, he is only an onlooker, for though he shares some of our problems with us, they have not yet descended on him in acute form. Thus, though some South Americans see danger in Communism, others in Nazism, and others in both; though some extol democracy and others condemn it as effete; though some deplore totalitarian ways and others eulogise their efficiency, all these considerations are still somewhat theoretical.

The present European crisis did not take South Americans by surprise, and even the peculiar form it assumed on the outbreak of war seemed merely to justify many of their writers who had been repeating for some time the over-simple sermon that Nazism and Communism were one and the same thing. That attitude

has perhaps less to do with the essential merits of the present conflict than with the fact that many South American countries have for some time past been at grips with troubles of their own in the matter of government. Their regimes, having been originally modelled on the Constitution of the United States, could not but degenerate in many cases into the sacrifice of all democratic liberties and into government by a president-dictator. To this political anomaly were added the economic problems of depreciated currencies, the consequent impossibility of paying full or in some cases any interest on their foreign loans, and the difficulties of finding remunerative prices and large enough markets for their exports. These difficulties have been accumulating for several years, and the present European conflict may well intensify them. In 1914-18 many people in South America grew rich by selling their products to the belligerents at enormous prices: and in recent years there have not been wanting those who looked forward with scarcely disguised joy to the possibility of another war in Europe. But the peculiarly unexpected character of the present operations by land, sea, and air soon dissipated much of that anticipatory *Schadenfreude*, leaving a feeling of irritation that not only would the epoch of 1914-18 profiteering not recur, but trade would actually be curtailed. A feeling of annoyance against both sides in this conflict was created: 'The democracies and the totalitarians,' wrote one newspaper, 'are equally to blame.'

Officially, the attitude generally adopted on the outbreak of war was one of superior aloofness. It was summed up in a speech by a South American president in the second week of September last. 'While we in this part of the world,' he said, 'live in an atmosphere of serenity and friendly contact, across the Atlantic war is convulsing the lives of people whom we admire for what they have achieved in all the domains of progress—people who were our teachers and our guides. Unfortunately, they have found it impossible to resolve their differences without recourse to the violence which constructs nothing, because after the carnage the confusion will be still greater and the climate propitious for new acts of violence.' That is a representative official South American commentary on our woes in Europe: 'six of one and half a dozen

of the other.' It may not bring us much comfort, but it has to be faced if we wish to avoid the grave mistake of taking the neutrality of South American governments for granted and the sympathy of South American peoples with us as a matter of course. Happily, that is not the whole story by any means; and on balance we shall be able to discern strong, indeed predominant, currents of feeling in our favour, as well as a very shrewd appreciation of the fundamental issues which are at stake in 'this strangest of wars.'

Every nation has its legends: otherwise it would not be a nation. For nearly a century South Americans have lived on the legend of their national democracy. In practice their history has been that of government by *caudillo*—a word with an ugly ring in the ears of Spaniards, Portuguese, and South Americans, for it originally signified domination by an unscrupulous, death-dealing, marauding political boss; then, as political life progressed, it came to mean the lobbying devices and other more sinister obliquities of Tammany Hall cliques—of those who either held the reins of power or aspired to do so. Hence the endemic nature of South American revolutions as a periodical expression of the aspiration of the people to escape from political thralldom and to recapture the democratic privileges filched from them by the *caudillo* caste; for legends are more potent than so-called realities, and the democratic legend in South America is a far deeper reality than the apparent realities of government by decree. However long South American regimes of state of siege or dictatorship may last—and in Brazil, for instance, the present dictatorship has already lasted for over nine years—such systems are felt, rather than realised, to be sporadic departures from the political high-road of democratic evolution which all South Americans regard as their historic tradition. That is an elusive aspect of South American political psychology—far too subtle for the rulers of Germany and Italy to appreciate. Their failure was shown in the Brazilian case just quoted. The present President of that country, Dr Getulio Vargas, seized power by a coup d'état in 1930. He did so on a Communist 'ticket'; but in 1937, when he had sufficiently consolidated his personal position, he abolished Congress and proclaimed a new Constitution which

conferred on him all the attributes of a dictator. At once the Governments of Germany and Italy and their press rushed to greet Dr Vargas as a 'new totalitarian comrade' at the head of a 'new totalitarian State in South America'—only to be severely taken to task both by the dictator-president and by the Brazilian press for their uncomprehending impertinence.

Nothing is easier than to make 'an error in the fourth dimension' in forming an opinion about political events in South America. The waters of South America often flow uphill! When we see actual or virtual dictatorships in Chile, Brazil, Bolivia, and Paraguay—to mention only four countries in which a new regime has been imposed on the people by revolution or *pronunciamento* in recent years—we must not be deceived. South American nations wear their totalitarian rue with a difference. As they themselves sometimes put it in talks with their English friends: 'We are democracies in spite of our governments. Is England no longer a democracy because you have for so long bowed to the system of government by Cabinet decree?'

In thinking of South America, therefore, in terms of the present conflict our point of departure must be that the people of that Continent are all profound believers in the democratic legend—so profound that when they appear to depart furthest from it is when they most extol it. As, however, their regimes are in most cases very personal ones, it must not surprise us if their governments are more concerned, at the present juncture, with maintaining themselves in power than with taking a long and disinterested view of the policy which the best interests of their countries might call for. Like the naval gunner in Kipling's story, they are 'temporising till the sights come on,' in the hope that through all the international turmoil they (if they are dictators) or their caste (if they are constitutional presidents) may still be in power when peace returns to a troubled world. That aspect may be summed up by saying that South American governments are neutral no less by personal interest than by official policy.

Next in order of the importance of official influence comes the question of public finance in relation to foreign debt. With the exception of Venezuela, all South

American countries have contracted foreign loans—in some cases excessive ones, dating from the period in the early years of this century when South America was regarded as El Dorado by foreign investors. That applies not only to money sunk in commercial enterprises, but to money lent to federal and state governments. Now, under both headings, the English and the French are in the invidious position of large creditors ; and it is unusual for debtors to love their creditors. Germany has never lent money abroad, so that she is in the delightful position of being loved for her trade alone. In the very lean years between 1919 and 1939 the payment of interest on foreign debts became an acute problem for most South American nations, and it was not uncommon for London and Paris to be pilloried in the press as the home of 'grasping usurers who had already received in interest more than the capital they had lent.' They were therefore 'greedy Shylocks' when they insisted that foreign debts are not wiped out by such simple financial calculations. Payment was in many cases suspended, either partially or totally, and it is clear that the present crisis may afford a welcome opportunity for many harassed South American governments to abandon any consideration of payment on foreign loans 'for the duration.' On that score, as on that of political neutrality, government action would coincide with national convenience, and therefore, to a great extent, with public sentiment.

Thus we have two important elements—strict official neutrality and a suspension of the remittances which should be available to British investors—which may be said to work against British interests in South America at the present moment. And that brings us to the economic aspect.

If we visualise the elements for and against us in South America as four in number, alternating on a kind of seesaw, we may place the two aspects just dealt with—the official attitude and public finances—on the side of our opponents in this war. At our own end of the seesaw we may place public opinion (including the intellectual and artistic life of South America) and the Press ; these are aspects we shall touch on presently. Poised in the middle of the seesaw plank are the economic influences,

sliding now to one side, now to the other, of the central support, so that the plank rises and falls now in our favour, now against us.

It is impossible, within the space of a short article, to give a comprehensive survey of the economic and commercial conditions of each South American country, for, as in all other domains, each country has its own economic individuality. What is common to all these countries, however, is that their economic prosperity depends directly on their export possibilities: for Argentina, grain and meat: for Brazil, coffee, cotton, fruits, oils, and many other products; for Chile, copper and nitrates; for Bolivia, tin; for Venezuela, petroleum; and so on for all of them over a much wider range of products than we have just sketched out.

To take the two largest countries: Argentina depends economically almost entirely on her sales to the English market; Brazil, on her sales to the United States. Germany, France, and Italy are also buyers from both countries, but United States purchases from the Argentine are negligible. Here, then, we have a good example of the seesaw influence of economics on political attitudes and public sentiment in both the countries mentioned. In Brazil's case it is the United States who are the best customer, taking 35 per cent. of the value of her exports—and sometimes more. Next comes Germany, taking 15 per cent.; then the United Kingdom, with 10 per cent.; and then Japan, which for the past twenty-five years has been methodically establishing her settlers in Brazil, and which, from under 1 per cent. in 1935, now buys 7 per cent. of Brazilian total export-values. Italy has never bought much from Brazil, but both there and in the Argentine Italians constitute the largest and best element of land colonisation. French purchases from South America have diminished *pari passu* with the development of the French colonial empire. In her two major products, grain and meat, Argentina sees a rival in the United States, whereas Brazil always sells well over 50 per cent. of her major product, coffee, to that country.

Thus, quite apart from the almost arrogantly independent temperament of the Argentine citizen, it is quite understandable that Argentina always refuses to navigate in the political waters of the United States. Her outlook

is, however, less English than European. Brazil, on the other hand, though fully conscious of her European traditions, obediently follows in the wake of Washington policy. The political attitude of the other South American nations is less defined, because their economic life is not internationally quite so defined either.

Vis-à-vis the United States the Spanish-speaking countries tend to form a *bloc*. In the present crisis they have taken their cue from Washington; but their real feelings are best observed at the periodical Pan-American Conferences. Argentina is such a much wealthier economic entity than the others that she is suspected of wishing to dominate the Spanish-speaking *bloc* at such conferences. But the most interesting attitude is that of the United States delegation, wavering between the rôle of a law-giving Moses and that of a benevolent school-master with a sheaf of edifying copybook texts for distribution. Matters usually go quite smoothly as long as the texts are sufficiently innocuous. 'The peoples of the American Continent condemn recourse to violence for the settlement of international differences'; and 'The American nations uphold arbitration as the best guarantee of international peace'—such texts create no difficulties. Beautiful speeches are made and the resolutions carried *nemine contradicente*. It is when a United States delegate pulls out of his pocket some more pertinent proposal, such as a Pan-American customs union, that the Argentine representatives begin to lead a revolt against the school-master by pointing out that the United States are the most exclusively protectionist country in the world. Whereupon it is Brazil's turn to intervene. She is the only Portuguese-speaking country in South America and she cordially dislikes the Argentine, the citizens of which, on their part, regard Brazilians with disdain. Officially both governments are prodigal in professions of friendship. The Brazilian delegates then take the smaller South American states under their wing and insinuate that the Argentine, by opposing the law of Moses, will sabotage the whole conference. Eventually, however, the resolution about a customs union has to be whittled down to another copybook text to the effect that 'High tariffs are a hindrance to the freedom of international trade.' And so another Pan-American Conference breaks up incon-

clusively, with banqueting and with speeches about letting brotherly Pan-American love continue.

The reason for all this is a complex one. It is due in part to mistrust of the Big Stick and Dollar Diplomacy, for Mr Roosevelt's personal popularity in South America does not mean that Americans or the Government of Washington are popular. 'Yankee imperialism' in the Americas is too recent for that. Economic influences play their part too, for, as we have seen, the United States are not, generally speaking, the principal buyers of South American products.

A word must now be said on Germany's position. Under the Nazi regime she came to occupy an even more important place as a purchaser of South American products than she had done in Hohenzollern days. It is true that she achieved this by the acrobacy of Dr Schacht's 'compensation marks': in other words, by barter arrangements which soon ended in adversely affecting the foreign financial exchange position of all South American countries which could be induced to listen to Dr Schacht. England and France were also adversely affected, because, quite apart from the question of underselling, the fact that Germany 'blocked' so much South American foreign exchange meant that there was that much less available for the payment of interest on loans which British and French investors have made to South American countries. No doubt that too was part of Dr Schacht's plan! But Germany at the same time created a specious advantage for the individual South American seller to her, for she came forward as a much larger buyer than she would normally have been. That suited the seller, because his local bank gave him the local currency he wanted in payment of the goods he sold to Germany. The local bank (usually the Government Bank) saw its books filled up with barter marks entries, but no real assets, because Germany did not liquidate those debts. To cancel them out she undersold her European and American creditors in the local markets, and, by a process of over-selling, built up credits in the local banks when it suited her. Thus she created a vicious and ever-widening circle, by the pressure of which her competitors, British and other manufacturers, were gradually edged further and further away from the South American markets.

Germany could not have used that weapon unless she had been a large buyer of South American products ; but even when her own consumption capacity was too small for the circle-game to be played on a more or less reciprocal basis, she would, when it suited her, buy more than she wanted of certain products—coffee, for instance—and resell the surplus to Hungary or Sweden or some other country with which she was playing the same barter-game. Thus, in the instances given, she could exchange Brazilian coffee against Hungarian wheat and Swedish iron-ore while enclosing all three countries within her economic circle. In other words, Dr Schacht had introduced the beginnings of a gigantic international monopoly of the world's products in Germany's favour, whereby Germany would eventually have become the world's emporium through which the products of every country would have had to pass.

Such a project might seem so fantastic as to be an impossible aim, but the reality of it can be seen in Germany's present plan for a 'Continental blockade of England.' Russia has now been selected as the foundation-stone of this system. There is, however, nothing new in the system itself, which is, incidentally, a purely German conception and has nothing to do with Napoleon ! Germany has for years past been working the system in South America ; she has merely found it necessary, owing to war-conditions, to leave South America in abeyance temporarily and start applying it to Russia. Germany declares to-day that she intends to 'outcircle Britain' not only in the 'strictly commercial domain, but by setting up big Continental clearing banks and exchanges on such a scale that London banking will be a thing of the past.' That 'outcircling' process has been in progress in South America for quite a time, and it is of the highest importance to our present and future relations with a continent where the British investor has placed approximately 1,000,000,000*l.* of his savings that we should be fully aware of it.

All the 'black-listing' of German trade during the last war did not prevent Germany from rapidly regaining her commercial position in South America after 1918. Within two decades her situation there was stronger than ever. We may quote Brazil as an instance, for it is a type

country, since besides her own specialities, Brazil has, in addition, something of what every other South American country possesses in economic resources. She is also a country of growing industries and one whose requirements are representative of what other South American countries require from abroad. For ease of comparison we will take the six-months' period January to June. In 1935, in pounds sterling, Germany took $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions of Brazilian products and Great Britain 3 millions; in 1938 Germany took 6 millions and Great Britain $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions; and in 1939 Germany's purchases were 5 millions, against Great Britain's $3\frac{1}{4}$ millions. United States' purchases, consisting almost entirely of coffee, were more or less stable at 10 millions. This was the position of Brazil's suppliers over the same six-months' period: the United States increased her sales from $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions in 1935 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions in 1939; and while Germany's sales to Brazil rose steadily from 4 millions in 1935 to just under 7 millions in 1939, British trade declined from 2,900,000*l.*—already a low figure—in 1935, to 2,700,000*l.* in 1939!

It will be noted that Germany had considerable balances in her favour each year. In former years whenever she had unfavourable balances she cried *Kamerad*, explaining that 'envious Communist-Jewish bankers in London' had forced her into autarky, and that she could liquidate her debt only by sending more German goods to Brazil. But when she had cleverly reversed the position, as she had by 1935, she demanded that Brazil should liquidate *her* debt in currencies of international value: in dollars, pounds, or francs—the *Devisen* which Dr Schacht so diligently collected in order to build up Germany's economic militarism!

In South America Germany found it easy to use that weapon, because South American currencies are weak. Their weakness is due to many causes, but one of them is that world prices for South American products are low; another is that those countries have difficulty in disposing of their produce owing to the restriction of world markets. Germany's path was therefore easy, and by 1935 she had built up for herself the position of an extremely valuable European client of every South American state. And now the British blockade threatens to shut off the German

market completely from South American producers ! It is precisely at this point that the South American seesaw of influences for and against us appears to wobble dangerously, with the risk of coming down 'bump' on the wrong side ! But it is also precisely at this point that the perspicacity of South Americans comes opportunely to correct the balance. If we have dealt at some length with the economic aspect, it is because it holds the central balance, as it were, in the influences for and against us in South America. We may now pass to the remaining aspects.

In the middle of last August, a few days after Professor Burckhardt's return to Danzig from his interviews with German leaders—at a moment when not only German spokesmen but also Mussolini's press organs were advising Great Britain and France to abandon Poland to her fate, because the Salzburg talks between Hitler, von Ribbentrop, and Ciano were 'a last warning'—it was evident to South Americans that Great Britain's attitude was hardening. Most of them saw clearly enough that war was inevitable. But what is remarkable is that though South American writers have never hesitated to stigmatise certain aspects of 'British imperialism,' they quickly seized on the essential point at issue over the Polish question and showed full understanding of the British position. The editor of one of the leading South American newspapers wrote at the time that what was important was not that England was armed but that she could invoke historical arguments for her attitude :

'A nation,' he said, 'which defended Holland in Pitt's time from a foreign yoke and made war twenty-five years ago to punish the invasion of Belgium, can to-day choose no other path in respect of Poland. . . . The British democracy is a perfectly geared regime, and precisely because of the exactness of its operation it is at times deceiving. The error arises from the way in which the democratic regime is generally regarded as an eternal strife between the government which acts and the masses who disagree with it. . . . The fact that England had (in Pitt's time) become not merely a Great Power, but the Great Power in the world, exercising unchallenged the dominion of the seas, gave rise to the idea of the imperialism of Great Britain, that is, of her tutorship over the peoples. But British dominion of the seas has, on the contrary, been an

instrument of liberty. It has never hindered any other nations from hoisting the flags of their merchant shipping on the waters. The British mercantile marine is no doubt the largest, but its tonnage is less than one-third of world shipping. If, then, British sea-power were other than an instrument of the freedom of the seas, England would be unable to face a league of maritime countries against her.'

England, says the writer, defends herself by defending the weak and by helping them to maintain their sovereign independence; and he concludes:

'England, in the present crisis of her history, has not had recourse to other than democratic methods. And thus she gives us more than a lesson of strength: she gives us a lesson of orderly government. We shall owe success to her if the tempest breaks over the world; we shall owe to her the calm current of better days if, as we hope, the cloud passes.'

From the pen of one of the most independent writers in South America—Dr Costa Rego—that is an admirable synthesis of the kind of intelligent comprehension which it is our duty to cultivate. If certain South American countries have, in recent years, seemed alternatively to favour Communism and Nazism, that is not because they have any real belief in either, but because there is nothing which the quick-witted South American loves so much as experimenting in the application of the latest political craze. Moreover, they have not been too proud to adapt something of what they have seen to be good in both fascist and anti-fascist doctrines to their own requirements. They are, in any case, convinced that their own conceptions of democracy are dynamic, as behoves 'young nations,' the European democracies suffering in their eyes from the fault of being 'static.' France, nevertheless, occupies a special place in the predilections of cultivated South Americans, and of all foreign nations France is *facile princeps* in the appeal she makes no less than in her contribution to South American culture. So strong is that appeal that it is no exaggeration to say that South Americans are confirmed in their reasoned conviction that England is fighting for the right by the fact that France is our ally in the conflict. That is the more important because it has so far been beyond the

capacity of any British statesman to define with any exactitude, much less with the striking force of a popular slogan, the aims we are pursuing. No vivid phrase exists which could capture the imagination of our South American friends. The fact that France is united with us is not perhaps a logical reason why our cause should be *simp tica*. But in the peculiarly undefined circumstances of this present struggle it is much stronger than many more valid reasons might be. Indeed, the political outlook, the economic conditions, and the sentiment of the South American peoples, as we have endeavoured to present them, make it clear that in any approach to them to win their co-operation in our cause we are treading on delicate ground.

But our task in South America is perhaps not so very difficult. We must avoid making a parade of the capital we have invested there, while anything like the shock tactics of the Germans or the subtlety of the French is obviously not our line of country. We must talk with our South American friends as equals. We may be sure of striking a chord of grateful remembrance when we invoke the part played by British statesmen like Canning and British sailors like Cochrane in assuring the political independence of the South American nations. And we must explain how our blockade is merely one of the instruments by which we defend the freedom of the seas, for the blockade is likely to hit South America hardest of all war measures. They will understand if we explain with understanding and sympathy.

The British message for South America is indeed a very straightforward one. It is that whatever virtue may be claimed for violent political creeds of modern times which merely imitate the religious intolerance of Louis XIV's *un roi, une loi, une foi* and whatever diabolic efficacy may be claimed for political doctrines which it is death, and worse, to doubt, what is menaced by such creeds and doctrines is nothing less than the dignity of man—that birthright of the individual, which, in all their chequered history, South Americans have always come forward to defend, regardless of the cost.

Just as France is in South American eyes synonymous with liberty, so England still stands forth as the home of political freedom. What we have to explain is that it is

the very right to think that is now menaced by our enemies, and that just as we uphold the liberty of the seas for the benefit of all, so the historic task on which we are now engaged is to defend the freedom of political thought for the good of mankind. If we can deliver that message with the conviction of sincerity, our cause in South America is won.

ERNEST HAMBLOCH.

Art. 11.—LORD CHESTERFIELD AND DR JOHNSON.

1. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, with an introduction by Mowbray Morris. Macmillan & Co. 1903.
2. *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* By Sir John Hawkins, Knt. London, 1787.
3. *Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D., etc.*, by Hesther Lynch piozzi. Printed for Cadell in the Strand, 1786.
4. *Letters written by the Late Right Honourable Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, to his son, etc.* Dublin. Printed by G. Faulkner, in Parliament-Street, 1774.

IF a man adversely criticise a poem, painting, or musical composition which his fellows think excellent, they in their turn are entitled to demand what qualities the critic possesses which entitle him to pass judgment. He will have axioms, postulates, some criterion at any rate; but it will be best if he have a practical acquaintance with the arts, to justify his setting himself up as an authority upon them. As with objects of art, so with people. One cannot just lay down the law and expect the world to acquiesce in one's self-assumed infallibility. Nothing that Dr Johnson ever said is so universally remembered as his indictment of Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son: 'They teach the morals of a whore and the manners of a dancing-master.' Those who think that epigram to be characterised rather by felicity than veracity, will naturally demand what were those Johnsonian morals which entitled their possessor to appoint himself censor and make this damning assertion. The results of such a scrutiny are curious. From the year 1738 until 1743 this Petronius Arbiter of morals was earning his living by reporting parliamentary debates, at best, with the help of notes. Not seldom they were the 'mere coinage of his own imagination.' Murphy describes a dinner at Foote's when Johnson claimed as *his* a speech attributed to Pitt. 'He took care,' he added, 'that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it.' Am I advancing a paradox when I suggest that Lord Chesterfield would have regarded this perversion of truth as immoral? I think not, and I base my view upon those

very letters which Johnson affected to regard with pious indignation.

'Should you be suspected,' writes Lord Chesterfield to his son, 'of injustice, malignity, perfidy, lying, etc., all the parts and knowledge in the world will never procure you esteem, friendship, or respect. . . . I will recommend to you a most scrupulous tenderness for your moral character, and the utmost care not to say or do the least thing that may, ever so slightly, taint it. . . . The prudence and necessity of often concealing the truth insensibly seduces people to violate it. It is the only art of mean capacities and the only refuge of mean spirits. Whereas concealing the truth, upon proper occasions, is as prudent and innocent as telling a lie, upon any occasion, is infamous and foolish.' (In this ruling of Lord Chesterfield's there is nothing sophistical. Upon its negative side it amounts to little more than Robert Burns' admirable later advice :

'Aye free, aff' han' thy story tell,
When wi' a bosom cronie ;
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell to onie.'

To his detestation of lying Chesterfield reverts too often for it to be possible to doubt that he speaks from the heart.

'It is the man who tells, or who acts a lie, that is guilty, and not he who honestly and sincerely believes the lie. I really know nothing more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous than lying. It is the production either of malice, cowardice, or vanity ; and generally misses of its aim in every one of these views ; for the lies are always detected sooner or later. . . . Equivocating, evading, shuffling, in order to remove a present danger or inconveniency, is something so mean, and betrays so much fear, that whoever practises them, always deserves to be, and often will be kicked. . . . Remember then, as long as you live, that nothing but strict truth can carry you through the world, with either your conscience, or your honour unwounded.'

Are these the 'morals of a whore' ? Yet Johnson's libel is repeated in every encyclopædia, in every biographical article upon either him or Chesterfield, while the latter's solid merit in ethics is suppressed. The late Frank Harris

was accused, whether deservedly or undeservedly I cannot say, of interviewing celebrities without having first been honoured with the pleasure of their acquaintance. In this fashion, it was affirmed, he interviewed Thomas Carlyle. And even so did Johnson report Pitt. In the year 1743 the censorious moralist gave over this style of reporting, which Hall regarded as confirming a statement which Johnson had made to Boswell that he (Johnson) 'would not be accessory to the propagation of falsehood.' Mr Pecksniff himself could not better this! Johnson will not embark upon that stream down which he has been sailing arrogantly and profitably for the best part of five years. So much for the respective attitude of the two men towards truth.

Has moderation anything to do with morality? The ancients thought it had, and 'nothing in excess' was an apothegm of one of their wise men. In this matter Christians concurred with pagans, and gluttony was ranked as one of the seven deadly sins. Mrs Piozzi shows us Johnson as a table-cormorant, whose voracity was unredeemed by the faintest approach to nicety of palate. His taste, appetite, and table manners were those of a coal-heaver. As he devoured his food, his veins swelled visibly and sweat stood in beads upon his forehead. His 'favourite dainties'—the ironical words are Mrs Piozzi's—were 'a leg of pork boiled till it dropped from the bone, or the outside of a salt buttock of beef.' One day at dinner, thinking particularly to please him, she offered him a dish of very young peas, with the anxious query, 'Are they not charming?' 'Perhaps they might be to a pig' was the disconcerting reply. It was his custom to pour 'capillaire,' a syrup prepared from maidenhair or orange-water, into that port which—the phrase is now Boswell's—he would send 'gurgling down his throat.' From boosing punch, port, and brandy, he forswore all fermented drinks and became a pioneer of modern teetotalism. But he was not more temperate. Upon one occasion he was observed to swill no fewer than twenty-five cups of tea at a sitting. He would pour 'large quantities of cream or even melted butter into his chocolate.' His remedy against the ill effects of gastronomic excess was not moderation, but fasting. What Chesterfield would have thought of such ogreish indecencies it is easy to infer. 'There is,' says he

in one of his letters, 'a certain dignity to be kept up in pleasures as well as in business. At table, a man may, with decency, have a distinguishing palate; but indiscriminate voraciousness degrades him to a glutton.' And again '... that riot which low company, most falsely and impudently, calls pleasure, is only the sensuality of a swine.'

Even in the particular of personal chastity it would appear that Johnson was a more dangerous model for the young than Chesterfield. There is nothing against which the latter more vehemently urges his son than 'drabs and danger.' Boswell, playing the sophist, throws the blame for Johnson's street adventures upon Savage, although he artlessly admits that his hero's 'amorous inclinations' were 'uncommonly strong and impetuous,' so that it would seem that Mother Nature no less than bohemian Savage enacted a Mephistophelian rôle. 'I am afraid,' writes Boswell, 'that by associating with Savage, who was habituated to the dissipation and licentiousness of the town, Johnson, though his principles remained steady, did not entirely preserve that conduct, for which, in days of greater simplicity, he was remarked by his friend Mr Hector; but was imperceptibly led into some indulgencies which occasioned much distress to his virtuous mind.' He was 'imperceptibly' led rather far. 'He owned to many of his friends, that he used to take women of the town to taverns, and hear them relate their history, and in his combats with them, he was sometimes overcome.' It was all very human, no doubt, but does this justify Johnson—or his biographer, who was not seldom himself knocked-out by his fair opponents in encounters of this nature—in assuming the rôle *par excellence* of censor and moralist? To the puritan Johnson would have seemed as deserving of a pillory as a pulpit. Contrary, however, to the well-nigh universal practice of young Englishmen in the eighteenth century, Chesterfield suffered the professional siren to sing unheeded. Of Johnsonian amours he professes abhorrence. One cannot fail, under the polite irony to detect profound conviction.

'Many young people,' he writes, 'adopt pleasures, for which they have not the least taste, only because they are called so by that name. They often mistake so totally, as to imagine,

that debauchery is pleasure. You must allow, that drunkenness, which is equally destructive to body and mind, is a fine pleasure. . . . As to running after women, the consequences of that vice are only the loss of one's nose, the total destruction of health, and not infrequently, the being run through the body. These, you see, are all trifles. . . .

And again, without irony, almost vehemently, he reverts to this theme: ' . . . A *man of pleasure*, in the vulgar acceptance of that phrase, means only a beastly drunkard, an abandoned whore-master. . . . '

Sloth again, if I recall correctly, was regarded by our simple ancestors as one of the deadly seven. How does Johnson emerge in this particular, by comparison with the man whose morality he traduces? When still young and beginning his literary career, Johnson stayed with his friend, Mr Hector, at Birmingham. Here he undertook to translate a 'Voyage To Abyssinia,' by Lobo, a Portuguese Jesuit, from the French. The first part of the work was soon done, but then his constitutional indolence took possession of the translator, and Boswell gives us a picture of the future Doctor exerting 'the powers of his mind,' while his 'body was relaxed.' In fact, he lay in bed—not one would think the easiest place for handling a quarto—and dictated to his friend, and 'with the aid of Mr Hector's active friendship' the work was completed.

So it was to be with him all his life. In 1765, after the appearance of the 'Dictionary,' Johnson began to invite subscriptions for a promised edition of Shakespeare. In this effort he was successful, and he was liberally paid. Upon these subscriptions he lived for several years, but months followed months and he found himself unable to brace himself up to the effort. His friends repeatedly urged him to begin. In vain. Years followed years! At length, in a three-canto satire celebrating the Cock Lane ghost, Churchill demanded of 'Johnson Pomposo'—who had, with many others, been led to believe that the spirit was genuine—where the book was, for which he had been so liberally paid, and directly accused him of cheating. Thus provoked, in defence of his reputation for honesty, Johnson at last fell to work, and that slovenly performance, his edition of Shakespeare, at long last made its appearance in October of 1765. Sloth presumably prevented him attempting to qualify himself for this

performance by the necessary study of Shakespeare's contemporaries, whether poets or pamphleteers. His dictionary contains but few quotations from Spenser and Ben Jonson. Of the plays and poems of Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlowe, Webster, Dekker, Middleton, and those others there is no evidence that he ever read a line. Yet without some acquaintance with that 'euphuism' which characterises the idiom of John Lyly it is impossible to understand the full fun of Falstaff's acting before Prince Hal. To those ignorant of Marlowe much of Pistol's ranting is pointless. One must know something of Elizabethan historical plays to understand the bombastic speech of the 'First Player' in 'Hamlet.' A hundred such passages might be cited; while a thorough knowledge of Elizabethan English was a prime essential for anything in the nature of textual emendation. Of Elizabethan humour—so unlike eighteenth-century wit—Johnson has no conception. Neither has he of Shakespeare's breadth of view, but is for ever searching for moral lessons, whereas Shakespeare is engaged in representing life as it is lived. With the prudery of a provincial old maid, Johnson writes of the glorious low-life scenes of the First Part of 'Henry IV': 'The meanness, the sensuality and grotesque follies of the party at Dame Quickly's, could scarcely fail to be felt as something to be abhorred as well as ridiculed, when seen side by side with the qualities of men fervent and earnest in the business of life.' With patronising arrogance he is ever ready to reprove Shakespeare for representing the sensual as sensual or the obscene as obscene. This, however, is not the place to consider whether Johnson was more futile as a critic of Shakespeare than he was of Milton, but to continue our examination of his morality in so far as it may establish his claim to traduce that of Chesterfield.

As regards Chesterfield's disposition of his time, every page of the letters shows how determined an economist he was of his very minutes. In the heat of youth, he never lost the habit of rising early. At whatever hour he retired to rest, at eight he rose, and studied seriously before the claims of this or the other social affair took him from his books. When Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the assemblies, balls, suppers, and the like which the position he held compelled him both to give and to attend,

were never of sufficient force to seduce him from the austerity of his self-imposed routine. Though he had retired to rest at grey dawn, yet early morning saw him in his office, transacting the business of his post. Idleness was anathema to him. 'The value of moments, when cast up, is immense, if well employed; if thrown away, their loss is irrevocable.'

Although no paragon, as we have seen, Johnson contrived to create a Chesterfield tradition, which culminated in the ridiculous travesty, Sir John Chester, in Charles Dickens's '*Barnaby Rudge*'—a shallow, affected fop without either morality or brains. *This*, on the other hand, is the true Chesterfield, from that unimpeachable document, his letters, which as we know, were not written for the public eye:

'Pray let no quibbles of lawyers, no refinements of casuists, break into the plain notions of right and wrong; which every man's right reason, and plain common-sense, suggest to him. To do as you would be done by, is the plain, sure, and undisputed rule of morality and justice. Stick to that; and be convinced, that whatever breaks into it, in any degree, however speciously it may be turned, and however puzzling it may be to answer it, is notwithstanding false in itself, unjust, and criminal.'

Wit does not make a man immoral; we might be listening to Dean Inge! Nor is it only in the abstract that Chesterfield maintains this position; he applies it logically to concrete cases. His son has written him a Latin essay in which he attempts to justify the use of poison in warfare. Chesterfield is characteristically forthright; his reply reveals no particle of that 'glossy duplicity' which Boswell represents as an essential point in his philosophy. The phrase is neat. Chesterfield had, like Falstaff, the gift of making others witty.

'I cannot conceive,' writes Chesterfield, 'that the use of poison can, upon any account, come within the lawful means of self-defence. Force may, without doubt, be justly repelled by force, but not by treachery and fraud; for I do not call the stratagems of war, such as ambuscades, masked batteries, false attacks, &c., frauds and treachery; they are mutually to be expected and guarded against; but poisoned waters, or poison administered to your enemy (which can only be done

by treachery) I have always heard, read, and thought, to be an unlawful and infamous means of defence, be your danger ever so great. . . . Must I rather die than poison this enemy? Yes, certainly; much rather die than do a base or criminal action.'

I will oppose this passage to Johnson's 'Fie-fie!' cries of 'Immoral!' no less than to Boswell's preposterous dictum 'Lord Chesterfield was tinsel.' Had German *kultur* produced, like English civilisation, the *gentleman*, we should not to-day be carrying gas-masks!

But, it will be urged, Chesterfield attempts to persuade his son to contract a liaison with a woman of quality. He does; but it shows a lack of historical understanding to judge a courtier of the 'old régime' in the light of ethics derived from John Wesley. Our pre-Wesleyan ancestors did not regard sexual incontinence with that horror which Wesley derived from the teaching of the Calvinistic puritans. Sir Thomas Browne, that essentially religious spirit, relates with approval in his letter upon the character of a recently deceased friend: 'Cautelous chastity and crafty sobriety were far from him.' What Hume relates of the manners of the Cavaliers, under the usurpation of Cromwell, may help us to understand the tradition which men of high birth like Chesterfield inherited:

'Being commonly men of birth and fortune, to whom excesses are less pernicious than to the vulgar, they were too apt to indulge themselves in all pleasures. . . . Opposition to the rigid preciseness of their antagonists increased their inclination to good fellowship; and the character of a man of pleasure was affected among them as a sure pledge of attachment to the church and monarchy.'

There is no exaggeration in this; and the tradition was still flourishing. Horace Walpole desired to be thought a gallant. A man would have little chance to succeed in the career of diplomacy if the ladies supposed him to be insensible to their charms. A casual glance at the memoirs of such a writer as De Grammont proves indisputably that the placing of some young boor under the intimate custody of some fashionable belle, was the accepted way of improving his manners and conferring upon him that lustre which the high standard of politeness

amongst the upper classes rendered, at that day and later, indispensably necessary. Dons, with their Latin and Greek, might erect a Tuscan understructure of supporting columns; it was left to the ladies to poise the superstructure upon delicate Ionic pillars. The women were an exceedingly important branch of the older university system. To-day women dons read other lectures. To-day the male oaf may go unpolished through the world. We must not blame Lord Chesterfield for not being Wesley. He accepted the system as he found it, and sent his son to the same finishing school which had done much towards making him the most perfectly well-bred man in Europe. Johnson's tedious moral indignation with Chesterfield, with Shakespeare, with the clergymen whose 'merriment' he found 'exceedingly offensive,' with almost everybody with whom he came into contact indeed, sooner or later, springs, unless I am much mistaken, from another cause. Despite his Toryism and High-churchmanship, Johnson belonged to that class of petty shopkeepers who had formed the backbone of Cromwell's army, those 'men of religion' whose fanaticism the Protector fanned as a counterblast to the mettle of the 'gentlemen of honour.' 'Your friends the Cavaliers,' said a Cromwellian puritan, 'are very dissolute and debauched.' 'True,' replied the Royalist, 'they have the infirmities of men; but your friends the Roundheads have the vices of devils: tyranny, rebellion, and spiritual pride.' Was it spiritual pride, perhaps, which spurred Johnson on to appoint himself the Petronius Arbiter of the morals of his day? Or am I dignifying by that appellation the mere humourless egotism which upon some occasion impelled him to 'talk to a dancing-master about *his art*,' although it is inconceivable that Johnson could ever have walked a minuet, or that, had he done so, he could have performed more elegantly than Milton's elephant in Eden, gambolling and wreathing his large proboscis.

But Chesterfield, *teste* Johnson, had not only the 'morals of a whore' but also the 'manners of a dancing-master.' To examine Johnson's manners, as we have his morals, with a view to ascertaining whether his practice lent weight to his criticism would be like kicking a man when he was down. Alone in London, Johnson had faith

in Johnson's good manners. Boswell believed his hero to have inspired Chesterfield's sketch of the 'respectable Hottentot.' Johnson 'once,' says Mrs Piozzi, 'bade a very celebrated lady, who praised him with too much zeal perhaps, or perhaps with too strong an emphasis, "... Consider what her flattery was worth before she choked him with it."' 'At the house of a common friend in London, his host approached Johnson and said, "Will you permit me, Sir, to present to you the Abbé Reynal?" "No, Sir," (replied the Doctor very loud) and suddenly turned away from them both.' When Mrs Piozzi one day lamented the loss of a first cousin killed in America, 'Prithee, my dear, (said he) have done with canting: how would the world be worse for it, I may ask, if all your relations were at once spitted like larks, and roasted for Presto's supper?'—Presto was the dog who was lying beneath the table while he and his hostess conversed. Such was Johnson not seldom at table and in the drawing-room.

'Mr Thrale,'—I quote again from Mrs Piozzi—'had a very powerful influence over the Doctor, and could make him suppress many rough answers: he could likewise prevail upon him to change his shirt, his coat, or his plate, almost before it became indispensably necessary to the comfortable feelings of his friends.' That 'almost' conveys volumes! Such was the personal impression made by the Doctor upon a lady whom we have no reason for supposing unduly fastidious. 'One evening,' she writes, 'in the oratorio season . . . Mr Johnson went with me to Covent-Garden theatre. He was for the most part an exceedingly bad playhouse companion, as . . . the loudness of his voice made it difficult for me to hear anybody but himself.'

In conversation with Boswell the Doctor maintained that it was Lord Clive (of India's) consciousness of guilt which drove him to cut his throat. Boswell, on the other hand, inclined to the diagnosis of Clive's doctor, Robertson, who maintained that his great patient was 'weary of still life': that is, that his natural melancholy was only to be dissipated by action:

'Boswell: "Might not this nobleman have felt everything weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," as Hamlet says?"

'Johnson: "Nay, if you are to bring in gabble, I'll talk no more."'

Singular manners in one who will accuse others of bad manners! But high place has many detractors, and all-round efficiency—above all when linked with good breeding—will necessarily arouse envy; and the rudest man may criticise Chesterfield, provided that it is Chesterfield whom he criticises. This shattering boorishness of Johnson never weakened his title, amongst the vulgar, to deliver himself oracularly upon matters which lay absolutely beyond his province, such as, for instance, manners. Let Lord Chesterfield himself explain what he implies by 'good-breeding,' and my excuse for a somewhat lengthy citation from one of the decried 'Letters,' must be that the Earl—although he doesn't know it—is at the bar, prosecuted before posterity by Dr Samuel Johnson:

'A friend of your's and mine has very justly defined good-breeding to be, "the result of much good-sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted—as I think it cannot be disputed—it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good-sense and good-nature, can essentially fail in good-breeding. . . . Good-manners are to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general, their cement and security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good-manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who by his ill-manners invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilised people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred.'

And again, in a brief but true epigram—epigrams are always brief, but by no means always true—Chesterfield says: 'The scholar, without good-breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.' 'Veneer!' somebody may say. Not in the least; his politeness was ingrain. In his last illness, when he was now sinking, a servant ushered into his bed-chamber an old friend and left him standing. 'Give Mr Dayroles a chair.' These were the dying Chesterfield's last words.

'This man,' said Johnson, 'I thought had been a lord among wits; but I find he is only a wit among lords.' This mot finds a place in every article upon either Chesterfield or Johnson; it is not the less untrue. But before quoting any of Chesterfield's terse and witty sayings, as the readiest way of refuting Johnson's calumny, it may be as well to remind the reader that Chesterfield was only a wit incidentally, as it were. He had many titles to fame. He was an orator, for example. When, to gag Fielding and others who had satirised his government, Walpole introduced that bill by which our dramatic authors yet suffer, which compels all theatrical managers to submit their plays to the Lord Chamberlain for licence fourteen days before their presentation upon the stage, Chesterfield ridiculed its claim both to justice and to common sense. Of his plea against this new form of tyranny, Smollett wrote: 'The speech will ever endear his character to all the friends of genius and literature, and to all those who are warmed with zeal for the liberties of their country.' Hervey, Chesterfield's political adversary and rather foe than friend, yet declared with sterling enthusiasm that this was: 'One of the most lively and ingenious speeches that was ever heard in parliament, full of wit and the genteelest satire, and in the most polished classical style that the Petronius of any time ever wrote.' No anthology of English oratory could be held representative which should omit this brilliant philippic; and if to-day it appears in danger of being forgotten, that is only because, with the progress of democracy in England, oratory itself is becoming a forgotten art. In the House of Commons of to-day a phonologist may study the dialects of the quarry and the farm. Rarely do our statemen regale us with an harangue which is not inter-

larded with vulgarisms and solecisms ; they talk to the many in language which the many understand.

It was Lord Chesterfield again who—having, as a young man, followed a course of mathematical studies at Cambridge—introduced and prepared the bill for reforming the calendar. At various periods of his life he held various offices : amongst them, privy councillor ; ambassador extraordinary to Holland ; and finally, he was the ablest and by far the most popular of all our Lord-Lieutenants of Ireland, and this at a most critical time. England and Scotland were aflame from end to end with the '45' rebellion, and every symptom led people to suppose that the infection would spread across the water to the temperamentally acrimonious Celts. Chesterfield was a fine scholar in Greek and Latin and intimately well acquainted with French, Italian, German, and Dutch. He composed articles for the 'World.' He lived an exceptionally full social life, numbering amongst his friends, over and above *beau monde*, Pope and Addison in England, Fontenelle, Montesquieu, and Voltaire in France. And as though all this were not enough, he amassed admirable collections of painting—we find him writing to his son to secure him a Titian—both for his town house at Mayfair and his country house at Blackheath. He had, indeed, that prodigious scope of intellectual interests which characterised the outstanding men of the English Renaissance, whether the first or second. Despite his multifarious interests, the world allowed him also to be a wit—with one exception Johnson ! The following apothegms are from the 'Letters' :

'Friendship is a slow grower.

'While you study, is it with attention ? When you divert yourself, is it with spirit ?

'Never hold any one by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out ; for if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.

'Those things which every gentleman, independently of profession, should know, he ought to know well, and dive into all the depths of them.'

(This is interesting as showing that a certain degree of learning was then considered a necessary qualification for a gentleman. To-day, one supposes, there is *nothing*

that a gentleman need know !) The following is agreeable from the spirit which animates it : ' No one but a madman ever attempts what is impossible, and whatever is possible is, one way or another, to be brought about.' ' The manner of doing things is often more important than the things themselves ; and the very same thing may become pleasing, or offensive, by the manner of saying or doing it.' The following hits off to admiration a certain type :

' Distrust all those who love you extremely upon a very slight acquaintance, and without any visible reason. Be upon your guard, too, against those who confess, as their weaknesses, all the cardinal virtues.

' It is to be presumed that a man of common sense, who does not desire to please, desires nothing at all ; since he must know that he cannot obtain anything without it.

' Wrongs are often forgiven, but contempt never is.

' You will meet with characters in nature so extravagant, that a discreet poet would not venture to set them upon the stage, in their true and high colouring.'

Like Goldsmith, Chesterfield abominated that loud laughter which speaks the ' vacant mind ' : ' A joker is akin to a buffoon ; and neither of them is the least related to a wit.' There is nothing more self-revealing than an apothegm ; the following shows Chesterfield's essentially kindliness of nature : ' If you have wit, use it to please and not to hurt ; you may shine, like the sun in the temperate zones, without scorching. Here it is wished for ; under the line, it is dreaded.' ' . . . It is by being well drest, not finely drest, that a gentleman should be distinguished '—a ruling, by the way, which might later have served as guide to Beau Brummell, for he studied simplicity and detested adventitious ornaments.

One might prolong this list indefinitely, so seldom is it that one reads one of the ' Letters ' without lighting upon some thought worth expressing and perfectly expressed. If truth and brevity be the essentials of wit, it cannot be denied that Chesterfield's maxims possess both ingredients. If they seem to harp overmuch upon good-breeding, it must be remembered that the letters, as we see them, constitute but one half of a purely family correspondence. They were addressed to a young

fellow intelligent, industrious, good-hearted, but uncouth. His father thought, and doubtless with reason, that the son's homespun style would hinder his rise in his profession, which was negotiation in foreign courts and parliament at home. But it is the grossest injustice to judge of the letters as though they were addressed, like many another collection of epistles, to the general public. So far was this from being the case that their author himself confesses that he would not for the world that any eye should peruse them but his sons. It is as well to bear in mind, if we are to reach a just estimate, that when we read Chesterfield's 'Letters,' we are looking through a keyhole ! If by quoting too freely from those of his apothegms which have to do with good breeding, I have unwittingly created an impression of the earl in his powdered wig sitting upon a gilded settee, and elegantly delivering himself of bon mots to an admiring crowd of patched and powdered belles—of a fop, in short—let me hasten to correct it. Here is a short passage from one of the letters which, if he read between the lines, will suggest to an imaginative reader that the courtly Chesterfield knew a trifle more of the *blackguard world* than is commonly assumed. This unassuming thumbnail sketch is as vivid as Hogarth and a thousand times fuller of vitality than anything in 'Rasselas' :

'Be cautiously upon your guard against the infinite number of fine-dressed and fine-spoken *chevaliers d'industrie* and *avanturiers* which swarm at Paris ; and keep every body civilly at arms length, whose real character or rank you are not previously informed of. Monsieur le Comte or Monsieur le Chevalier in a handsome laced coat *et très bien mis*, accosts you at the play, or some other public place ; he conceives at first sight an infinite regard for you, he sees that you are a stranger of the first distinction, he offers you his services, and wishes nothing more ardently than to contribute as far as may be in his little power to procure you *les agrémens de Paris*. He is acquainted with some ladies of condition, *qui préfèrent une petite société agréable, et des petits soupers aimables d'honnêtes gens, au tumulte et à la dissipation de Paris* ; and he will with the greatest pleasure imaginable have the honour of introducing you to these ladies of quality. Well, if you were to accept of this kind offer, and go with him, you will find *au troisième* a handsome, painted, and p-d strumpet, in a tar-

nished silver or gold second-hand robe ; playing a sham party at cards for livres, with three or four sharpers well dressed enough, and dignified by the titles of Marquis, Comte, and Chevalier. The lady receives you in the most polite and gracious manner, and with all those *complimens de routine* which every French woman has equally. Though she loves retirement and shuns *le grand monde*, yet she confesses herself obliged to the Marquis for having procured her so inestimable, so accomplished an acquaintance as yourself ; but her concern is how to amuse you, for she never suffers play at her house for above a livre ; if you can amuse yourself with that low play till supper *à la bonne heure*. Accordingly you sit down to that little play, at which the good company takes care that you shall win fifteen or sixteen livres, which gives them an opportunity of celebrating both your good luck, and your good play. Supper comes up, and a good one it is, upon the strength of your being to pay for it. *La Marquise en fait les honneurs au mieux*, talks sentiments, *mœurs, et morale* ; interlarded with *enjouement*, and accompanied with some oblique ogles, which bid you not despair in time. After supper, pharan, lansquenet, or quinze happen accidentally to be mentioned : the Chevalier proposes playing at one of them for half an hour ; the Marquise exclaims against it, and vows she will not suffer it, but is at last prevailed upon by being assured *que ce ne sera que pour des riens*. Then the wished-for moment is come, the operation begins ; you are cheated, at best, of all the money in your pocket, and if you stay late, very probably murdered for greater security. This, I can assure you, is not an exaggerated, but a literal description of what happens every day to some raw and inexperienced stranger at Paris.'

Does not this incidental sketch, hidden away amongst the 'Letters,' evoke, as though by magic, all the false glitter of that pinchbeck parlour ? One can smell pot-pourri and the very powder, scent, and paint of the ogling houri as she lounges in her gilded chair amongst her shuffling fine gentlemen ! Chesterfield was too steeped in the main stream of life for his idiom to be other than trenchant. He is of his day, but of ours also. His language is old but never antiquated.

The famous letter which Johnson sent Chesterfield is terse, elegant, but disingenuous. We are tricked into sympathy by its tone, which is that of a prosecuting counsel in a court of law. But what are the facts ? 'When I had once addressed your lordship in public,

I had exhausted all the art that an uncourtly scholar can possess.' One would like to retort upon Johnson in Johnson's own phrase, 'Have done with canting!' In what sense was Johnson 'retired'? He was not a St Jerome in his grotto, with a tamed lion lying over his feet as he wrote! He was a married man who, even in his earliest London days, had never wanted for friends, Savage and others; who dined at ordinaries. He was amongst his amanuenses even while at work upon the dictionary. Then, I say, that he was *not* 'retired.' Why and how had he exhausted all the 'art of pleasing,' when he had 'once addressed' Chesterfield? Was this the sum of all the *savoir-vivre* which he had acquired from an university education and from the conversation of such men of wit and letters and 'the world' as his friend Savage? What hindered him from writing Chesterfield a letter stating that he was at work upon the 'Dictionary,' that he had progressed unto such a point, and that as his lordship had been so obliging as to express his sympathy with the design, he now made bold to remind him of this circumstance, as also of the very great expenses to which he had been put in the course of executing the work? Had he done so, I for one do not doubt that Chesterfield, the friend of many men of letters and a man, as his correspondence everywhere reveals, of uncommon generosity, would have come liberally to the future lexicographer's assistance. I say 'future' because one is a little apt to picture Johnson in the Chesterfield days, as already the 'Doctor.' He was not at this time the author of 'The Lives Of The Poets,' and with his known indolence it might well have seemed doubtful whether the Dictionary for which he was now soliciting assistance was ever destined to see the light at all.

Neither was the publication by which *Mr* Johnson was at this time known calculated altogether to inspire subscribers. It was the 'Life of Savage,' that unhappy Bohemian, more sinned against than sinning, who lived in debauchery and died in gaol! In any case, if he felt himself neglected, the obvious thing to do was to write to Lord Chesterfield and frankly state his case, exposing his financial requirements. But this he never did. He preferred to hug a grievance. 'I have been pushing on my work . . . without one act of assistance': this is

specious. Lord Chesterfield's two most generous eulogiums in the 'World' could hardly fail of obtaining for Johnson's new work many subscribers. One has but to think how much Pope had received, largely from society subscribers, for his translations of Homer, and that not so very long before. It was somewhere between eight and nine thousand pounds. But had Johnson received no other assistance than these admirable reviews from one of the most influential men of his day? The answer is that he *had*. Boswell pertinently quotes the following note as Mr Langton's:

'Dr Johnson, when he gave me this copy of his letter, desired that I would annex to it his information to me that whereas it is said in the letter that "no assistance has been received," he did once receive from Lord Chesterfield the sum of 10*l.*, but as this was so inconsiderable a sum, he thought the mention of it could not properly find a place in a letter of the kind that this was.'

And why could it not? Trifling sum though admittedly it was, it was presumably to be regarded only as earnest of further payments. Nor was it so absolutely 'inconsiderable' as we might fancy to-day. 'When first in London,' says Johnson, *teste* Boswell, 'I dined very well for eightpence, with very good company, at the Pine-Apple in New-Street. . . . It cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny; and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing.' This was in the agricultural England of cheap foodstuffs and no income-tax! A trifling calculation reveals the fact that so far is 'no assistance' from being the literal truth, Chesterfield had actually stood Johnson two hundred dinners with wine, or three hundred without it, plus gratuity to the waiter. Cumberland declares, in his memoirs, that he had heard Johnson declare that for a considerable time he had lived on fourpence halfpenny a day. In this case, 'without one act of assistance' must be interpreted as meaning board and lodging for five hundred and thirty-three and a half days! I do not suppose that such existence would be otherwise than exceedingly unpleasant; still Johnson would have acted more worthily

if he had returned or acknowledged the ten pounds. He did neither.

In his uncritical worship of his idol, Boswell writes : ' His Lordship endeavoured to justify himself to Dodsley from charges brought against him by Johnson ; but we may judge of the flimsiness of his defence from his having excused his neglect of Johnson, by saying, that " He had heard that he had changed his lodgings, and did not know where he lived," as if '—continues Boswell—' there could have been the slightest difficulty to inform himself of that circumstance.' But 'slightest' shows misconception ; there should have been *no* difficulty at all. Was it for Lord Chesterfield, home exhausted after an exacting day's business, to come round, as the saying is, ' cap in hand,' enquiring of everybody he met : ' Where is Mr Johnson nowadays ? They tell me he has changed his lodgings ? '

The onus of notifying changes of address rests not on patron but petitioner. If a man wants my money, I hope it is ' no very cynical asperity ' if I expect *him* to notify *me* as to the address to which he desires it shall be sent !

KENNETH HARE.

Art. 12.—STALIN.

1. *Stalin. A Critical Survey of Bolshevism.* By Boris Souvarine. Translated by C. L. R. James. London, 1939.
2. *Red Eagle.* By Denis Wheatley. London, 1937.
And other works.

M. SOUVARINE'S book is one of remarkable interest. It has, indeed, little in common with the ordinary biographical undertaking; which is usually inspired by at least some sympathy—not seldom an excessive sympathy—for the subject of the memoir. Such motives M. Souvarine would be the first to disclaim. The earlier and more valuable part of this substantial volume is in fact, as its sub-title hints, a rather full synopsis of Russia's revolutionary history; wherein M. Stalin—when and as he appears—is represented as the incipient evil genius of an otherwise salutary movement. For M. Souvarine, who is, as his publisher informs us, a former high official of the French Communist Party and a former Executive of the Communist International, remains to the present an unrepentant Marxist. He scathes, indeed, the political and economic results of this Marxian revolution in terms which reflect, if they do not exceed, the verdict of most sober and independent critics. But he ascribes them either to the posthumous effects of Czarist despotism, the peculiarities of the Russian character, the errors of individual Soviet politicians—to anything and everything, in fact, save the natural consequence of the gospel according to Marx. Yet Lenin, the object of M. Souvarine's profound if discriminating respect, was nothing if not a devoted Marxian. Trotsky, again, claims the authority of Marx for the worst excesses of Terrorism; and the class war which Marx so passionately preached underlies the whole movement.

But though M. Souvarine thus manages to combine, in a single retrospect, the inferential defence of Marxian doctrine with a summary of its disastrous consequences, the real value of his work is neither philosophical nor economic. Rather, it is personal. We are shown the protagonists of the great Russian drama in their habit as they lived—most of them, we observe, are now dead—

with all their hopes and fears, their ambitions and their rivalries, their friendships, which were so few, their animosities, which were so many: all culminating in the despotism which has 'liquidated' them all, save a fortunate two or three.

From the vividness of this portraiture we may surmise a personal experience. No member of the Communist International Executive can have failed to visit Moscow more than once, at least between 1919 and 1925; and must thus have made the personal acquaintance of many among those here described.

Meanwhile his work, being ostensibly a biography, begins in biographical fashion with the birth of its nominal 'hero.'

Joseph Vissarionovich Djughashvili—to give him his real name—was born, at Gori in Georgia, in the year 1879; in the same year, that is, as the Leon Bronstein we now know as Trotsky and ten years later than Lenin. He came of a peasant and but recently serf family; is credited with mixed Georgian and Tartar blood; and is thus by birth, as well as birthplace, essentially an Asiatic.

Intended for the priesthood, he received his secondary education from the ecclesiastical seminary at Tiflis, the capital of Georgia. This he left at nineteen, with the reputation of but moderate literary attainments. He has never, it is maintained, obtained a complete mastery of the Russian tongue; and is said still to speak with a strong Georgian accent. M. Souvarine, however, seems to underestimate his intellectual endowments. Neither a brilliant orator, an original writer, nor a profound thinker, he appears to have at least acquired a plain but vigorous style; and though normally taciturn, is now credited with the appalling capacity of 'orating' for twelve hours at a stretch. While naturally indolent, he yet possesses enormous powers for work. M. Souvarine believes him to be painfully conscious of defective education, and ascribes to this his jealousy of 'intellectual' comrades, his literary ambitions, and avidity for literary fame.

What, then, did 'Sosso,' as he was originally nicknamed, carry with him from his Georgian seminary? Unquestionably the spirit of revolt. Anti-Russian bitterness was rife in a Georgia, forcibly annexed not a century before by her gigantic neighbour. But Stalin never

appears to have shared the local patriotism and local resentment which stirred the youth of Georgia against the Russian Government. Possibly from some latent ambition, he was always a pro-Russian. As a Bolshevik he was to oppose a 'federal' solution of Russo-Georgian problems. And to him Georgia owes most of the cruel sufferings which have marred her recent history. Indeed, he has himself underlined the real motives of his revolutionary career. His own humble beginnings, the example of others more highly placed than himself, and the 'rigorous, intolerable and jesuitical' discipline of the Orthodox seminary drove him, so he says, into the revolutionary camp.

In 1898, at the age of nineteen, he accordingly joined the 'Marxist' Social Democrats, from which party both Bolshevism and Menshevism derive their origin; and became a member of a revolutionary workmen's club. He proved a useful ally: steady, practical, persevering; unlike his Russian comrades, fonder of action than of talk; though endowed with a homely rugged diction which impressed his fellows. He became an early recruit to the compact nucleus of 'professional Revolutionaries,' i.e. conspirators by trade, which Lenin, some twenty odd years before the revolution, was gradually organising. For them, strikes, demonstrations, distributions of contraband literature were all in the day's work. 'Sosso' was soon well known to the police, who regarded him as a calm, resolute, and above all 'implacable' opponent. A police report describes him at the age of twenty-three, as nothing out of the ordinary in appearance; face long and pock-marked, swarthy complexion, dark as to hair, beard, moustaches. A slight malformation of the left foot and partial impotence of the left arm may testify, one fancies, to infantile paralysis.

Valuable as an ally, he seems to have been a man of few friends. From the first he was regarded as ambitious, intriguing, and not a little unscrupulous; and a charge, unproved, of betraying a rival to the police compelled his migration, in the year 1901, from Tiflis to Batoum. There, as before, his revolutionary activities were punctuated by frequent intervals of prison and of exile to Siberia, though under conditions far less harsh than those he and his party were subsequently to inflict. He was

actually in Siberia during the year 1903, in the course of which took place, in London, a fateful Congress of Social Democrats. There Lenin, a revolutionary since his brother's execution in 1887, first evinced his intellectual superiority and his powers as a leader of men. There his brilliant young Jew disciple, Trotsky, first displayed his marvellous oratory. There the more extreme and determined 'physical force' section obtained their 'Bolshenstvo,' or majority; and their breach with the milder 'Menshenstvo,' or minority, became obvious. Bitter quarrels between the sections soon rent the little London colony of Russian exiles. Lenin showed himself a tower of strength among the extreme Bolsheviks, while Trotsky, alarmed by Lenin's dictatorial tactics, became an occasional ally of the less violent Mensheviks.

These bickerings, however, had little interest for the purely practical mind of 'Sosso.' He escaped from Siberia in June 1904; and resuming his former subterranean and unrecorded activities, found little time for those intellectual polemics which he was to criticise, sensibly enough, in a letter of 1911. Party differences, however, involved him, *volens volens*, in their mesh. His temper, naturally hard, must have always inclined him towards the Bolshevism, to which he finally adhered; but Menshevism, which was the order of the day in Georgia, temporarily claimed him. From this time, however, a certain aloofness, which was almost jealousy, separated the exiled 'intellectuals' from the hard-handed and hard-fisted spade-workers in Czarist Russia; for whom the 'Communist Manifesto' had more appeal than the speculations of 'Das Capital.'

Meanwhile the disastrous Japanese campaign and the tragedy of 'Bloody Sunday' (January 1905) precipitated in 1905 an impromptu and abortive 'Rehearsal for Revolution.' Lenin in exile, 'Sosso' still obscure, Trotsky became the hero of this occasion. Rushing to the scene of action, he took in hand the just formed 'Soviet,' or council, of the Petersburg workers; and showed the first trace of those military aptitudes which he was to evince later on.

The Government, for once thoroughly frightened, now proclaimed a Constitution. The causes of Reform and Revolution thenceforth proceeded side by side; the former

symbolised by the meetings of successive, if not very successful, 'Dumas,' the latter by a series of daring raids on Government property, euphemistically known as 'expropriations.' In these, which lasted over some years, it is said that no less than between 4000 and 5000 Government employees lost their lives. Here 'Sosso' was a principal organiser, though never (so malice declared) a principal actor. Banks, post offices, and even private houses were systematically stormed and looted, in the financial interests of the Party. By a bomb outrage at Tiflis, of which 'Sosso' was the planner, the Party, it is said, netted 34,000*l.* Lenin condoned a policy which brought so much grist to the Bolshevik mill, and thus contributed not a little to the Party's subsequent success. But it caused considerable scandal, even among extreme revolutionaries; and it is not, we gather, emphasised in the official biographies of the dictator or of his one-time ally Krassin.

Indeed, very little is known about this part of either life; and Trotsky charges Stalin with having secured the destruction of relevant contemporary documents. Ugly rumours persist of certain underhand dealings; with definite charges of instigating acts or slander which he dared not openly avow. Still, he was forging his way, slowly and silently, into the higher ranks of the party. He had made Lenin's acquaintance at a conference in Sweden near the end of 1905; and had then found himself disappointed by the insignificant appearance and unassuming manners of his future leader. The 'expropriations' no doubt drew Lenin's attention to so useful a partisan; but it was not till February 1912, that, apparently at the instance of Lenin, 'Sosso' was made a member of the newly constituted 'Central Committee' of the Bolshevik section. This committee, having its habitat abroad, at once appointed an executive of two (responsible only to Lenin) as its representative in Russia. These two were 'Sosso,' at the moment known as 'Koba,' and his Georgian ally Serge Ordjonikidze. They at once started for Russia, where 'Koba' assisted in the foundation of a daily Bolshevik paper ('Pravda'), of which he became managing editor.

The situation, from a revolutionary point of view, did not appear hopeful. Trotsky threw over revolutionary

politics and devoted himself to military study; Lenin settled at Cracow. Visited there by 'Koba,' Lenin assisted him in the composition of an article on the subordinate races of the Russian Empire. It embodied Lenin's policy of a single centralised republic; allowing to the subordinate nationalities one right only, that of secession. This article is in two ways important; it was signed by the pseudonym 'Stalin' ('The Steel'), under which the writer has ever since been known; and it delighted Lenin. He despatched his 'wonderful Georgian' to Petersburg, where he was to urge on the Bolshevik group in the Duma Lenin's provisional programme. This was a democratic republic, an eight-hours' day, and the confiscation of the great estates. But hardly had Stalin reached Petersburg ere he was once more whisked off to Siberia, at the instance of the head of the Bolshevik delegation, who was a trusted follower of Lenin—and in the pay of the police. In Siberia Stalin remained till the Revolution, leading, it is said, a morose and solitary life, absorbed in hunting, fishing, and study.

Meanwhile the Great War burst on the world. Socialism was divided. Some rallied to their National Government. Lenin urged the transformation of all 'Imperialist' war into a general 'Civil War'; Trotsky preached peace without annexation or reparations, national self-determination, a United States of Europe.

On the complete collapse of Russia and the abdication of the Czar followed the simultaneous formation of a Provisional Government, at the instance of the Duma, and of a revolutionary 'Soviet' or council of soldiers and factory hands. Stalin, Kamanev, and a friend, escaping from Siberia, hurried south; and seized command of their Party's Central Committee, which voted Stalin into its executive. He took possession of 'Pravda'; and through it offered to support, on conditions, the Provisional Government. Only by a humiliating submission, by abandoning his policy and his friends, was he able to placate his angry comrades; not to mention Lenin and Trotsky. These, hastening from abroad, immediately demanded a thoroughly Marxian reconstruction of society; to involve *inter alia* the suppression of the standing army, the civil service, and the police. How Lenin overcame the hesitation of the more timid; how the

Party seized power ; how it instituted a Government of ' Commissars ' or ministers ; how, side by side with this Government and overtopping it, was erected a Political (i.e. Party) Bureau of four, we all know. Of this Bureau, Stalin was one. He was appointed Commissar for the Subordinate Races ; but became, in virtue of his business aptitudes, the general ' man of all work,' as respects both Governmental and Party issues. Taking his cue in all things from Lenin, his taciturnity, perseverance, and determination, rather than any higher intellectual gifts, made his services invaluable.

In the vast and terrible tragedy of the ensuing civil war but one episode need detain us. When the economic question became acute, Stalin found himself despatched to the lower Volga district. There his position was somewhat peculiar. Technically subordinate to Trotsky, then commander-in-chief, he yet retained direct relations with Lenin. At Tzaritsyn (now Stalingrad) he found in command a comrade of his youth, the already famous leader of irregulars, Voroshilov ; whose relations with the commander-in-chief were notoriously bad. Into the merits of the dissensions which ensued, and which had a considerable influence on the ensuing campaigns, we need not enter ; they are still the subject of furious debate between their respective partisans. We are only concerned with their origin and their results. Old jealousies between intellectuals and mechanics, between exiles and home-stayers had perhaps left their sting ; and what sympathy could one expect between the daring, obstreperous captain of revolutionary guerillas and Trotsky, whose instincts and convictions were those of the professional soldier ? The result, however, is clear : the episode must have increased the friction between Stalin and Trotsky.

The end of the civil war (1920) left the Bolsheviks indisputably masters of the country under the undisputed leadership of Lenin ; and the period between 1920 and his death in 1924, though interrupted by his illness, may be called the Reign of Lenin.

His task was, of course, gigantic. The framework of society had crashed under war, civil contentions, and Communistic violence. Its would-be rebuilders found themselves committed to a theory which laid on them entire responsibility for the whole national economy :

not only for law and order, finance and administration, but also over industry and the land, commerce and transport. Hampered as they were by complete ignorance theoretic and practical, on all these subjects, their philosophy set them at variance with all those classes of the former society who did possess such knowledge. Their experience of life—the experience of conspirators who had lived for years at odds with society in general and divorced from all the normal interests and sympathies of mankind—was the worst possible preparation for the task of rule.

Nor were the men who met to perform this enormous task the super-men whom it was once, in so-called 'Left' circles, the fashion to consider them. If we except Lenin himself, who, under happier auspices, might have developed his inherent instincts and capacities into positive and constructional statesmanship, and the brilliant intellectualism of Trotsky, only Stalin and Dzerzhenski seem to stand above mediocrity. Stalin, shrewd, 'implacable,' silent, had climbed out of the rut by sheer force of will and tenacity of purpose. Dzerzhenski, the Torquemada of Russia, coldly inhuman, with his rare flashes of sardonic insight, cannot, happily for the world, be regarded as within the average.

Stalin, though subordinate to the other three, filled many important posts. Head of the Inspection, he also held two commissariats and a seat on innumerable committees. As Commissar of Nationalities he is said to have visited Georgia, then recently, after a brief spell of freedom, rejoined to Russia by very forcible methods. Stalin's own system of pacification seems to have been harsh enough; but the facts in this instance do not seem to have reached Lenin.

The rising importance of Stalin seems to have excited not a little resentment. For rivalries in the upper ranks of the Party, though carefully concealed from the rank and file, continued rampant. Where all other modes of distinction and means of self-preservation are eliminated, the lust of power becomes an obsession. It was a common jealousy of the brilliant, arrogant Trotsky—a jealousy by no means diminished by disputes on the subject of trade unions—which induced a precarious alliance between Stalin and two of the original Bolsheviks,

Kamenev and Zenoviev. In order to counter Trotsky's influence with the party, this Troika—or, as we might say, triumvirate—contrived to manoeuvre Stalin into the apparently modest post of Party Secretary. They little knew to what heights this would prove the stepping-stone.

Lenin had already emphasised the importance of selection boards. But the ruling committees met comparatively seldom, and in the intervals the power of appointment vested in the Secretary. In an area so vast and with such imperfect means of communication as that of Russia, the possibility of influence lessened with every league's distance from the capital. To neutralise a rival or ruin an enemy, it was only necessary to select him for a distant provincial post. Stalin, sitting, as M. Souvarine so aptly phrases it, at the Kremlin chess-board, could thus move the pieces at his will from Murmansk to Samarcand and from Leningrad to Vladivostock. Within a few years he had silently transformed the 'lay-out' of that same board to suit his own ambitions.

The arrangement met with no opposition from Lenin ; but he soon seems to have become apprehensive of the consequences. Early in 1922 the question of the subordinate nationalities came again to the fore ; the issues of Centralisation versus Federation had to be faced. Lenin, originally a strong 'Centralist,' now leaned towards a Federal solution ; the Commissar for Nationalities, who was later on to create a nominally Federal Constitution, now declared for Centralisation. High words ensued ; Lenin appears to have charged Stalin with what we may describe as Russian 'imperialism' ; Stalin retorted that Lenin's 'National Liberalism' threatened danger to Communist unity. How far this difference caused a coolness between them we cannot tell ; for within a short time Lenin was laid aside by a preliminary stroke of paralysis. He was unable to conduct business for several months.

During this interval Stalin seems to have returned to Georgia ; where he, with his friend and fellow Georgian, Ordjonikidze, are said to have behaved themselves with brutal severity. The Georgians finally appealed to Lenin, who by that time had partially recovered.

Whatever estimate we may form of Lenin as a politician, his disinterestedness cannot be questioned; his ambitions, whatever their nature, were in essence impersonal. Nor, although not quite immune from the callousness engendered by the postulate of Class War and although ready to leave questions of police (which meant the 'Cheka' and the 'Terror') to the iron hands of Dzerzhinski, was he utterly devoid of humanitarian sympathies. The 'Bashi-bazouk' tactics by which the peasantry were being coerced had already drawn from him strong and frequent reprobation. At this time, moreover, illness may have contributed to soften a nature congenitally hard, or so made by hard experience. Be this as it may, a certain pathos attaches to the history of his last few weeks. Knowing himself doomed, he was obsessed by care for the future of the Party and the country. Had he, we wonder, a suspicion that the gospel according to Marx may not contain all that is necessary for political salvation—that circumstances, experience, and human nature itself have something to teach us? His growing insistence on the need for *knowledge* and *study* might seem to point that way.

In any case, this at least is clear; the complaints of the Georgian delegates had greatly shocked him. Moreover, he had been investigating the affairs of the Inspection; where he had seemed to find traces of gross mismanagement by Stalin. He began to consider with anxiety the future leadership of the Party; and set down his views in the curious Notes, suppressed at the time of his death, but known generally as the Testament of Lenin.

Two men only could be considered 'in the running'; and the relations between them were known to be strained. Moreover, to both serious objections attached.

In Trotsky, whom he held to be the ablest member of the Party, he traced an excessive self-confidence and an outlook too purely 'administrative,' i.e. bureaucratic.

On the other hand, he had come to recognise that Stalin as Secretary General had concentrated in his own hands 'an enormous power'; and he doubted whether Stalin knew 'how to manage that power with sufficient caution.' He thought him too 'churlish' (*grub*), a fault of no consequence among friends, but 'insupportable' in

a General Secretary ; and he advised that he should be replaced by someone 'more patient, more loyal, more polite, more attentive, less capricious.' Elsewhere he referred again and again to the 'persecution' of the Georgian Communists ; and his last act, before his final seizure, was the dictation of a note to Stalin breaking off all further commerce between them. Such, at any rate, is M. Souvarine's version of the affair.

He never recovered his powers ; and the interval before his death, in January 1924, was a period of rancorous underground intrigues among his possible successors.

His death intensified the struggle ; and M. Souvarine unravels in great detail the astute manoeuvres by which M. Stalin contrived to 'burke,' for a time, the so-called Lenin Testament, and to oust one by one, like a broad-shouldered cuckoo, the remaining elderly nestlings from their Kremlin nest. One by one rivals disappeared ; Trotsky, the ablest, proving unexpectedly weak. Some of his wavering may have been due to ill health ; more to the instability of a character brilliant and resilient rather than strong. Far quicker and more intelligent than his rival, he lacked his ponderous immobility, his solid weight ; it was a Lewis gun against Big Bertha. His imprudence, moreover, equalled his brilliance ; he gave his adversaries every possible advantage over him. Gradually forced out of one post after another, he was finally driven into exile in 1928.

The Man of Steel had conquered ; and his fiftieth birthday was celebrated, two years later, with honours more than Imperial and a more than Asiatic adulation.

To what we may call the Reign of Stalin M. Souvarine devotes the remaining chapters of his work ; which are, we think, of less value than the earlier sections. They do but retrace ground recently covered by such writers as Chamberlin and Sir Walter Citrine, A. Smith and Eugene Lyons ; and while confirming their censures, add little that is new. Moreover, M. Souvarine's animus against the dictator becomes more and more obvious ; rendering the narrative less judicial in tone and more purely rhetorical in style.

For the evils on which M. Souvarine expatiates are only in part attributable to the personality of the ruler. We are tired of hearing that omelettes are dependent on

broken eggs; it is equally important to remember that cartfuls of eggs may be smashed without producing the omelette. The creed which postulates class war as the one inevitability of history, which treats property as a crime and possessors as criminals, which considers destruction as the indispensable prelude to reform, and whose economics are based on premises, upon the faith of which no practical man would dare to start a hen-run, must necessarily entail disaster.

For what is it about M. Stalin that arouses M. Souvarine's animosity? Has he not completed the Marxian tasks which Lenin set himself? Are not Russian Industry, Transport, Agriculture, and Distribution completely 'Socialised'? If the results disappoint or displease M. Souvarine, why blame M. Stalin? If his brutality disgust M. Souvarine—and indeed, it might be possible to describe M. Stalin as the incarnation of Brute Force and Primitive Subtlety—with what save brutality does M. Souvarine expect to obtain the complete suppression of the most formative instincts in human nature? Is the Narcomvnudel of Stalin more ruthless than Dzerzhinski's Cheka? Is forced Collectivisation any worse in essence, though it may have been less in extent than the expropriation of crops? Was not 'Lenin's famine' of 1920 even worse than 'Stalin's famine' of 1933? If Stalin found himself compelled by the consequences of his policy to issue his 'Giddiness from Success' proclamation, if he has been forced to make some concessions to the demands of the Family, and to the principles of private property, if he has bowed to the principles of 'democracy' by a mock Constitution, was not Lenin driven to a similar volte face in the 'New Economic Policy.' Was the orgy of blood and terror which followed on the assassination of Kirov in 1933 any worse than the orgy of blood and terror which followed on the assassination of Uritsky in 1918? There is of course in this case a distinction which for M. Souvarine seems to be crucial. The victims of 1918-24 were 'Whites'; those of 1934-8 (since few 'Whites' remained to kill) very largely 'Reds.'

On one aspect of M. Stalin's policy which has a poignant interest to-day M. Souvarine shows little concern. The foreign policy of M. Stalin seems to have

much in common with that of Herr Hitler. The first object of both would seem to be the avoidance of a war on two fronts, and in this so far each seems to have succeeded. The second object of both is presumably to recover and if possible extend their countries' frontiers as they stood in 1914. The third object of either is to impose on all recovered or newly acquired populations his own 'ideology.' Circumstances and the natural trend of M. Stalin's interest fixed his attention first on Asia. The attempt to Bolshevise China has not proved ultimately advantageous to Russia, and its repercussion on China has been, as M. Souvarine says, terrible. But by the practical annexation of two vast Chinese dependencies, Sin Kiang and Northern Mongolia, M. Stalin has fulfilled the Central Asian dreams of Tsarist days. Russia now marches, not only with Iran, Irak, and Afghanistan, but with the Indian Himalayas, with Thibet, with Southern Mongolia, and with western Manchuria.

Meanwhile in Europe M. Stalin's non-aggression pacts with the border states which were once Russian territory showed an at least provisional willingness to respect the terms of the Brest-Litovsk and other treaties, and to acquiesce in the existence of a chain of buffer states between the Russian and German frontiers. Whether that policy might have become permanent cannot be said. It was at any rate completely shattered by the obviously aggressive policy of Herr Hitler. M. Stalin, after his wont, saw all the possibilities of the situation. The modest attempts of Great Britain and France to create a purely defensive bloc had no attractions for him. It paid him better to come to terms with Herr Hitler; surrender to him western Poland; and to receive in return a free hand from the Arctic to the Balkans. At what cost in possible human suffering one does not dare to think. Finland does well to resist. There M. Stalin is moved not merely by political ambition but revenge; vengeance for that country's revolution of 1920, which Bolshevism continues to describe as the 'White Terror.'

So once more the saturnine chess player has won his game. He has sacrificed a pawn and given check to the king.

H. C. FOXCROFT.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

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| A History of Wales. Sir John Edward Lloyd. | Victorian Snapshots. Paul Martin. |
| Welsh Life in the 18th Century. Sir L. T. Davies and Averil Edwards. | A Painter's Pilgrimage. A. S. Hartrick. |
| The Church of England. Bishop Hensley Henson. | Painting in England. Mary Chamot. |
| Oberland Dialogues. Douglas Fawcett. | Self-Portrait. Charles Ricketts. |
| The Seasons and the Farmer. F. Fraser Darling. | Ruskin the Painter. J. Howard Whitehouse. |
| A Perpetual Memory. Sir Henry Newbolt. | The Danger of Being a Gentleman. Harold J. Laski. |
| History of the English Novel. Dr Ernest Baker. | Dusty Measure. Sir Thomas Montgomery-Cuninghame. |
| Jack and Jill. Ernest Weekley. | Saint-Just. J. B. Morton. |
| The March of Literature. Ford Madox Ford. | Half-Breed. Lovat Dickson. |
| | North Cape. F. D. Ommamney. |
| | Tales from the Saxon Shore. S. L. Bensusan. |
| | A Premium upon Falsehood. G. G. Coulton. |

SURELY the Welsh have been a very fortunate people through the historians, legendary, romantic, and scientific in turn, who have told their wild, vigorous story. After the influence of the bards and the harpists it is well to come to the realities of Welsh times as Dr Sir John Edward Lloyd presents those eloquently and fully in these two volumes, which through their proved excellence have reached a third edition, 'A History of Wales from the Earliest Times to the Edwardian Conquest' (Longmans). In the beginning the story is uncertain, for we are back with the Paleolithic and then are in the Bronze Age, with tribes wandering, finding their feet and places in the sun, until they have found them. The Irish element in due course appeared in Wales, and between those Celts the main difference seems then to have been in the use of 'Map,' the Welsh form, and 'Mac.' Already there was that distinction. Those visitors in time went and Wales began to find its voice and personality; but for years was so divided and weak that it was glad even then to use an English alliance for self-protection, as later in the days of the great Alfred, whose stature is shown enlarged and yet still natural in these pages, when Wales took refuge under his Wessex as under a shield. Wales, however, had its own natural manly strength and soon was sending forth warriors, who, in the ways of such aspirants, failed as well

as won. But some were soon shown to be of heroic proportions, as Owain and Gruffyd and other heads of proud clans. Yet England was a constant menace, and although the Welsh fought doughtily against Henry II and John, they lost their freedom under the 'lesser and the last of the Llywelyns.' The result was inevitable, and because of the divisions in Wales seems not to have been over-tragical. Before that conclusion, however, we have a colourful account of the great Llywelyn, the supreme hero of the wild land; who, although he did not call himself the Prince of Wales had more right to the title than any who had gone before the Welsh conquest. Yet he used the imaginative name of Prince of Snowdon. His outstanding worth is proved. Had Wales been really loyal to and united under him, her freedom might have been unassailable. In this work historical care is merged with as much personal action as is possible in the space; and although that is not a great deal, the story of how Joan, Llywelyn's loved and worthy wife, fell away from her loyalty to him so that her lover was left dangling, is told in a manner which shows how well Sir John Lloyd could tell the romantic side of his story when time and the occasion permit. Behind those people all the time the reader is conscious of a great moral, together with a natural gallantry of spirit and poetry of soul; and it is well in this association to recall the brave words used by an old Welshman to Henry II, who had questioned him.

'I doubt not that now, as oftentimes of yore, this race of mine may be brought low and much broken by the might of English arms. Yet the wrath of man, if God's anger be not added, will never utterly destroy it. For I am persuaded that no other race than this or no other tongue than this of Wales, happen what may, will answer in the great Day of Judgment for this little corner of the earth.'

Except for the marked characteristics of its people as we have just seen—and a highly important qualification it is—'Welsh Life in the Eighteenth Century' (Country Life) was very like the conditions of the rural parts of England during the hundred years which ended in 1800. There was a very low standard of comfort with much poverty, want, illiteracy, and harshnesses suffered

with some protests, but also with great patience. The general labourer's wage during that time, which just preceded the Industrial Age, was less than a shilling a day without victuals, and was earned without any restrictions of hours. It is not surprising, therefore, that no great measure of happiness was enjoyed by the people; who found, however, their most helpful comfort then in the solemnities and fervent preachings of religion. Art and poetry were almost extinct, though the people possessed and practised their national gift of song. Sir Leonard Twiston Davies and Miss Averyl Edwards, the authors of this volume, have summarised fully and well the main tendencies of the Welsh people during the century under study, and included in their survey a valuable chapter on their folklore, from which we discover that the fairies were not altogether inimical and feared as they seem to have been with the Irish; but, in Glamorgan at least, were beneficent—the Mother's Blessing.'

Bishop Hensley Henson, in the introduction to his new book '**The Church of England**' (Cambridge University Press), expresses the doubt whether with his strong views in favour of Disestablishment he is the right person to write on the subject. Not a few readers also will have their doubts, in spite of the conspicuous ability, fair mindedness, and interest with which Dr Henson deals with the Church. The Establishment affects so many matters in the Church that the author's strong views of necessity are a line running through the whole book. Of Dr Henson's devotion to the Church there can be no doubt, nor of his powers of criticism, and in the desire not to show undue partiality it is possible to overstress the position of candid friend. The Church's many difficulties, failures, and handicaps are frankly and freely dealt with, not only as arising from Establishment but from Erastian tendencies, lack of popular appeal, small electoral rolls, illegal ceremonies openly indulged in, the problem of the parson's life tenure of his benefice, and the consequent difficulty of removing square pegs from round holes; the personal qualities of the parson (the large majority of the clergy, the author says, are now neither 'gentlemen' nor 'scholars'), the declining value of church schools, the universal decay of religious influence in the secular world, social and political—all these are boldly dealt with, but

how very little we are told of the great work that the Church is still doing day by day and year by year. In town and country, slum and village, large numbers of noble-hearted clergy are doing their duty splendidly. Churches are still being built, missions started, new educational schemes fostered, and deep and beneficent theological study being carried on. Yet how distressingly little this is alluded to in Dr Henson's book, though no picture of the Church is complete without it. The book is bracing and salutary in its criticisms for members of the Church; but does it not give those outside some reason to scoff, when so eminent a leader of the Church finds such small occasion for praise? Of course Dr Henson does not mean his work to have this effect, but it will be created for many to a sad degree. All the same the book is a notable work, instructive, illuminating, well reasoned, and worthy of the high reputation of the author.

Eight years ago Mr Douglas Fawcett published 'Zermatt Dialogues' in which in the exalted setting of the Alps he and a group of friends discussed several distant and peculiar aspects of existence. He has followed that with 'Oberland Dialogues' (Macmillan) which is in many ways an improvement on its predecessor, for his team is a better one and actually includes a pre-war Nazi professor who, however, in representing reality on the whole is by no means allowed the best of it and sometimes seems treated with but doubtful courtesy. Everything, almost, of a philosophical character seems to some degree to be discussed in this compact volume, but its main purpose is to exploit 'the imaginist interpretation of life,' and although it is asserted that these hypotheses and suggestions are only to be countered with difficulty or not at all, that is not the only instance in which vast abysses are leapt in the arguments and questions begged. Imaginism, it may be explained, is the view that 'the Fons et Origo of Being, God, the World-Ground or World-Principle, that from which, directly or indirectly, all phenomena proceed, resembles not (as Hegel believed) what we call reason, but that veritable outlaw of academic philosophy, *concrete imagining*.' It is futile to endeavour to criticise particularly the general tendencies of thought in this book, as our poor lonely (he was still pre-war) Nazi Professor Karl Wortvoll discovered, but among the most

determined discoveries resulting from these discussions in the High Alps is that the soul is independent of the physical body and has at any rate three lives, while it may also have had earlier many lives not open to our inspection. How far a book of such weirdly widespread interests can be really helpful in these days it is hard to say ; but as in the course of their discussions our philosophers treat incidentally not only of God as 'divine imagining,' and no sublime mathematician, as they vigorously deny, but also have concern for the evolution of the biologist's organisms, of many aspects of physics, and of the results of the great discoveries of Darwin, possibly in the bitter realities of war-time many people will be glad through these pages to escape to conditions which seem very far removed from this noisy world.

The Cambridge University Press has published a most useful and attractively produced book for children, '**The Seasons and the Farmer**,' by F. Fraser Darling. This gives in simple language information about the land, animals, plants, and crops in the four seasons of the year so far as they affect the farmer. The Ploughman and the Sower, the Shepherd and his Sheep, the Growing Crops, the Harvest and the Reaper, Gleaning the Root Crops, the Falling Leaf, the Stackyard, Cattle in the Byre, and Work in Field and Hedgerow are some of the chapter titles which show the scope of the work, though it only runs to about seventy pages in all. The woodcuts from drawings by C. F. Tunnicliffe are a very real adornment. This is the kind of book which should be given to children who, thanks to the war, are seeing more of real country life than they have done before, and country life in one place, without the restless changes which petrol makes possible. If love of the land rather than boredom can be instilled into the young much good will come out of present evil times.

This aftermath of Sir Henry Newbolt's verse, entitled '**A Perpetual Memory and other Poems**' (Murray), is the more welcome because it tends to enlarge his personality in the thoughts of those who knew him as well as in the quality of his large body of verse. It is introduced by two loving personal sketches by Mr Walter de la Mare and Newbolt's son-in-law, Mr Ralph Furse, showing him as a gracious and attractive figure in the home atmosphere and

in some ways different from what he sometimes seemed in the world that comes-and-goes. Then he sometimes showed ungraciousness and a self-centredness which made some even of his admirers feel that he had missed spiritual greatness. Relieved from the rigid restrictions of ballad-making, riming, and so on, in this little book, Newbolt has used the opportunities of verse more freely and expressed thoughts of a maturity, depth, and sweetness which manifestly were impossible to him in his drum and trumpet and galloping days. Two quatrains have especial beauty. The first gives the title to the book and was written on Good Friday, 1915.

' Broken and pierced, hung on the bitter wire,
By their most precious death the Sons of Man
Redeem for us the life of our desire—
O Christ how often since the world began ! '

The other poem, ' the Deliverers,' is a translation of the inscription placed on a Monument on Helles in 1930.

' The life they laid within God's hand
They kept ; all else they gave.
Now are all lands their fatherland,
All earth their hallowed grave.'

A task, in its conception as in its thoroughness and workmanship considerable, is completed with the tenth volume of Dr Ernest Baker's, ' **History of the English Novel** ' (Witherby) ; an achievement which merits gratitude, congratulations, and praise. In this volume, which treats of the more prominent novelists of ' Yesterday,' the Author studies in thoughtful detail and without prejudice Conrad, Kipling ; the Scots group, with Barrie and that wooden sentimentalist ' Ian Maclaren ' among them ; Mrs Oliphant, Katharine Mansfield, and other of their recent sisters in the art and craft of fiction ; Butler, H. G. Wells, and their rival satirists and utopians ; Arnold Bennett, Galsworthy, and, lastly, in his relentless force and passionate determination towards reality, D. H. Lawrence. That plain enumeration of subjects shows the very wide range covered by Dr Baker in his researches and valuing ; and lacking the space to treat his views in any particular we can only generally admire the breadth of judgment and wit that have gone to his task. Obviously

some of his opinions are other than ours ; while his views are affected already by the altered values which even a few brief years must bring to some accepted novelists. But it is certain that in the vast and varied subject treated by this history no one could be more sincere and scrupulous, careful and safely instructive than Dr Baker has proved himself. Among the many effects of this cyclopædic work this truth outstands ; that the greatness of English fiction, the novels and stories written in our language, is revealed. Not all, and it may be that few, of the bright stars of this volume will shine to the public gaze with long-sustained light, but yet they have some permanence and at least are free from the tricks and shallowness which have caused Dr Baker cheerily to call Hall Caine and Marie Corelli ' imposters.'

When Professor Weekley starts one of his word-chases there is bound to be good hunting, for he not only brings knowledge to his search but an impressive catchable enthusiasm. He enjoys himself and his readers soon are sharing his enjoyment. In ' Jack and Jill ' (Murray) he has taken a holiday by studying our Christian names, and naturally makes it an attractive study. His range of references is extraordinarily wide, including practically the whole of our poets as well as the names recorded in and gathered from history and those of the Old and the New Testament. At one time undoubtedly the Bible provided the largest number of names for the new-born children, and it is curious to note how the Puritans at least in the beginning avoided using New Testament names because they were largely of saints and therefore to their stern vigour unclean ; while, on the contrary, Churchmen preferred the New Testament, and so we come to the use of such charming names as Dorcas and Priscilla. He brings out the persistence of certain names in certain families, and at the same time in contrast pours a little cold water on later fashions over names that are more or less pretty-pretty and nothing else. Flower names seem to him now on the down grade, and although he instances Daffodil and Orchid as unlikely now to be met with, he accepts Mr Bernard Shaw's Begonia Brown as too good to be true, but has to remember that Meredith's Rhoda Fleming's sister bore the awkward name of Dahlia. One thing he finds comfort in, and that is that if people don't

like their names they can easily change them, as was the case with the historic but ungainly case of Mr Joshua Bug, who by an advertisement in the 'Times' of 1862 announced his intention in future of being known as Mr Norfolk Howard.

If the late Ford Madox Ford's lengthy essay, as it may well be called, '**The March of Literature**' (Allen & Unwin) be taken as the pleasant irregular talk of a clever but somewhat superficial man, then those who knew its author will enjoy its perusal, for here he is in it with his flowing graceful utterance and paddling depths of feeling and thought. As an adequate survey of world-literature, the art which 'is the product of all humanity from the beginning of time,' it lacks, however, the credentials and the principles, as is shown, among other ways, by its author's blunt confession that he dislikes Milton, and the way in which he effectually ignores that essential poet and others, Bunyan and Blake amongst them, who marked with their influence the glowing flow of our English tributary to the universal stream. To be blind to so much that is significant and representative suggests the imperfect guide; the more so as it is Mr Ford's favourite device in the free-lance way to gird at the authorities, the 'professorio-academic pack,' in the universities of whom numbers are 'completely uninspired commentators on the texts of their inspired predecessors.' Partly true as such judgment may be, even the plodding accuracies of the professorial are more helpful than the slick self-assurance with freakish wanderings which has led Mr Ford into the mire; as when he takes Goldsmith's 'Natural History' as probably his best work and throws acid scorn on 'The Vicar of Wakefield'; prefers to use Dryden's translation of Virgil to any other; and in a brief catalogue of the 'omniscient works of humanity,' classes the great and little testaments of Villon with the Odyssey, the Bible, 'Ædipus Tyrannus,' and the 'Divine Comedy'; while ignoring Shakespeare, who was to him 'so little of a figure and so much a slightly cynical smile'—than which no judgment could be more glib or less true! In spite of its faults, due mainly to Mr Ford's easy careless fluency and running perversities, his book has, of course, frequent qualities, his views of German literature owing to his up-bringing being especially sound; while sometimes he

scores with brief imaginative discernments, entertaining improvisations, and personal recollections. He tells of the excellent literary disciplines he received as a boy, but in his later years he was, as those acquainted with him came to know, rather a little spoilt. This book in its garrulous brightness is to him a characteristic monument.

We pass to the antechamber of art, and then to a number of works upon art. Mr Paul Martin in his 'Victorian Snapshots' (Country Life) gives a most interesting account of his experiences and adventures in photography and wood engraving, stretching back over more than fifty years. He tells us of work with wet plates, dry plates, tripod cameras, hand cameras, and the more modern, convenient, and ingenious successors of the clumsy old apparatus of bygone days. Mr Charles Harvard also contributes an introductory and instructive chapter on the early history of photography. The letter-press will appeal to all interested in this history. The illustrations, with which the volume is plentifully supplied, will attract the larger public which delights in pictorial records of manners and customs of past days. Grouped under headings of Life in Town, the Countryside, Society, Popular Pastimes and Public Events, and the Press, these illustrations have a wide range from Mayfair to Billingsgate, from the Eton and Harrow at Lords to the New Cut, from tennis to Punch and Judy, from Royal processions to Alhambra rehearsals. Very quaint many of the costumes look to present-day eyes, but these records have historical value as well as often being entertaining.

We now come to a number of volumes on artists and art, a welcome and attractive development. Mr A. S. Hartrick, whose work is well known to those who go among pictures, shows in his autobiography, 'A Painter's Pilgrimage Through Fifty Years' (Cambridge University Press), a catholic artistic mind and ample evidence of having spent a happy and useful life. The volume incidentally, also, contains plenty of sound advice to those who would be artists in colour or black-and-white. He begins with Jowett's summary judgment, 'Artists are dull dogs,' and ends with the dying Gainsborough's assertion to Reynolds, 'We are all going to Heaven and Vandyke is of the company'; to which Mr Hartrick characteristically adds his belief that Van Gogh

also will be there. In whatever way the half-century of our author's working-life may be regarded, it certainly was of interest to artists. It was a fifty years of progress, agitations, confusions, and decadence. There were adventures and misadventures, experiments and some achievements which may not be forgotten for some years to come; while also it was an enviable period, as compared with the last few years, because pictures were still popular house-ornaments and many periodicals paid well for black-and-white drawings; while photographic-reproduction had not yet driven out the wood-block and a prosperous livelihood could still be earned by artists, among the more popular and interesting of whom were Whistler, Aubrey Beardsley, Sargent—and perhaps the Post-Impressionists, who had their lively day and generally now have ceased to be.

Miss Mary Chamot has written a book which is happily illustrated in 'Painting in England' (Country Life) that justifies English art from Hogarth to Whistler. Within that period we have our finest portraiture, landscapes, and studies of nature, and to have so attractive a volume with its seventy-two illustrations and coloured plates will be ever an inspiration when one feels depressed by the banalities, vulgarities, and obtusenesses which so often occur in our crowded, busy, and often pretentious life. There is no question of the greatness of that period which includes Turner, Gainsborough, Blake, Cotman, Constable, Wilkie, and those moderns like Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown, Burne Jones, and Millais, who are being forced to face the urgencies of the critical opinion of the generation that is knocking at the door. Already the pre-Raphaelite movement has lost its glamour, but who shall say it will not return, because its practitioners were earnest artists, skilled and with a courageous sense of colour? It is true that Frith also belongs to this period, and his Derby Day is represented among the illustrations here, but he too represented an aspect of art which meant something to his day and should also mean something to us. The book is admirably produced and full of interest, because Miss Chamot proves herself to be not only an excellent selector of examples but a prudent commentator.

The artistic comradeship, which was better than a partnership, between Ricketts and Shannon, although it

may not greatly have impressed the general British public, was a considerable matter to those interested in art, and therefore **'The Self-Portrait Taken from the Letters and Journals of Charles Ricketts, R.A.'** (Peter Davies) will be welcome to many. Not only is it an artistic survey of his times, but it also reveals Ricketts as a man of wide and sympathetic mind to whom art was the first of religions and who, therefore, in an appropriate spirit gave his whole heart, mind, and life to it. Moreover, it was not limited in any way; for while he at once was a designer of stage costumes, a sculptor, a painter, and much else, he acted in what would be most persons' spare time in helping forward through counsel and example art as a whole. The result as revealed in this book not only shows us the man himself in his many ideals, but also his extraordinarily wide range of friends whose interests, however, seemed necessarily to have belonged to the worlds of art, theatre, and music. He knew surely everybody who was worth knowing in those fields, beginning with Samuel Butler whom he met in Venice in the nineteenth century and described as 'obviously a gouty angel in carpet slippers.' The war was especially disastrous to him because of its sheer destructiveness of much that was beautiful and his anxiety over the safety of our national treasures, and he spent untiring efforts in endeavouring to induce the authorities to take care of them; and yet by its dramatic side he was fascinated and describes eagerly the visits of Zeppelins and the destruction that he witnessed of one of them. This is a richly interesting book for artists and in all ways well done, but we cannot resist a little inappropriately completing this notice with two war stories which he tells. The first is an authentic extract from a soldier's letter. 'I am now in Bethlehem where Christ was born—I wish to Christ I was in Wigan where I was born.' And then on the next page in a very different spirit. It is the story of a woman with child in one of the invaded districts of France, who was delivered by a German doctor. She thanks him. 'You need not thank me,' was the reply, 'the child is a boy so I blinded him.'

Before the outbreak of war there seemed to be a lively possibility of some return of Ruskin as an influence in ethical economics, as was the true expression for his

political economy, and in art. The guns appear to have postponed that desirable possibility but yet we may hope. In the meantime Mr J. Howard Whitehouse, who is the Warden of Bembridge School as well as the president of the Ruskin Society, has been collecting Ruskin's originals and presented them to the school. He reproduces many of these drawings in a volume, '**Ruskin the Painter and His Works at Bembridge**' (Oxford University Press), and it is interesting in this form to re-examine their qualities. Ruskin suffered from the disadvantages of the self-taught, but in effect he compensated for that condition by the care and sense of ideal he brought to his work. Here are examples of many kinds: shells, flowers, details of buildings, landscapes—indeed all that readers of 'Stones of Venice' would expect. He was thorough, a quality which covers a multitude of artistic sins, and his methods are illustrated in a story of a friend of this reviewer who at one time had been taught by Ruskin. The task set was to draw a tennis-ball suspended by a thread from aloft. The student began by drawing a circle to represent the ball. 'Oh no!' said Ruskin, 'that's the wrong way'; and made his pupil begin with the darkest part of the shading on the ball and work outwards to the circumference; which, of course, in the end, as always, was there but invisible.

Professor Harold J. Laski has made no mistake in his choice of a title. What could be more challenging than '**The Danger of Being a Gentleman**' (Allen and Unwin)? And it may be said that Mr Laski uses the opportunity well to say quite genial things on the English habit of accepting for leadership in public and private life men who are rather stupid good fellows than intellectual. He goes back to the old pre-Reform days and shows how in spite of industrial differences much the same sort of person is ruling now as was ruling then, or at least has the opportunity given to him for doing so if he please. The cause of this he describes ironically as the English genius for deference. The essay which gives the title to the book is, however, its least important, for among other studies we have an appreciation of the Judicial function, with a special tribute to the American Mr Justice Holmes; an appeal for a more systematic study of politics with an established school for that special purpose—as the

economists have ; a view of French public opinion of the English constitution towards the end of the eighteenth century as revealed in the warm admiration of Voltaire and Rousseau with Gibbon cordially approving, and amongst others, a too-highly appreciative view of the institutional developments in Russia. It is obvious that Mr Laski went to that country in love with all that he was going to see and returned from it in the same admirable condition. Doubtless conditions are improving in many or most of the departments of Russian administration as experience tells and the harsh iron purposes of the original Soviet system have softened. He describes a visit to a Peoples' court in which a woman tried for stealing was referred to an investigator and released with a promise of help to enable her to live with her children an easier life. That is most encouraging, but behind these pages of appreciation it is impossible not to feel the dark power hidden of the Ogpu. Our courts would as likely as not have helped the poor woman as the Russian court did—but we have no Ogpu !

'Dusty Measure' (Murray) is a difficult book for anyone not blessed with close inward knowledge of international politics during and after the Great War, and it must be confessed that the title does not help the reader. Borrowed from a few lines of Swinburne it certainly does not suggest the career of an active and earnest military attaché to foreign courts, as it is. Colonel Sir Thomas Montgomery-Cuninghame, the author, played a minor part in much that went before and came after the war, but in such subordinate offices that this book was necessary to show the quiet valuable work that he did. He was employed in many places in Central and Eastern Europe, but his main responsibilities were at the Court of Vienna before the war and at Athens during it. In Vienna he knew all the principal actors, but not so intimately as his readers would have liked, while his references to the politics of the time are so special as to be very like caviare to the general. His associations with Constantine and his German Queen were far more intimate than with any other foreign potentate, but he too cannot solve the riddle as to the actual value of the sympathies of 'Tino with the Allies or with anyone else, although he does indirectly show where the sympathies of his Queen rested. To him

Venezelos was the villain of the piece, and looking back on events one feels that the statesmanship of that Cretan was not as helpful as we had hoped and been promised it would be. Although 'Dusty Measure,' because of its special character, cannot be everybody's book, doubtless those who were able to follow and who are able to recall the tangled politics of that time, which was both bewildering and unhappy, will find it helpful.

Mr J. B. Morton has added helpfully to the series of personal studies he is writing on the French Revolution, and he is unlikely in future to do better than with '**Saint Just**' (Longmans) because of the interest his subject has evidently aroused in him and its freshness and romance to readers. He has not been over-written. Saint Just's was almost an unique career, although in his native district of Blérancourt he had attracted attention not only through some personal brilliance but because of some doubtful business over his mother's private property. He arrived in Paris to take his part most prominently in public affairs when he was only twenty-five and within two years he was guillotined, within that brief space of time having made enough history to keep him as an outstanding figure amongst the chief actors of the National Convention. Like so many of his kind he was a dandy, had a romance which ended unhappily, and however busily occupied remained able to enjoy such passages of peacefulness as could be gained from brief visits to Nature. But when he worked he worked, evidently like fire, doubling the parts of a Commissary with the army in Alsace with that of an active associate of Robespierre in the Terror. It was his personal loyalty to Robespierre which brought his doom; and the irony is that in many ways he had lost faith in Robespierre. But he went to his death, one of five, of whom he was the only one who did not try to commit suicide. Mr Morton's book is admirable and encourages us to look forward to its successor in this historical series.

Between 'Wa-Sha-Quon-Asin' or 'Grey Owl' and the thirteen-year old, Archie Belaney, whose portrait we are given in '**Half-Breed**' (Peter Davies), showing him in the formal Eton jacket and Sunday primness of a boy of Hastings Grammar School, there is a difference that is amusing; yet we know from what Mr Lovat Dickson

tells us that the boy was father to the man and had always inordinate passion for living creatures which Grey Owl in his life-work justified. There seems to be a little doubt as to the accuracy of the title, for although Grey Owl in his later days accepted the truth of his being a half-breed, there was some uncertainty as to the origin of his American mother. In detailing his passions and career, his even showman love for the romantic, and championship of the sense of brotherhood with animals, Mr Dickson has portrayed a lovable spirit: a frank, fearless champion of the men and creatures in the wild. Romance, however, really comes into this life-story with the advent of McGinnis and McGinty, beaver kittens, and afterwards of Jelly-Roll, the lady-beaver, who soon took possession of the hearts of Grey Owl and his second and pleasantest wife Anahareo, and when a suitable mate arrived set up her own establishment. He had already formed the purpose of protecting all beavers and of preventing the slaughter which was exterminating the valuable species, and now the chance had come. Jelly-Roll was a pioneer of her kind. She and her mate, Rawhide, built a colony of their own, beginning it in Grey Owl's room and carrying it under the floor and shore, where they bred and flourished and justified their protector's happy heart. Later he won great success in literature and lecturing with films, and indeed when he comes to his death one has the inward sad thought that that might not have been so soon if he had strained his powers in those years less. This is a treasurable volume.

It is easy to believe that one knows all about fishing and the work and ways of sea-fishermen. Everything about it seems familiar; yet how little one really knows of the practices, wants, weaknesses, strengths, and experiences of the men who work in trawlers in the northern seas is revealed by Mr F. D. Ommaney's 'North Cape' (Longmans). Already in the reader's way we have gone sailing with this Author in 'South Latitude' and, through the enjoyment then gained, looked forward to this, his second, book, which is, at once, simpler and yet profounder than its predecessor. Simpler, too, because it tells of the hard working-life, with its crude and limited joys, of the company of trawler-men with whom he spent three full weeks aboard the 'Lincoln Star,' and profounder also

because he got to know them thoroughly. Mr Ommaney has the heart and the style which make such aspects of rough life real, and before we are half-way through this book we know as he does and, it may be, better than they do themselves, the whole of the crew, from Old Soldier, Skipper, and Sparks, the wireless-man, to Jack Johnson, the half-caste lad who helped the sea-cook. Onerous as the life was and rough as were those men, one also sees how tender-hearted and cheery, with all the oaths and grumbling, they were; and it is with the regret which comes when parting from kindly friends that one closes this book and sees that trawler's company, individuals again, drifting off homewards under the yellow lights of Grimsby.

Once on a time, and not so long ago, Essex was the least understood of the English home-counties; but that condition began to change when Mr S. L. Bensusan set out to write the series of volumes, in which he has lovingly disclosed the characteristics of a countryside that has its very fair share of passing personalities, busybodies, artful simpletons, and naughty and noble souls. With '*Tales from the Saxon Shore*' (Routledge) he continues the practice and we meet again many old acquaintances; amongst them the sour and cunning Jim Blite, the finer Solomon Woodpecker, who has his shrewdness and yet can win his victories with an air, and the tyrannous Mrs Bird, who indirectly, and not for the first time, proves that tyranny does not pay. Mr Bensusan is not merely the chronicler of humorous or pathetic incidents and characters in our own Near East, though in these pages he brings out richly the varied humanity of the good and the not-so-good folk of Marshland. He is also an idealist, especially so far as Essex is concerned, and has the vision to discover in the silence of the flats and marshes of his beloved country something of a soundless sympathy through which the infinite music of human life is capable of finding a felt utterance.

Dr G. G. Coulton is a knight with a sharp historical lance who has found it impossible to get his particular adversaries to face him and bear his pricks. Years ago the late Cardinal Gasquet made certain statements stigmatised by Dr Coulton as errors; which in some cases could not be—or were not—withdrawn out of a peculiar yet

widely characteristic narrow loyalty to the Roman Catholic Church. Although the Cardinal remained mute until he died, the late Father Thurston was next brought into the case for a time by our resolute historian, as well as Mr Belloc. There was no budging any of them. The story is told with honesty and emphasis in a shilling pamphlet, '**A Premium upon Falsehood**' (to be obtained at 90, Kimberley Road, Cambridge). But now Father Thurston, who generally was a thinker and scholar of outstanding dimensions, also has recently died, leaving only Mr Belloc. It is to be assumed, therefore, that this pamphlet will be Dr Coulton's last word on this subject. If the Cardinal and the Father proved successfully obdurate, there will be no securing the journalist. Well, Dr Coulton must have enjoyed the run he has had for his money.



